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SAN SEBASTIAN, THE SPANISH NEWPORT

By William Henry Bishop

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. MARCHETTI

EIGHT o'clock! Not a very early hour, of a midsummer morning, but at San Sebastian it seems a little earlier than elsewhere. San Sebastian is a late sitting-up place. Its nights are not "made for study and a brow of care," as the poet Willis says. It does not burn the midnight oil; but it burns, in ample supply, the festal rocket and red fire, and the arc and incandescent lights that shed around a radiance as bright as day. Consequently when one has watched so late he must sleep in the morning to make up for it.

Last night, for instance, as well as I can recollect, I dined at nine o'clock, and then I went out to spend the evening. The dinner-hour is made very late, in order to devote to the promenade the cool of the afternoon, the sunset hours, when the sun goes down, with magnificent glow and twilight effects, between the island and the mountains, just across the front of the beautiful bay. I sat in one of the multitude of yellow chairs, or walked with the people, listening to the concert, on the Boulevard — the *Bulevar*, as the Spanish form is—and then went to the concert in front of the Casino. The bands play alternately, and it is the custom to pass from one to the other. I stepped in to hear an act at the Teatro Principal. Or rather, I heard an entire piece, for the plays are short and completed within the hour; it is not necessary to spend the whole evening there, which is fortunate, as it is a stuffy kind of place and the companies are of but average merit. Next I went to the Casino, glanced at the periodicals in the reading-room, then at the gaming-rooms—far less interesting than at Monte Carlo—tried to learn if there were any celebrities in the crowd taking refreshments on the terrace, and then went up to look at the dancing in the beautiful ball-room. When I left, at a passably late hour, the little tables in front of the Café de la Marina, on the Bulevar, were still occupied by people taking ices, and another ball was going on at the Cantabrian Club. Some of the feminine participants had come forth for a breathing spell, and were looking down in pleasing attitudes from its terrace on the second story. Those people will see the pale daylight dawn over the bay, for the Cantabrian Club is a most select association; it does not often give entertainments, and when it does they want to make the most of them.

Eight o'clock is especially associated in mind with the return of the regiments from their drill-grounds, beyond the Queen Regent's summer palace, their bands play-

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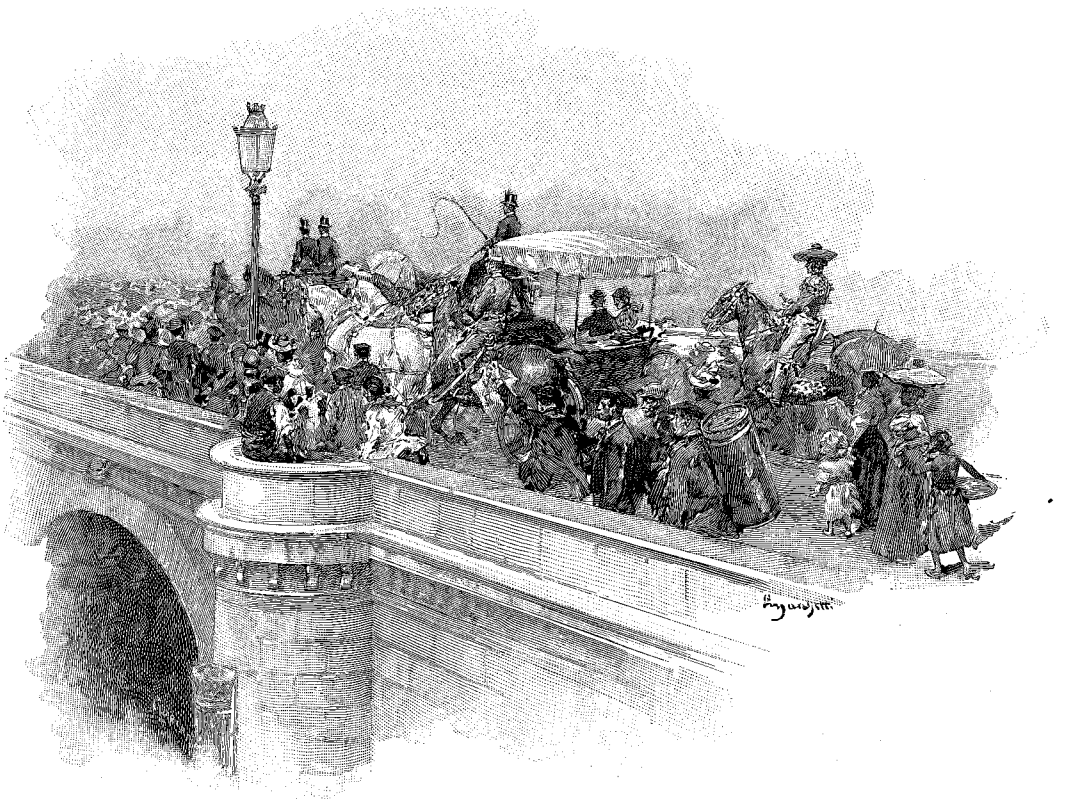

The Approaches to the Plaza del Toros on the Day of a Bull Fight.

ing at their head. They wheel at our corner in a precisely mathematical right angle, and away to their barracks in the old fortress on Mount Urgull. Their uniform, blue and red, might easily be mistaken for that of the French, except for the peculiar white cap, characteristically Spanish. They are small men, as a rule, young and even boyish-looking. One regards them now with the heightened interest we give to that over which a melancholy fate may be impending. For the destination of most Spanish troops now is Cuba, and, in the country itself, the war in Cuba is regarded as an almost hopeless affair. They hardly expect to reduce and retain their rebellious colony, but they say they must put forth all their efforts for the *pundonor*, the point of honor: they must not consent to the dismemberment of their territory. Surely there is less than usual in this kind of a motive to lighten the gloomy prospect of death in battle or by jungle fever.

Long before eight the newsboys had been crying the morning paper; and, indeed, while taking my coffee, I had often read many a column of it. "The *Voice!*" they would cry. "The *Voice!*" "The *Voice of Guipúzcoa!*" I wish I could accurately represent the lamenting and musical tone. Guipúzcoa is the province, and prosperous San Sebastian, population 28,000, its capital. There is hardly any such good plan for making an intimate acquaintance with a town as to read its local paper on the spot. It is better than guides, better even than intelligent friends, who insist on showing you only what is extraordinary in the place, whereas it is the ordinary and usual that are often the most novel to the stranger, and always the most abounding in real interest. This *Voice* is a good newspaper, even after American ideas, with plenty of local news. It tells who goes and who comes. Plenty of grandees of Spain among the arrivals. But there are plenty left to go elsewhere, too,

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for at Biarritz are registered, all at one time, not less than six dukes, with such famous names as those of Alba, Bejar, Fernan Nuñez, and Prim. San Sebastian and Biarritz supplemented each other, the residents of each country easily getting a complete change of air by going to the other. This would be the case even more but for the tedious custom-house delay at the frontier. On bull-fighting days excursionists pour over from France by thousands. The arena is but a step from the station, and, the spectacle finished, they storm the trains in a scene of wild animation. An effort to keep all these people and their money at home, by opening bull rings there, was the cause of the late tumults in the south of France, for the more humane French Government would not have it.

Our newspaper announces the speedy coming of the foremost bull-fighters of Spain, Guerrita and Mazzantini, for the great functions about August 15th. It announces also the *Señoritas Toreras,* quite a new sensation in the field, a company of young girl bull-fighters, none of them more than seventeen years old. It says that the Queen Regent will visit, to-morrow, the cruiser lying in the harbor. We shall probably be able to see her. It says that the famous statesman, Castelar, is staying at the Villa Triana. Good! we must look out for him, on the promenade or the terrace of the Casino. It announces the Choristers of Clavé. This is a convention of popular singing societies, who come in a few days later, and fill the town with their banners and red Phrygian caps. They sing in the arena, devoting that place of blood for once to something worthier than the torture of poor animals. But it is mismanaged, and the choristers are exposed, under the open sky, to a heavy downpour of rain, and are soaked to the skin.

One could wish that the *Voice* were not quite so bitter in its tone toward Cuba; but this very bitterness is a useful indication of the prevailing discouragement about the struggle.

"If the worst comes to the worst," we find it saying, "let us leave only, to the

Santa Maria—the Old Church.

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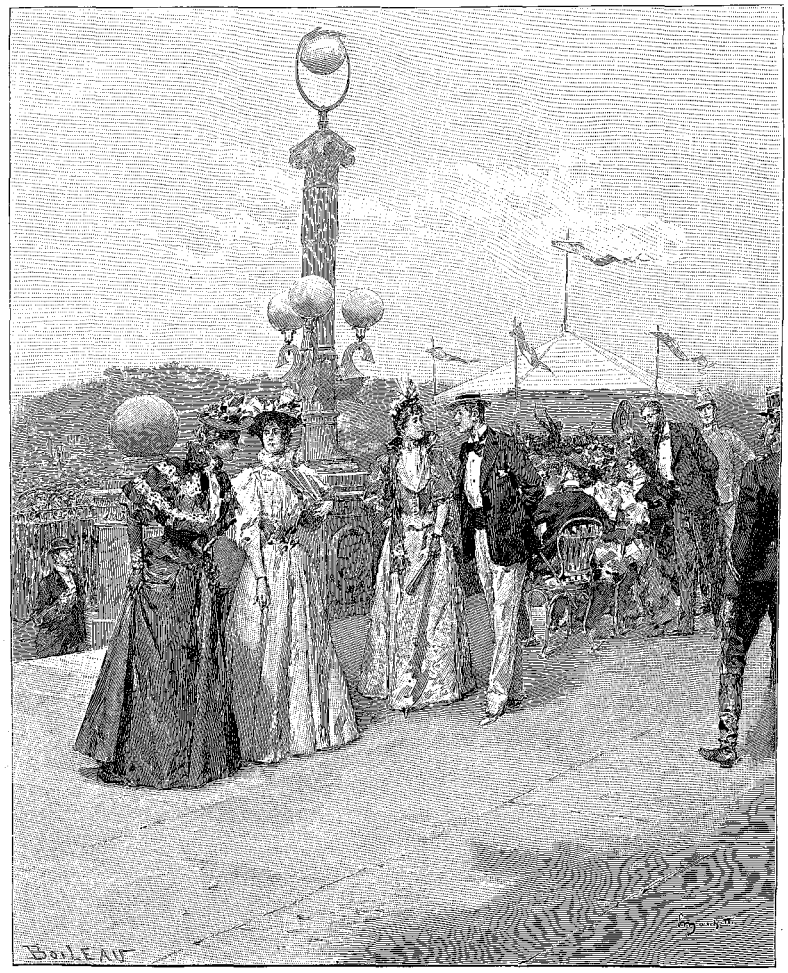

On the Terrace of the Casino.

negroes, who will inherit the island, a smoking heap of ruins."

However, it pitches into the Ayuntamiento, the municipal government, almost as fiercely. Its standing grievance is the lack of enterprise of the city fathers: they do not give *fêtes* enough; they do nothing whatever to draw in the strangers and increase the prosperity of the town. "Nothing is heard of, on all sides," it exclaims indignantly, "but the sloth, the parsimony and criminal negligence of our local rulers." Again it essays biting sarcasm, and imagines a mock programme of public festivities as follows:

1. At daylight, grand procession of ash-carts and milkmen, going their rounds. 2. Firing of the mid-day gun—in case the gunner does not chance to forget it. 3. Grand procession of shop-girls, going to and from their work.—Unsurpassed display of fetching style and grace. 4. Grand reading of the afternoon penny papers at the cafés. Economical diversion this, in no way deleterious to health." And so on and so forth.

However valid these complaints may be, it is certain that San Sebastian is progressing at a rapid rate in spite of them. Its selection as a summer residence by the court, and the building of the villa for the Queen Regent, a few years ago, cannot fail of producing yet more extensive effects. There are but few villas as yet, but whole streets and whole quarters of six-story apartment houses, on the usual foreign

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plan, are going up. There is even a new cathedral building, for it is too far now for dwellers in the modern quarter to go over to old Santa Maria, in the old town. Santa Maria is a characteristic specimen of the Plateresque style, the silversmiths' style, so called from the fantastic floriations in which it liked to indulge; but the new cathedral is about such modern Gothic as can be found in any American town. When they come to build, they seem to like to throw away completely all the grand traditions of their past.

At first sight San Sebastian seems much too new and too French, in the modern way, to correspond to any romantic ideas. But it is a place that grows upon you, for one reason or another, and you find it daily more Spanish. Its greatest charm is in its wide, clean streets, which, with their frequent arcades, resemble those of Turin, and in the lovely scenery that surrounds them. At the end of each of them is seen a mountain vista, one of those blue and sunny landscapes that seem as if they must be the very abode of ideal happiness. As there are shops on the ground floors, you see none of those sighing lovers at the gratings of lower windows, as in older Spanish towns, *comiendo hierro*, "eating iron," as the saying is. But in compensation nearly every window above has its balcony, and for these balconies are prepared an elaborate set of hangings, white with deep yellow or scarlet borders, and the like, which are put out on all possible occasions.

A Toreador at the Café de la Marina.

The place is Spanish in the good-natured tendency of its denizens to be amused, and easily amused, and also in a certain lack of cosmopolitanism among them, even among those that seem fashionable, and though so many of them come from far away. Then again, and quite on the other hand, it is Spanish in the seriousness, and even austerity, seen in many externals. There are no café-concerts, no dancing-gardens, as in France; the merry sound of the guitar and of the castanets is not heard in the land. In the shop windows not only are there not seen the defiant improprieties of the French, just over the border, but not even the portrait of a pretty actress. The pictures consist entirely of the "holy familys" and "martyrdoms" by the early masters.

Even the seaside "souvenirs," made of small shells and mother-of-pearl, take on the form of crucifixes and rosaries. The war, the pensiveness of the widowed Queen, and the peculiar character of the Basque blood account in part for the seriousness here, but in the main it is a true Spanish trait. Despite the bull-fights, the Spanish are as Puritan in their way as the Scotch are in theirs. Various of their modern books, like Perez Galdós's "Doña Perfecta" and Palacio Valdés's "Marta y Maria," correctly picture this severe ideal of decorum. Spain, indeed, is a country that, as the expression goes, "a girl can take her mother to."

You are not allowed to forget here that you are not merely in Spain, but in the Basque Provinces. Guipúzcoa is one of these provinces; Álava is a second, with its capital, Vitoria, the railroad junction whither the Queen Regent goes to see the troops off for Cuba; and Biscaya is the third, with Bilbao for its capital, a city marked by such great activity in iron industries just now that it is like a second Pittsburg. The Basques lay claim to be a peculiar people, all noble, and their origin

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is lost in the night of time. Their language —on which the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte made himself a foremost authority— has no affiliations with any other. This language is still in current use, and even in literary use. I brought home a grammar and some specimens of a good literary periodical in this tongue, but philological details are hardly in order here. As to the sound of it, the novelist, Perez Galdós, says they think it very smooth, but what it really resembles is the rasping of a saw. Observe that it is not I who have the hardihood to offer this bold opinion. The people formerly had many important rights and exemptions, their famous *fueros*, which have been taken away from them in consequence of their frequent Carlist rebellions. Carlism means, of course, devotion to the wandering claimant, Don Carlos, who thinks he ought to have the throne because there was an alleged informality in the will of Ferdinand VII., in 1827. The Basques are so persistent in this cause that it has been said of them that they would be Carlists even if there were no Don Carlos. The Queen Regent, however, has done a shrewd thing in coming to make her summer home among them, and all her personal popularity, as well as their own self-interest, will now tend to abate this ancient prejudice.

Gateway at Fuenterrabia.

They wear as a national headpiece, rich and poor alike, the *boina*, a sort of Tam-o'-shanter, which you see also figuring as the military cap in the old illustrations of the Carlist wars. In particular they have a noble national sport, the game of *pelota*. This is played in a very high, massively built, stone court, with one side and two end walls, and the spectators placed on the other long side. There is not a Basque village without its *fronton*, one of these massive courts. The sport is spreading throughout the Spanish-American world, and I wish it might spread to our part of America as well. I have heard an enthusiastic athlete call it an ideal substitute for foot-ball. The ball is struck with a long, curving, wickerwork handpiece, and is hurled to great distances, echoing hollowly amid the high walls. It is the only public diversion, we are told, that the Queen Regent attends. She sometimes takes King Alfonso to it, the baby king, whose head we see on the Spanish postage stamps; and she does well, for it is a spectacle of manly strength and grace. She does not appear at the opera nor at balls, and she gives no countenance to the barbarous bull-fight. It is gratifying to know that she is sustained in the latter protest by at least a few other persons of high station and merit.

I was surprised to find one of the sights of the Spanish Newport to be an American college. This is the *Instituto Internacional*, of the Rev. Mr. Gulick, an outgrowth of mission work in Spain of some thirty years. I fancy this appeal to the intellectual shrewdness of the proud Spanish character, in a practical way, may be called to a more immediate success than direct attack upon their theological convictions. The school is intended for young Spanish girls. Some of these had just been taking the bachelor degree, at the public examinations, at the University of Madrid, with such extraordinary honors as to have made something of a sensation wherever it was known. The pupils, in their simple blue uniform, were trim, well-mannered, and most intelligent about their studies, and offered a sight very pleasant to see. The school is a little centre of fresh and independent thought, in a region much too strongly wedded to fixed ideas. It is bad

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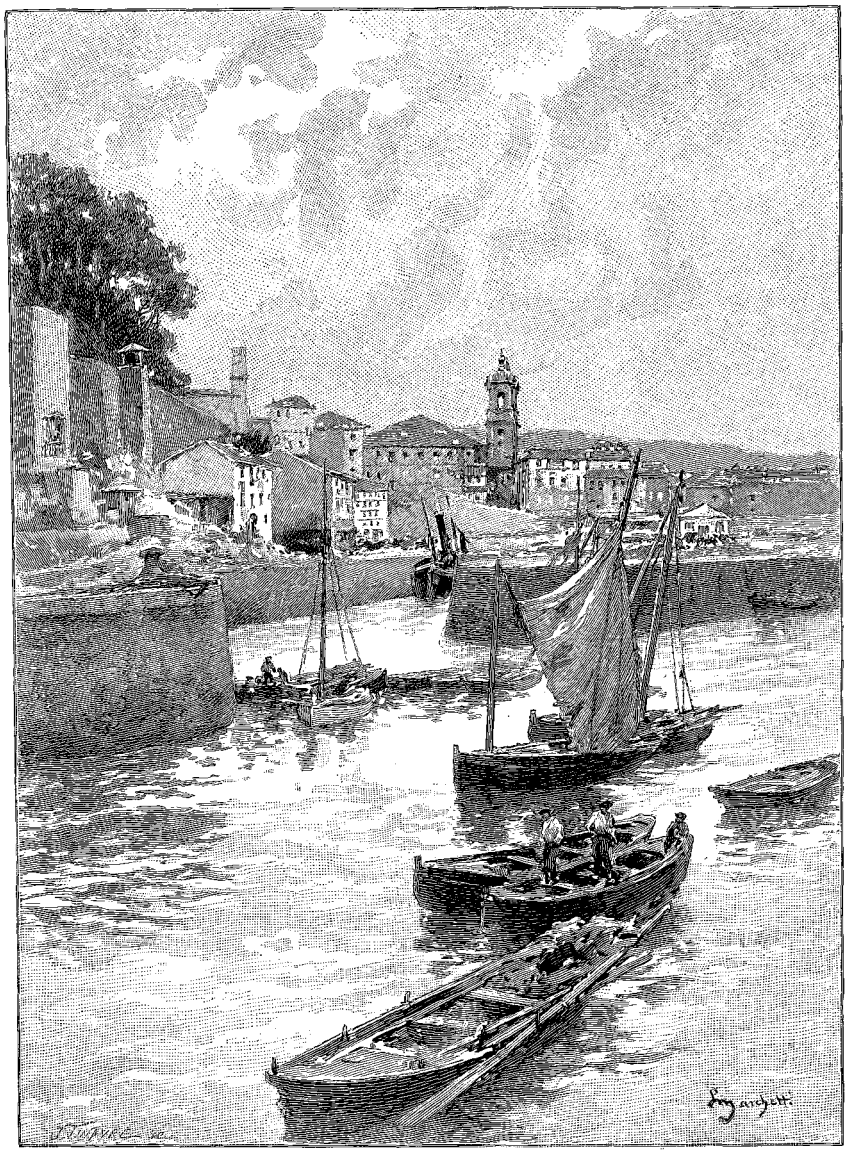

The Harbor.

in any country that all should be of but one way of thinking, especially on those unprovable matters relating to another world; thus various persons of standing at San Sebastian much approve of the school, if only on secular grounds alone.

The hotels at San Sebastian are rather plain. Not one of them has so fine an appearance as the Grand Hotel at Biarritz, or as the Hôtel du Palais, once the palace of the Empress of the French. You pay ten *pesetas* a day and upward. The *peseta* has the face value of a French franc, but is really less, for Spanish money is at nearly twenty per cent. discount. During the month of my stay I scarce heard of an American arrival. Russians, yes, and Germans, yes, and Italians and some English, but the Americans, ignorant of the cool, agreeable climate of this northern district, and rooted to the belief that all of Spain is a hot country and

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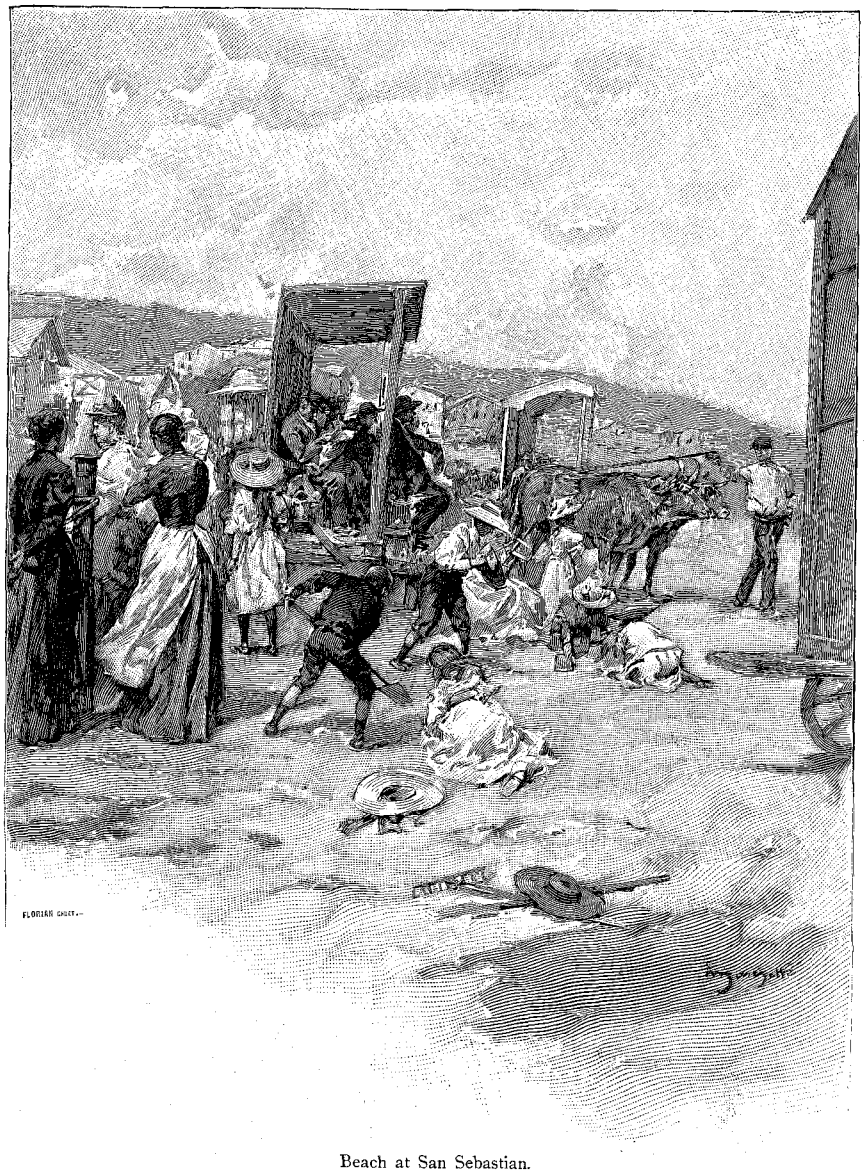

Beach at San Sebastian.

quite impossible in summer, carefully keep away.

On the other hand, the Casino is much finer than that at Biarritz, rather finer, too, than that at Nice. For a novelty the papers were not assailing their Casino here, as is their chronic practice in all these pleasure resorts. I seem to hear still the din of the conflict at Nice; the same thing was going on as I passed through Biarritz; it all had a very familiar ring. No doubt the Casinos deserve it, for they derive the greater part of their income from the permitted gambling—claiming they cannot pay their expenses in any other way—and this leads to many abuses and forms of neglect.

On great gala-nights are loosed before the Casino, and also in the Plaza de la Constitucion in the old town, the *toros de fuego*, bulls of fire. These are large frames in the shape of bulls, stuffed with fireworks, and carried about by men. They rush, blazing and detonating, through the

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delighted throngs, who shriek and flee in terror before them, and then close up again as soon as they have passed. It is as if Moloch and his demons had broken loose, to run up and down in the earth. The terrace of the Casino is packed at the same time with people, dining, earlier in the evening, or sipping infinitesimal ices later. Their elegance forms a strong contrast to the humbler populace clustered around the music-stand, just without the light barriers. A certain young artillery officer, in the heyday of his life and spirits, and in a very handsome uniform, light blue and silver, used to do more for me than anybody else—I met him at a *tertulia*, a reception—in pointing out who people were. There, sure enough, is Castelar, small and frail, but a weak frame now to contain his great powers and wide reputation. But there, too, is another little man, much more surrounded. It is the bull-fighter Guerrita, in the short, Mexican-looking jacket those of his craft affect in their private life, which is never private, chatting at his ease in a circle of high-born dames.

In the gaming-room, playing at roulette or the "little horses," are a few real Mexicans or real Brazilians or real Nicaraguans, very swarthy men, in wide-brimmed sombreros, perhaps self-made cattlemen or coffee-planters, on their first trip to Europe. Upstairs the beaux dancing the cotillion all wear, like a uniform, another sort of jacket, the compromise garment we call a "Tuxedo," but which in France and elsewhere, by neat adaptation from the English, is simply a "smoking." Like the soldiers they are small men, so often shorter than their fair partners as to be worthy of remark. The floor of the beautiful ball-room reflects like clear water all the lights, colors, flowers, and pretty women, the hedges of cosmopolitan spectators shutting them in, and the other hedges of spectators in the fine boxes above. All the *elegantíssimas muchachas* and *magníficos jóvenes*, as the newspapers say, "the most elegant belles and magnificent beaux," are assembled. For the rest they conduct their cotillion much as it might be done at a Patriarchs' ball in New York, or even at a Yale Junior "Prom" in New Haven. Why, indeed, should they not? It is they who invented all the details of a luxurious state of civilization, and we do but follow them.

In Spain when they are tired of delays, and want the thing of interest to appear at once, they cry, "*Que salga el toro!*" Let the bull come out. We want the bull. The bull is so involved with every interest in the country that it would be difficult to wholly keep him from appearing, even with the best intentions. I had meant, for once, to get along with as little mention of him as possible, and so will only add to what I have already said that these elegant beaux and belles go to the bull-fight with the same gayety as to their dances. The belles make it a point of pride to

The Bath.

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wear to that stupid and monotonous spectacle of butchery the old national costume —a very bright gown, with mantilla and fan — which is otherwise disappearing. The villainous diversion is as strongly entrenched as ever; there are no signs of its abatement. I had to go again to see Guerrita and Mazzantini, and, of course, to see the *Señoritas Toreras* also, in order to make these sage reflections. On the whole, one thinks he will have to give the Spanish race up, the enigma is too great. How *can* they be so amiable and taking in most other ways?

Another custom of theirs we should do well to adopt. They go and take their daily walk openly, and make full and free profession of it, whereas Anglo-Saxons treat it as if it were something to be half ashamed of, and affect an errand as a pretext for being seen abroad. They all walk, too, in the same place, some pleasant stretch of boulevard or garden; they pass and re-pass; friends know they shall find one another there, and they stop and chat or pace on together. Young girls, even those of the pretty school-girl age, with their hair down their backs in a braid or in tresses, walk together in twos and threes. No one speaks to them; no one molests them; every objectionable element is kept apart; there is nothing to make them afraid. Some elder member of the family, of course, is about with a general eye on them. It is all very charming, there is a pleasant intimacy, a certain friendly and homelike feeling about it, as if all the town were not much more than one large family. What American city will first give us a *paseo?* and who will inaugurate it and make it popular?

As there is in the book-shops no good plan of San Sebastian, you are really obliged, in order to see what it is, to climb one of the mountains, of a thousand feet or so, that, like horns of dominion, guard it on either hand. How great are the rewards, on every account, when you get there. You see now that the town lies on a narrow neck of land, terminated, seaward, by Mount Urgull and its ancient fortress, and having on one side a large river, and on the other a delightful bay. That fortress is the one that the English took from the French, in 1813, after a struggle so desperate that it cost the destruction of the town as well. At sunset its shadow falls precisely over that part of the town which was once all there was of it—up to 1863, when the walls were razed—as if it still asserted thus, symbolically, its old mediæval jurisdiction. The line of the land wall was exactly that of the new Bulevar, which passes straight across the narrow neck, and idlers at the Café de la Marina may perhaps, in their pensive moments, have a vision of the combatants fighting along the battlemented walls, and pouring down arrows, melted lead, and boiling oil, just where the promenaders are now going up and down, under the gay electric lights. On the fortress-slopes are the lonely graves of some English officers who fell in the assault. The view out, over illimitable blue reaches of the Bay of Biscay, and the panorama of the town within, are both simply exquisite.

In the way of excursions the visitor must go to the outlying villages of Hernani, Passajes, Rentería, and Lezo, and to Fuenterrabía, just at the French frontier. In all of these places he will see grave peasants drinking cider in dusky, Rembrandtish interiors; and many poor old houses, with rich escutcheons, all that is left of what was once grandeur but was never comfort. At the small port of Passajes, Breton de los Herreros thought good to lay the scene of one of his comedies, in the early part of this century, and, later, Palacio Valdés that of a part of his novel of "Riverita." An American memory connected with it is that Lafayette sailed away from there when he was obliged to escape from France by stealth, to come and help us about our independence.

I have called San Sebastian the Spanish Newport, but in respect to bathing it is more like Narragansett Pier. Everybody bathes; it is the custom. The beach is gay, but not in consequence of the bathing costumes. These are homely, clumsy garments, adapted to a purely hygienic dip. You see nothing of that extraordinary feminine garb, houri-like and nymph-like, that clever draughtsmen delight to draw for the comic papers. Those fantastic conceits are what the imaginations of unregenerate men might like to have exist, but they do not exist; they are nowhere to be found along these coasts, nor even in madcap France.

The fine, smooth beach, because of pos-

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sessing a very beautiful curve, is called *La Concha*, "The Shell." Then, to be in keeping with this, they call the principal bathing establishment, lying in the centre of it, *La Perla*, "The Pearl." The "Pearl," however, of this rare shell, is no more than one of those long, plain, wooden structures with a veranda, such as we have at home. You descend within, from your room, and are run down to the water by a small tram-car and a mule. In the shade below, rest, while off duty, the cream-colored oxen that draw the multitude of smaller bathing cabins up and down the beach according to the state of the tide. Their keepers and the families of these slumber around them, and I have seen such groups, with a babe in the midst, that strongly recalled The Nativity of the early masters.

A Fish Merchant.

There is bathing at all times of the day, but people are wont to come down chiefly about the hour of eleven. Then they line up along the veranda of *La Perla*, or sit under gay tents and umbrellas, near the children, who construct their forts and mountains and Suez canals in the tractable sand on all sides. Or, if patrons of the small cabins, they will sit waiting their turn for the bath, or resting after it, in the shaded pavilions on wheels belonging to the owners of these. The sellers of the unsubstantial cakes called *barquillos*, "little boats," tote around their roulette machines, which resemble fire-extinguishers; and the newsboys arrive about this time, selling the Madrid paper *El Liberal*—or *El Liveral*. One likes to hear the interchanging of the *b* and the *v*; you can never quite tell which is used. I have heard it said that the Spanish women do not know how to dress simply for the beach or the country, but I cannot say that I noticed any marked lack of taste in that respect.

A line of gay streamers floats on the street parapet, and another in the edge of the surf. The smaller bathing cabins constituted a veritable city, now drawn up compactly under the retaining wall of the handsome street above, now spread widely over the sands, as the tide was high or low. Each proprietor was apt to be the owner of several *casetas*, and each had adopted for his own a distinct pattern of stripes; as green and white, blue and white, red and brown, or red and yellow. The names over the doors were usually Basque names, with all the *r*s and *z*s and numberless syllables that a Basque name implies. Dolores Basterrechea was one, and Luis Zarrandicoacha was another. You recollect that one of the great heroes of the Carlist wars was a General Zumalacárregui. The style of "widow" or "daughters" would often make part of the signs, appealing to a long-established patronage. I noticed the Spanish name of Carasco, and I used to wonder if here could be some far-away descendant of the ingenious bachelor, Sampson Carasco, who had so much to do with the eccentric career of Don Quixote. The price of a bath was but twelve cents, and that in the depreciated money, costume, towel, and foot-tub included. The sun-baked, homely proprietors would call you "*señorito*," in their friendly invitations, as you went by. I used to get as near as possible to the place reserved for their august majesties, the royal family, so as to have the advantage of seeing what was going on there. It was a portion of the beach separated from the rest by simply a rope. I found there a proprietor who took a personal interest in me. She used to ask me daily

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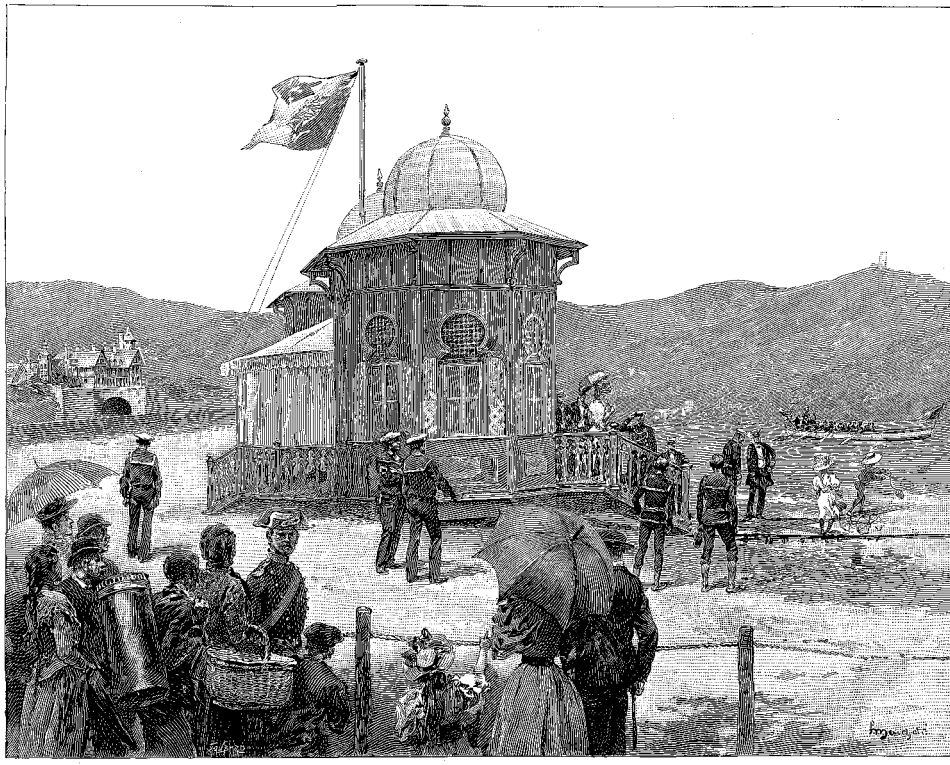

Royal Bath-house and Palace.

after my family in America, and invite them to come over, too, that they might bathe from her really most neat and commodious cabins.

The street above the beach contains—apart from a few villas scattered back upon the hills—the best residences in the town. Most people live in apartments, but these are good, comfortable, semi-detached houses, with small terraces before them, on which the owners hold their *tertulias*, their informal receptions. At sunset this promenade of the Concha is filled with the most select part of the summer colonists. While a multitude of them sit in the chairs, another multitude stroll up and down, just half-way from the Hotel de Inglaterra to the house of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the chamberlain of the Queen Regent's household, which ends the row. Why half-way, since the whole distance is but small? Ah, I cannot tell you; such is the established custom. In some of these houses are families who live here all the year round, and who think highly of San Sebastian as a winter resort, peaceful and not dear, as well as a summer resort. In the different houses will be found some foreign ministers, one very well-known cabinet minister, Señor Romero Robledo, a retired Spanish-American diplomat, and the family of a captain general of Cuba. Continuing along the road no great distance, you would come to the royal summer palace. It is by no means a great triumph of art. It is a commonplace, gabled house, in red brick, by an English, or, as some say, by a German architect. At a distance it has the look, rather, of a small railway station, and not a very good one at that. An amiable hostess, with American connections, in one of the houses on the Concha, told me an anecdote of the Queen Regent based upon her own resemblance to that royal lady. This resemblance is considerable, and one day at the palace a diplomat, newly arrived, was so misled by it that he addressed her most reverentially as Your Majesty this and Your Majesty that, for some time. She afterward told the Queen Regent about it, and Maria Cristina of Hapsburg took it laughingly, as any other good-natured per-

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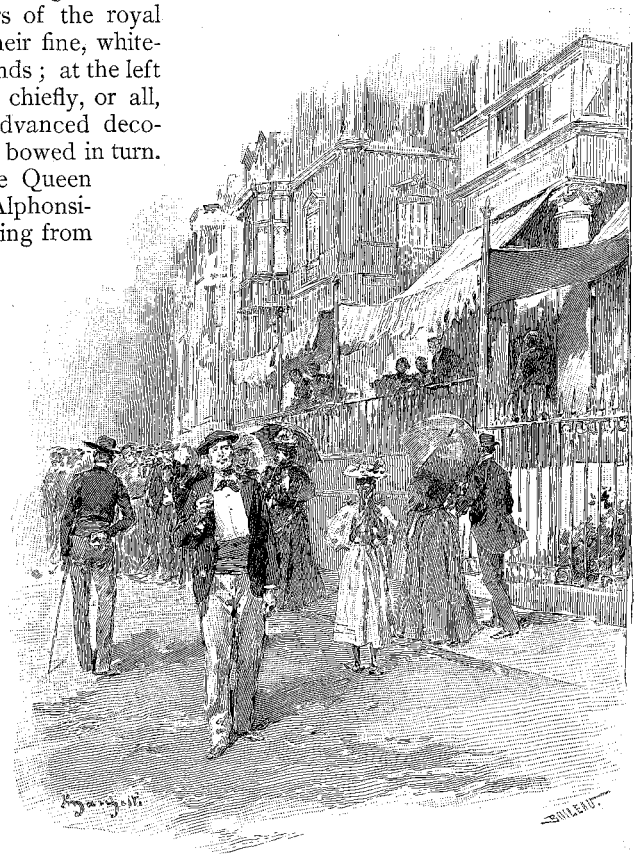
son might. "Oh, but I am only too much flattered," she said; "the compliment is all on my side."

The Queen Regent and her children, and particularly the little King, are the *clou*, as the French say, the chief source of attraction in the place. What possible piece of bric-à-brac, to the antiquarian American taste, can compare with this royalty, this living kind of bric-à-brac, which sums up in itself all the romance of history and all the romance of the fairy tales! I cannot say that my personal relations with the royalties were intimate, yet I saw them often and to good advantage. I had the honor to assist at a reception they gave to the local authorities and the officers in garrison. The royal personages sat in chairs, upon a slightly raised platform, at the end of a long, handsome room in the municipal palace. Behind were the two chief governors of the household, in gorgeous regalia. At the right were the officers of the royal mounted escort, holding their fine, white-plumed helmets in their hands; at the left were the ladies-in waiting, chiefly, or all, elderly and plain. We advanced decorously in single file, and all bowed in turn. There was one bow to the Queen Regent, another to King Alphonsito, whose little legs, dangling from the seat of the crimson satin-covered chair, by no means reached the floor, and a third to the two princesses. The Princess de Asturias was but little more than fourteen, and the Princess Maria Teresa than twelve. They were sweet and childlike, the elder more sedate, the younger more arch and natural. The latter recognized, in the defile, some acquaintance, an elderly officer, and gave him, in a half-shy, half-frank way, a smile that showed charming white teeth. It was the prettiest incident of the reception. The King seemed thoughtful or tired; he is *espiègle*, has sometimes the look of a little elf. They say he likes to pull the buttons off the coats of his attendants. He has always been weakly, his tutor leads him a good deal by the hand; there are those who have predicted that he would never live to grow up; but he is stronger now than ever before. He had been learning to ride, and to ride the bicycle; and, quite like other children, he fell off his bicycle and hurt one of his little toes.

As to the Queen Regent, she is taller than ordinary women; she is slender, and carries herself with a graceful bearing in which is shown pride of birth, tempered by great amiability. Her position is a difficult one, what with a well-nigh bankrupt treasury and the discontent arising from the Cuban situation. Should matters really go very badly there, should the island be lost, she and her infant son might be swept from the throne by a move-



The Promenade of the Concha.

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The Royal Equipage.

ment too strong to resist and based upon no fault of hers. Matters were dark in her husband's day, too, but her government, since Alfonso died, in 1885, has been wonderfully popular. The veteran republican, Castelar, gave in his adhesion to it, and he was writing in *La Voz,* only the other day, that it was the happy mean, a happy compromise between all the warring parties, and the only salvation possible for Spain. It is curious to hear that she was a Carlist herself before her marriage to Alfonso XII. That is what I have just been reading in some letters of Doña Margarita de Bourbon, lately published for the first time.

"Cristina is in our place, and well she knows it," writes this lady, the wife of Don Carlos, "for she was a warm Carlist herself before she married." She goes on, however, to pay a high tribute, which has all the more weight coming from such a source; and also speaks of her in a very touching way again at a time when all the world believed the poor baby King was at death's door. "I am not at all surprised," she writes to a correspondent in Spain, "at the good you say of Cristina, for she is the best-hearted girl in the world, engaging in all her ways; in Austria everybody loved her." It will be remembered that she was an Austrian princess. She was married at seventeen, when her political opinions could not have been very firmly established.

My earliest glimpse of these majesties was perhaps the most interesting of many. It was on the afternoon of my arrival. They were out for one of their drives, and they came trotting along, wholly unex-

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pected by me, in a plain open landau, drawn by two pairs of sure-footed mules, with a few outriders in advance. I saw the Queen Regent on the back seat, with Alfonso, in a simple sailor suit and straw hat, beside her. In front were the two infantas. A sweet, quaint little pair they seemed, dressed alike, after the manner of sisters abroad. Presently there broke, almost without notice, one of those sharp little tempests for which the locality is somewhat noted, and they came dashing back again, balked in their project, the landau closed this time, the outriders dripping, and all of the animals in a lather.

On their drives they will sometimes visit a village school, sometimes stop and ask a farmer about his crops. Some Americans told me they were once going up Monte Frio and they met the Queen Regent coming down on foot, to rejoin her carriage. She heard them speaking English; she is a linguist, and, addressing them in their own tongue, she said: "You can go by that path up until the top, but it is not very good."

The most favorable time to see the royal party is when they go to the beach, as they do nearly every morning at about half-past ten. A respectful little group is generally gathered to await them. They drive up and alight in all simplicity, and descend an inclined plane to their pavilion. It is not at all unlike a nice mother taking her little flock to the bath in many an American summer-resort. The family would be picked out anywhere for a very refined and very pleasing one; so much of distinction remains to them apart from all the splendors of royalty.

While they are away the loiterers may gaze their fill at the landau, the children's wraps lying in it, the steady-going mules, the stout black harness, not even polished, and the sober old coachman and footman in plain livery, who are sallow-visaged and tropical, and resemble a couple of Mexicans. The royal party do not actually bathe, they only come to take the sun and air. Their pavilion descends bodily, on two small tracks, and is controlled by a cable. The elders remain well under cover, including the Princess of Asturias, who is grown too sedate for romping play now; but the Señorito, His Majesty the King, and the younger sister, his particular playmate, run out and have a beautiful time in the water's edge. A boat manned by trim blue jackets lies on its oars, to see that they come to no harm. It is not every day you can see a King of Spain wading about barefoot and digging in the sand, and the sight is worth while. He goes out upon a small platform mounted on two wheels, and, letting down a tin bucket, dips up small pailfuls of water. His grave tutor, General Sanchez, sometimes leads him by the hand, but often, too, he goes alone. He brings back the water and pours it into a foot-tub they have brought him and which he is trying to fill. Once Maria Teresa is very near it, and he throws it about her feet, as if to duck her. She jumps and dances away, chattering and laughing, and her white teeth are distinguishable by a gleam of brightness, even at a distance.

The most surprising reflection about them all, perhaps, is their entire naturalness. You had been half expecting, it seems, that they must be different from the race in general. As if any royalty, even that of the oldest Bourbons, could shake off this poor, dull, old, familiar human nature of ours! As if we were not so much more alike in our resemblances than unlike in our differences! Yes, that is all very well, but listen yet further, as the orators say in Xenophon. In reality there is a great gulf here. There is something solemn, something like the estrangement of death, in the separation out from the billions of usual men, of these few who have always ruled, who have never served, who have never known the ordinary habits of the workaday world. One sometimes has to think of that satrap, Orontes, the traitor, in the same Xenophon. He was being led along to execution for his crimes, but even then—so great was the force of tradition, so strong was the prestige of his former power—that his troops bowed low before him, till their foreheads touched the very dust.

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THE WORKERS

AN EXPERIMENT IN REALITY

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

II—A DAY-LABORER AT WEST POINT

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.,
Monday, August 3, 1891.

AT three o'clock on Saturday afternoon I decided to quit work on the old Academic building. I went up to the boss and told him of my intention, as I had seen other men do, and was ordered into the office; there, without a moment's delay, the timekeeper's books were consulted, and No. 6 was paid the five dollars and eighty-five cents which were due him. Five dollars are gone to Mrs. Flaherty for board; seventy-five cents more will be owing to her to-morrow morning for another day, and then I shall set out on the road with ten cents in my pocket.

I had calculated upon a balance far in excess of that; for when I went to work on Tuesday, five full working-days were before me, and, at a wage of one dollar and sixty cents, they were to yield an income of eight dollars. My reckoning left out the chance of rain. For three days passing showers drove us to cover, and the "called time" was as closely noted by the boss as it is by the referee in a foot-ball game; only we were given no chance to make it up.

Mrs. Flaherty's home has a real hold upon my affections. It is one in my mind with the blessed interludes of rest which were brief transitions from one æon of work to another. My acquaintance with the household covers a period of incalculable time. Mrs. Flaherty wears toward me now a motherly air of possession; and she wrinkles her brows in perplexed protest, when I tell her that I am going away in the morning, with no knowledge of where I shall find another place; and she wipes her mouth with the corner of her apron, and tells me with increasing emphasis that I'd better stay by my job, and let her care for me decently, and not go wandering about the country, and, as likely as not, come to harm.

Her husband is a painter, a little round man with red hair and high spirits, who is a well-preserved veteran of the civil war, and very fond of telling you of his life as a "recruitie."

Minnie is their daughter. She inherits her father's hair, and gives promise of his rotundity. But just now Minnie is fifteen, and the world is a very interesting and exciting place. She took her first communion last Easter, and still wears her confirmation dress on Sundays, and is really pretty in a blushing effort to look unconscious when Charlie McCarthy calls.

Charles appears regularly on Sunday afternoons, I gather. He is a driver for an ice-dealer, is not much older than Minnie, and is very proud of a light-gray suit and a pair of highly polished brown boots.

Tom is Minnie's only brother. He is a stoker on a river-boat, and can spend only his Sundays at home. Tom is a little past his majority, and takes himself very seriously as a man. He tells you frankly that he is earning "big money," and is anxious that you shall not escape the knowledge that he is a libertine.

The child that he is came comically to the surface last night, with no least regard for the newly found dignity of manhood. Tom shares one of the beds in my room, and in the middle of the night he came bounding to the floor in a nightmare, and running to the door began pounding it with both hands, and screaming, "Papa! Papa!" like a child in a paroxysm of fear. He soon woke himself, and then he slunk into bed and was surly with us as we crowded about him, eager to know the cause of this violent awaking.

Jerry and Pete and Jim and Tom Wilson and I are the boarders. Wilson's is

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the only surname that I know. Surnames are little in use on this level of society; they smack of a certain formality like that which attaches to Sunday clothes. We were all sitting on the porch after supper on my first evening, and I knew that the men were taking my measure. Jerry broke the silence with an abrupt inquiry after my name. I responded with my surname. Jerry took his pipe from his mouth, and turned to me with some warmth: "That's not what I want to know. What's your first name? What's a man to call you?" "Oh, call me John," I said, with sudden inspiration, and I have passed as "John" accordingly.

Wilson and I worked together at unskilled labor, and we have a bed in common; and it was during a night of fearful heat, when neither of us could sleep, that Wilson, in a burst of confidence, told me his full name.

I had noticed him as a new-comer on the works on Wednesday morning. He accepted the job with alacrity, and, in spite of evident physical weakness, he went to work with feverish energy. At noon hour we shared a dinner, and he told me that he had slept in the open for three nights running, and had had nothing to eat since the previous noon. I referred him to Mrs. Flaherty, and at supper I found him at a place at her table.

It was that night that he gave me his confidence. Two years ago he came to America from the north of Ireland. From the first he had found it hard to get work, and he had never kept a job long. This was chiefly due, he said, to his having been brought up to the work in the linen-mills, and to the difficulty that he found in adapting himself to any other. And now his narrative suddenly glowed with active personal interest, for, with each succeeding sentence about his apprenticeship in Lurgan, there rose into clearer memory visions of a charming fortnight once spent at the home of the owners of the mill.

I have set for myself to-day the task of describing the past week of actual service in the ranks of the industrial army. My pen runs wide of the subject, and I have to force it to the retrospect. There were five working-days of nine hours and a quarter each, less the "called time" eaten out by the rain. Never was there clearer proof of the pure relativity of time measured by an artificial standard. Hours had no meaning; there were simply ages of physical torture, and short intervals when the physical reaction was an ecstasy.

We were called at six on Tuesday morning; and at twenty minutes to seven we had breakfasted, and were ready to start for the works, each with his dinner folded in a piece of newspaper. Passing from our side street to the road which leads to the post, we were at once merged in a throng of working-men moving in our direction.

I was suddenly aware of a novel impression of individuality. Gangs of working-men, as I recalled them, were uniform effects in earth-stained jeans and rugged countenances rough with a varying growth of stubborn beard. To have distinguished among them would have seemed like distinguishing among a crowd of Chinese. Now individuality began to appear in its vital separateness, and to awaken the sense of infinite individual sensation, from which we instinctively shrink as we do from the thought of unbroken continuity of consciousness.

But my eyes were growing sensitive to other differences, certainly to the broad distinction between skilled and unskilled workmen. Many orders of labor were represented—masons and carpenters and bricklayers and plasterers, besides unskilled laborers. An evident superiority in intelligence, accompanied by a certain indefinable superiority in dress, was the general mark of skilled labor. And then the class of unskilled workers was noticeably heterogeneous in composition, while many of the other class were plainly of American birth.

It is a mile from Highland Falls to West Point, and we moved briskly. There was little conversation among the men. Most of them had taken off their coats, and with these over their arms and their dinner-pails in hand, they walked in silence, with their eyes on the road. The morning was sultry and overhung with heavy clouds, full of the promise of rain. A forest lines much of the road, and from the overhanging boughs fell great drops of dew, dotting the surface of soft dust. The wayside weeds and bushes were gray with a coating of dust, and seemed to cry out

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in the still, hot air for the suspended rain.

The old Academic building stood near to the Mess Hall at the southern end of the post. In process of removal one wing had been blown up by dynamite, I was told, and now its site lay deep in heaps of débris. It was here that one gang of laborers was employed, and it was with them that the boss had instantly given me a job upon my application on the previous morning.

There were about sixty men in the company. Most of them stood grouped among the ruins, ready to begin work on the hour. I had but to follow their example. I hung my coat, with my dinner in one pocket, on a neighboring fence, and brought a shovel from the tool-house, and joined the other men. We stood silent, like a company at attention. The teamsters drove up with their carts, and the bosses counted them. In another moment the head boss, who had been keeping his eye on his watch, shut the case with a sharp metallic click, and shouted "Turn out!" in stentorian tones.

The effect was magical. The scene changed on the instant from one of quiet to one of noisy activity. Men were loosening the ruined mass with their picks, and urging their crow-bars between the blocks of stone, and shovelling the finer refuse into the carts, and loading the coarser fragments with their hands. The gang-boss, mounted upon a section of wall, began to direct the work before him. A cart had been driven among the ruins, and he called three of us to load it with the jagged masonry that lay heaped about it. It was too coarse to be handled with shovels, and we went at it with our hands. They were soon bleeding from contact with the sharp edges of rock; but the dust acted as a styptic and helped vastly in the hardening process. When the cart was loaded, another took its place, and then a third and a fourth. In a harsh, resonant voice the boss was shouting his orders over our heads, to the furthermost portion of the works. His short, thickset, muscular figure seemed rooted to the masonry on which he stood. The mingled shrewdness and brute strength of his hard face marked him as a product of natural selection for the place that he filled. His restless gray eyes were everywhere at once, and his whole personality was tense with a compelling physical energy. If the work slackened in any portion of the ruins, his voice took on a vibrant quality as he raised it to the shout of "Now, boys, at it there!" and then a lash of stinging oaths. You could feel a quickening of muscular force among the men, like the show of eager industry in a section of a school-room that has fallen suddenly under the master's questioning eye.

In the dust which rose from the débris I picked up a mass of heavy plaster, and, before detecting my mistake, I tossed it into the cart. But the boss had seen the action, and instantly noticed the error, and now all his attention was directed upon me. In short, incisive sentences, ringing with malediction, he cursed me for an ignoramus and threatened me with discharge. I could feel the amused side-glances of the men, and could hear their muffled laughter.

At last all the carts were loaded and driven away, and until their return, some of us were set at assorting the débris—throwing the splintered laths and bricks and fragments of stone and plaster into separate heaps. The work compelled a stooping posture, and the pain of lacerated fingers was as nothing compared with the agony of muscles cramped and forced to unaccustomed use.

A business-like young fellow, with the air of a clerk, now began to move among the men, and they showed the keenest interest in his approach. I heard them speak of him as the "timekeeper," but I had no knowledge of such a functionary, and I wondered whether he had any business with me. He hailed me with a brisk "What is your number?" I looked at him in surprise. "He's a new hand," shouted the boss from his elevation. "What's your name?" asked the timekeeper, as he turned a page in his book. I told him, and when he had written it he drew from his pocket a brass disk, upon which was stamped the number six, and this he told me to wear, suspended by its string, and to show it to him as often as he made his rounds.

The cartmen had reappeared and received their loads, and had again driven off, in long procession, in the direction of Highland Falls. We went back to the va-

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ried torture of assorting. But the pain was not purely physical. The work was too mechanical to require close attention, and yet too exhausting to admit of mental effort. I did not know how to prevent my mind from preying upon itself. At last I hit upon a plan which appealed to me. I simply went back in imagination to the familiar country-seat, and followed the morning through a likely course. We met at breakfast, and complained of the discomfort of the sultry day as we discussed our plans, and then we walked over the lawn to the pier. Two cruising sloops that had waited in the hope of a freshening breeze, now weighed anchor, and under main-sail and top-sail and jib drifted slowly out of the harbor. We watched them in idle curiosity, wondering at the distinctness with which the conversation of the yachtsmen came back to us across the oily placidity of still water, until they seemed almost half way to the spindle, and then we agreed upon a morning ride. We telephoned to the stables, and before we were ready the horses stood restless under the *porte-cochère*. Step by step I followed our progress along the road that skirts the inlet, and across the crumbling bridge on the turnpike, and under the great, drooping elms which line the village-street in Fairfield, and up the long ascent of the Greenfield Hill to the old church, and then home by the "back road." The dogs came running at us from the stables with short, sharp barks of welcome as we cantered past, and we called to them by name. As we turned by the reservoir, we could see a groom running down the path in order to reach the house before us. Hot from the ride, we passed through the dim mystery of the hall and billiard-room and den, and out upon the veranda, where a breath of air was stirring, and the fountain played softly in its bed of vines and flowers. Louis had returned from market. Our letters lay in order on the settle, and near them, neatly folded, were the morning papers. And now Louis's approach was heralded by the tinkling of ice against the glass of bumpers of cooling drinks, and his bow was accompanied with a polite reminder that luncheon would be served in half an hour.

I had been working with all my strength. Now I looked up at the boss in some hope of a sign of the noon hour. There was none. Painfully I went back to the work. Again I tried to find diversion in this new device. Slowly, with double the needed time for each event, I followed the morning through another imaginary series. Now I was sure that the boss had made a mistake and had lost track of the time, and was working us far into the afternoon. The clouds had thickened, and the growing darkness I was certain was the coming night. Great drops of rain began to fall, but the men paid them no heed. Soon the drops quickened to a shower, and still the men worked on. The moisture from within and without had made us wringing wet when the boss ordered us to quit. We bolted for our coats and dinner-pails, and then huddled in the shelter of the still-standing walls of the ruin. Through one of the great doorways I caught sight of the tower of a neighboring building with a clock in it. It was twenty minutes to nine! In all that eternity since we began to load the first cart, we had been working one hour and forty minutes, and had each earned about twenty-nine cents.

The rain cost us an hour of working-time, and then we went back, and found some relief from the earlier discomfort in the saturation which had thoroughly settled the dust.

In another hour, with no freshening of the air, the clouds faded out of the sky. The sun shone full upon us, and there arose from the heaps of ruin a mist heavy with the smell of damp plaster. But I had my "second wind" at last, and I worked now with the feeling of some reserve of physical strength. It was with surprise that I heard the loud voice of the head boss in a shout of "Time's up!" and almost before I knew what had happened the men were seated on the ground, in the shadows of the walls, eating their dinners.

I opened mine with much curiosity. There were two huge sandwiches, with slices of corned beef between the bread, and a bit of cheese and a piece of apple-pie, very damp and oozing. Among the other men, with my aching back pressed against the wall, I sat and ate my dinner, lingering over the last crumbs like a child with some rare dainty.

At the end of the forty-five minutes allowed to us at noon, there came again, from the head boss, the order to "Turn

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out." In a moment the scene of the morning was renewed. There was the same alternation between loading the carts and assorting the débris.

We had been but a few minutes at work when the cadets went marching past, on their way to mess. Familiar as most of the men were with the sight, they seized eagerly upon the diversion that it offered. The boss relaxed his vigilance. The work visibly slackened, as we lent ourselves to the fascination of individual motion merged into perfect harmony of collective movement. Conspicuous in the rear was the awkward squad, very hot in its effort to walk erect, and keep its shoulders back and its little fingers on the seams of its trousers. The men laughed merrily at the comical contrast between such grotesquely strenuous efforts at conformity and the ease and strength and grace of the unison which preceded it.

No rain came to give us breathing-space in the afternoon. Hour by hour the relentless work went on. The sun had soon absorbed the last drop of the morning rain, and now the ruins lay burning hot under our feet. The air quivered in the heat reflected from the stone and plaster about us; the fine lime-dust choked our breathing as we shovelled the refuse into the carts. You could hear the muttered oaths of the men, as they swore softly in many tongues at the boss, and cursed him for a brute. But ceaselessly the work went on. We worked as though possessed by a curious numbness that kept us half-unconscious of the straining effort, which had become mechanical, until we were brought to by some spasm of strained muscles.

But five o'clock came at last, and with it, on the second, the loud "Time's up!" of the head boss. You could see men fairly check a tool in its downward stroke, in their eagerness not to exceed the time by an instant. In two minutes the tools were housed and the works deserted, and the men were running like school-boys, with a clatter of dinner-pails, in a competitive scramble for seats in the dump-carts, which were moving toward Highland Falls.

The hindmost were left to walk the mile to their lodgings. I fell in with two old Irishmen, who noticed me with a friendly look, and then went on with their conversation, paying me no further heed. But I felt strangely at home with these old men. Their short, faltering steps exactly suited my own, and I comfortably bent my back to the angle of their stoop, not in an effort to simulate their figures, but because to stand erect cost me exquisite agony.

The men in the carts were soon out of our sight, but the remnant was large and was thoroughly representative. We formed a weird procession, this fragment of a company in the ranks of labor. There were few native-born Americans, one or two perhaps, besides myself; but there were Irish and Scandinavians and Hungarians and Italians and negroes.

As a physical exertion, walking was not hard after our day's labor. It was a change and a rest, and we must all have felt the soothing refreshment in the breath of cool air which was moving down the river, and in the soft light of the early evening, which brought out in new loveliness the curves of the opposite hills and deepened the shades of blue and green. My own appreciation of all this and more would have been livelier but for two overpowering appetites, which were asserting themselves with unsuspected strength. I was hungry, not with the hunger which comes from a day's shooting, and which whets your appetite to the point of nice discrimination in an epicure's dinner, but with a ravenous hunger which fits you to fight like a beast for your food, and to eat it raw in brutal haste for gratification. But more than hungry, I was thirsty. Cold water had been in abundant supply at the works, and we drank as often and as freely as we chose. But water had long since ceased to satisfy. My mouth and throat were burning with the action of the lime-dust, and the physical craving for something to quench that strange thirst was an almost overmastering passion. I knew of no drink quite strong enough. I have never tasted gin, but I remembered in one of Froude's essays a reference to it as much in use among working-men, and as being seasoned to their taste by a dash of vitriol, and eagerly I longed for that.

Half-way down the road we met some young women in smart dog-carts driving to the sunset parade at the post. In the delicate fabric and color of summer dress they seemed to us the embodiment of the cool

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of the evening. Suddenly I looked with a keener interest. With her fingers outstretched she was shading her eyes from the horizontal rays of the setting sun, and she did not see us, rather saw through us, as through something transparent, the familiar objects on the roadside. I had seen her last in town at a wedding at St. Thomas's, and fate unkindly sent her up the aisle on the arm of another usher. I laughed aloud, a short, harsh laugh, that escaped me before I was aware, and that had in it so odd a quality that it gave me an uncomfortable feeling of unacquaintance with myself. The two old Irishmen turned inquiring glances at me, and appeared disturbed at my serious look.

My room, when I reached it, was, in spite of wide-opened windows, like Nero's bath at Baiæ. The ceiling and walls glowed with stored-up heat. Jim was there making ready for supper, and I could hear Jerry and Pete in their room in similar preparation.

When I put my hands into the cold water, I could scarcely feel them; but the pain of cleansing grew sharp, and yet, when I had thoroughly washed them, although the fingers felt double their normal size, they were really less swollen, and were far on the way to comfort.

The reaction had set in now, and I could feel it in great, cooling waves of physical well-being. The table was heaped with supper, huge slices of juicy sirloin, and dishes of boiled potatoes and cabbage and beans, from which the steam rose in fragrant clouds. By each plate was a large cup of tea, so strong and hot that it bit like lye, and it soon washed away the burning lime-dust.

We sat down with our coats and waistcoats off. The men were in the best of good-humor and the conversation ran into friendly talk. They asked me how I liked my job. I thought much better of it by this time, and I tried to wear the air of critical content. They may have had their own notions about my previous experience of manual labor, but certainly they did not obtrude these with any show of suspicion. They accepted me as a working-man on perfectly natural terms. Until Wilson came I was the only unskilled laborer among them, but my different grade was no barrier to our intercourse, and we met and talked with the freedom of men whose experience is innocent of conventional restraints.

Long after supper we sat on the porch, smoking in the twilight. A deep physical comfortableness possessed us. Each mouthful of meat and drink had wrought miraculous healing, and had restored wasted energy in measures that could be felt. My muscles were sore, but the very pain turned to pleasure in the ease of relaxation.

The men were town artisans, skilled laborers, attracted here by the abundance of work. Jerry was a plasterer, and Pete a bricklayer, and Jim a stone-mason. A short, slender figure, a smooth-shaven face with small, sharp, regular features, black hair, and gray eyes, is a sufficient outline of Jerry's personality. His air was that of a cynic, and there was a cynical flavor in his speech, but the sting of it was gone at the sight of his soft gray eyes, full of generous reserve of human kindness.

Pete was a well-set-up young fellow, of twenty-five, perhaps, plainly of German parentage. Like Jerry, he was smooth-shaven, and there was a striking contrast between his dark hair and his singularly fair skin and blue eyes. He was a bricklayer, and ambitious of promotion. He spoke hopefully of an appointment in the Navy Yard as a result of a recent examination.

Jim was the only married man among us. His wife and three children were in Brooklyn, and Jim went home every Saturday night, and spent Sunday with them. He was a handsome young Scotsman, with curling brown hair, and brown eyes, and a well-formed mustache, and a round face with full features. In the casual flow of our talk, Jim spoke of Burns, and quoted him with a ready familiarity. It was easy to catch the drift of his liking. Its set was steadily toward passages which sing the wrongs and oppression of the poor. Jim had none of the tricks of a declaimer; but with jerks of unstudied emphasis he repeated familiar lines until you were conscious of new meaning and strength. He was sitting with his chair tilted against the wall, and his heels resting on a round, and his hands clasped about his knees. His eyes were fixed upon the evening gloom as he recited:

> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn.

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The verses seemed exactly to fit his mood, for he repeated them again and again, with lingering liking for their sense and alliteration.

Jerry broke in abruptly here with sudden, unmeasured condemnation of the dulness of evenings in a country town in the absence of the theatre, pronounced theátre. The drama had fired his imagination for the moment, for he broke through his wonted reserve and waxed fluent as he expressed his views:

"When I go to the theátre, I go to laugh. I want to see pretty girls and lots of them, and I want to see them dance. I want songs as I can understand the words of, and lots of jokes, and horse-play. You don't get me to the theátre to see no show got up by Shakespeare, nor any of them fellows as lived two thousand years ago. What did they know about us fellows as is living now? Pete, you mind that Tim Healy in the union, him that's full of wind in the meetings? Onct he give me a book to read, and he says it's a theátre piece wrote by Shakespeare, and the best there was. I read more'n an hour on that piece, and I'm damned if there was a joke into it, nor any sense neither."

We were presently yawning under the stars, and I was more than glad when the men spoke of bed. Almost in the next moment, to my consciousness, Mrs. Flaherty was knocking on the door, bidding us wake and not to go to sleep again, for it was six o'clock.

Of the five, this second day was the hardest. My body was sore in every part when I began to work, and the help of hardening muscles I did not gain until the third day. Mrs. Flaherty had skilfully bound up the slight wounds on my fingers. The merciful rain came twice to our relief, once in the morning and again in the afternoon. But this was not an unmixed blessing, for in the minutes of delay we could but calculate the growing loss in wages, and watch the sure vanishing of any surplus above actual living expenses. I remember making an estimate on my way to my lodgings that evening, and it was with much sinking of heart that I discovered that my earnings made a total rather less than the cost of the day's living.

There has been difficulty in the way of intercourse with the men. I speak no Italian, nor any of the Scandinavian tongues, so that my acquaintance has been confined to my own countrymen, who are few in number in the gang, and to the Irishmen and negroes, and an occasional Hungarian who understands my stammering German. And within the English-speaking circle, in the absence of this, there have been other barriers. There is wanting that social freedom that is most natural in Mrs. Flaherty's home. There is much of it among the foreigners. They hang together at their work, and sit in separate groups through the noon hour, and one commonly hears, especially among the Italians, that picturesque volubility which sets you wondering as to the subject of such fluent debate. Among the English-speaking men, the Irish and negroes are as Jews and Samaritans; but aside from this, the general attitude is one of sullen suspiciousness. Few appear to know the others, and not even their wretchedness draws them to the relief of companionship. Sometimes we hear warm greetings among acquaintances, or see some show of friendliness, but this is markedly out of keeping with the general tone of things. The usual intercourse is an exchange of experiences, an account of the circumstances which brought them to their present lot, among men who happen to be working side by side or sitting in company at the noon hour. Quite as commonly one hears only muttered curses against the boss.

You would gather from their own accounts that many of the men are unused to unskilled labor. There is a singular uniformity in their histories. Nearly all have seen better days, and are now but tiding over a dull season in their trades, or are earning enough to take them to some other part of the country, where there is a quickening in the demand for their labor.

I found myself growing doubtful of these unvarying tales. The mechanism became too apparent. "I am really an efficient and energetic workman," each seemed to say; "you see me now in a strait of circumstances. You should see me at my trade, in which I am an adept. I am out of that employment now because of depression in the business, but when business revives, or when I can reach Chicago or St. Louis or Minneapolis, my labor will be

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in strong demand." Irresistibly one is led to the belief that most of these men probably have no trade, or, at the best, are inefficient workmen, who, unable to keep a job long, habitually pick up a living at work like this, in the careless makeshift of a shiftless life.

It is refreshing to meet others who are frankly laborers. All their lives they have been bred to unskilled labor, and they make no pretence of anything different. They are hard men, who look out upon a world that is hard to them at every point of contact; but they are true men, by virtue of their honesty and directness, and one likes them accordingly. Some of them are old, and it is pitiful to see them tottering under the burden of years, and staving off actual want by forcing their rheumatic limbs through the drudgery of this rude toil.

I had noticed the absence of one of this coterie for a day or two when, in the middle of a morning's work, he appeared among the ruins. He was an old Irishman. His face was swollen from toothache, and was bound up with a cotton bandanna. His hands were clasped on his stooping back, and he moved with the painful motion that suggests acute rheumatism. For a time he stood watching us at our work and exchanging words with some of the men about his complaints, when suddenly he burst into tears. The men jeered him, and angrily told him to be gone. I had a sickening feeling of cruelty as I saw him go sobbing down the road; but when I spoke of him at the noon hour the men explained that it was a disgrace to have him crying there, but that they would see that his wants were provided for.

There was a revelation in the discovery of the degree to which profanity is ingrained in the vernacular of these men, as representatives of the laboring poor. They swear with the readiness of instinct, not merely in anger, when their language mounts to a torrent of abuse unspeakably awful in its horrid blasphemies, but in commonest intercourse, when their oaths are as meaningless as casual interjections. And almost never is the rude hardness of their speech softened by the amenities which seem so natural a part of language. The imperative, more than any other mood, is rudely thrust into common use. They are even punctilious in its employment.

A single instance will serve to point the nature of this graceless speech. Two boys of ten or twelve are employed in carrying water to the men at their work. One carries his bucket through the building to those engaged in the upper stories; and the other, a flaxen-haired, delicate child whose thin legs bend under his burden, serves those of us who are at work on the heaps below. Through all the day, and especially in its greatest heat, the boys run busily from the works to a neighboring pump, and return with bucketfuls of water, which are at once surrounded by thirsty workmen and emptied in a few minutes. Regardless of the prevailing custom, I always thanked the little fellow for my drink. Soon I noticed that even this instinctive acknowledgment seemed to embarrass him. In an interval of rest he came up to me, after receiving my thanks. "You shouldn't thank me," he said. "And why not?" I begged to know. "Because, you see, I'm *paid* to do this," was his conscientious answer. A mere child, naturally gentle, and yet so bred to rougher usage that a simple "Thank you" jarred upon his sense of right! A few minutes later I saw the two boys in rough-and-ready fight, and their language lacked none of the horror of that of their elders.

I shall be on the road again to-morrow morning, and I shall go as penniless as I came, but somewhat richer in experience. I have been through nearly a week of labor, and have survived it, and have honestly earned my living as a working-man. In the future, I shall have the added confidence which comes of knowing that, if work offers, I shall probably be able to perform it. But this is not the only cause of my increased lightheartedness. I am frankly glad to get away from the job on the old Academic building. This is a selfish feeling, and is not without the cowardice of all selfishness. I hope for a job of another kind, for a time at least, because I wish to see some hopefuller side of the lot of common labor. When we draw too near to the hand of Fate, and begin to feel as though there were a wrong in the nature of things, it is best, perhaps, to change our point of view—if we can. This may account for

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some of the drifting restlessness among working-men of my class.

The salient features of our condition are plain enough. We are unskilled laborers. We are grown men, and are without a trade. In the labor market we stand ready to sell to the highest bidder our mere muscular strength for so many hours each day. We are thus in the lowest grade of labor. We are here, and not higher in the scale, by reason of a variety of causes. Some of us were thrown upon our own resources in childhood, and have earned our living ever since, and by the line of least resistance we have simply grown to be unskilled workmen. Opportunities came to some of us of learning useful trades, and we neglected them, and now we have no developed skill to aid us in earning a living, and we must take the work that offers.

Some of us were bred to farm labor, and almost from our earliest recollection we worked in the fields, until, tiring of country life, we determined to try some other; and we have turned to this work as being within our powers, and as affording us a change. Still others among us, like Wilson, really learned a trade; but the market offers no further demand for the peculiar skill we possess, and so we are forced back upon skilless labor. And selling our muscular strength in the open market for what it will bring, we sell it under peculiar conditions. It is all the capital that we have. We have no reserve means of subsistence, and cannot, therefore, stand off for a "reserve price." We sell under the necessity of satisfying imminent hunger. Broadly speaking, we must sell our labor or starve; and as hunger is a matter of a few hours, and we have no other way of meeting this need, we must sell at once for what the market offers for our labor. And for some of us there is other pressure, unspeakable, immeasurable pressure, in the needs of wife and children.

The contractor buys our labor as he buys other commodities, like brick and iron and stone, which enter into the construction of the new building. But he buys of us under certain restrictions to us both. The law of supply and demand does not apply to our labor with the same freedom as to other merchandise. We are human beings, and some of us have social ties, which bricks and iron have not, and we do not, therefore, move to favorable markets with the same ease and certainty as these. Besides, we are ignorant men, and behind what we have to sell is no trained intelligence, or a knowledge of prices and of the best means of reaching the best markets. And then we are poor men, who must sell when we find a purchaser, for no "reserve price" is possible to us.

The law of supply and demand meets with these restrictions and others. If it applied with perfect freedom to our commodity, we should infallibly be where is the greatest demand for our labor; and with perfect acquaintance with the markets we should always sell in the dearest. But the benefits of perfect freedom of supply and demand would not be ours alone. If we sold in the dearest markets, the employer would as certainly buy in the cheapest. He has capital in the form of the means of subsistence, and can stand off for a "reserve price," and could force us to sell at last in the pinch of hunger, and in competition with starving men.

As matters are, our wages might rise, in an increased demand for labor, far above their present point; but even under pressure of decreasing demand, and with scores of needy men eager to take our places, our wages, if we had employment at all, would not fall far below their present level. So much has civilization done for us. It does not insure to us a chance to earn a living, but it does measurably insure to us that what we earn by day's labor, such as this, will at least be a living.

As unskilled laborers we are unorganized men. We are members of no union. We must deal individually with our employer, under all the disadvantages which encumber our position in the market as compared with his.

But his position is not an enviable one. He is a competitor in a freer market than ours. He has secured his contract as the lowest bidder, under a keener competition than we know, and in every dime that he must add to wages in order to attract labor, and in every dollar paid to an inefficient workman, and in every unforeseen difficulty or delay in the work, he sees a scaling from the margin of profit, which is already, perhaps, the narrowest that will attract capital into the field of production. The results of our labor are

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worth nothing to him as finished product until given sections of the work are completed. In the meantime he must advance to us our wages out of capital which is a product of past labor, his own and ours as working-men, and of other capital. And this he must continue to do, even if his margin of profit should wholly disappear, and even if ultimate loss should be the net result of the expenditure of his labor and capital. In every case, before any other commodity has been paid for, we have insured to us the price for which we have sold our labor.

Our employer is buying labor in a dear market. One dollar and sixty cents for a day of nine hours and a quarter is a high rate for unskilled workmen. And the demand continues, for I notice that the boss accepts every man who applies for a job. The contractor is paying high for labor, and he will certainly get from us as much work as he can at the price. The gang-boss is secured for this purpose, and thoroughly does he know his business. He has sole command of us. He never saw us before, and he will discharge us all when the débris is cleared away and the site made ready for the constructive labors of the skilled workmen. In the meantime he must get from us, if he can, the utmost of physical labor which we, individually and collectively, are capable of. If he should drive some of us to exhaustion, and we should not be able to continue at work, he would not be the loser, for the market would soon supply him with others to take our places.

We are ignorant men, and we have a slender hold of economic principles, but so much we clearly see :—that we have sold our labor where we could sell it dearest, and our employer has bought it where he could buy it cheapest. He has paid high for it, but not from philanthropic motives, and he will get at the price, he must get, all the labor that he can ; and, by a strong instinct which possesses us, we shall part with as little as we can. And there you have, in its rudimentary form, the bear and the bull sides of the market.

You tell us that our interests are identical with those of our employer. That may be true on some ground unknown to us, but we live from hand to mouth, and we think from day to day, and we have no power to "reach a hand through time, to catch the far-off interest of tears." From work like ours there seems to us to have been eliminated every element which constitutes the nobility of labor. We feel no personal pride in its progress, and no community of interest with our employer. He plainly shares this lack of unity of interest ; for he takes for granted that we are dishonest men, and that we will cheat him if we can ; and so he watches us through every moment, and forces us to realize that not for an hour would he intrust his interests to our hands. There is for us in our work none of the joy of responsibility, none of the sense of achievement, only the dull monotony of grinding toil, with the longing for the signal to quit work, and for our wages at the end of the week.

We expect the ready retort that we get what we deserve, that no field of labor was closed to us, and that we are where we are because we are fit, or have fitted ourselves, for nothing better. Unskilled labor must be done, and, in the natural play of productive activity, it must inevitably be done by those who are excluded from the higher forms of labor by incapacity, or inefficiency, or misfortune, or lack of ambition. And being what we are, the dregs of the labor market, and having no certainty of permanent employment, and no organization among ourselves, by means of which we can deal with our employer and he with us by some other than an individual hold upon each other, we must expect to work under the watchful eye of a gang-boss, and not only be directed in our labor, but be driven, like the wage-slaves that we are, through our tasks.

All this is to tell us, in effect, that our lives are the hard, barren, hopeless lives that they are because of our own fault, and that our degradation as men is the measure of our bondage as workmen.

This seems to state an ultimate fact, and then, with the habit of much of such thinking, to settle itself peacefully, with an easy conscience, behind the inevitable.

But for us there is no such peace or comfort in the inevitable. And yet, even in this statement of our case, we are not without hope. We are men, and are capable of becoming better men. We may

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be capable of no other than unskilled labor, but why should we be doomed to perform it under the conditions which now degrade us at our work?

Imagine each of us an ideal workman. Through all the hours of the working-day we labor conscientiously, with no need of oversight beyond intelligent direction; for each of us feels the keenest interest in the progress of the work, because we are honest men, and, with far-sighted knowledge, we know that by our best labor in any form of useful production we are contributing our best to the general prosperity, as well as our own, and that it is by our energy and personal efficiency that we may open for ourselves a way to promotion. Here clearly is a solution on ideal grounds. Is there no remedy that can reach us as we are?

Our ambition must be fired, our sense of responsibility awakened and enlisted in our labor, our intelligences quickened to the vision of our own interests in the best performance of our duty. Life will not be rendered frictionless thereby. Work will still be hard, but to it will be restored its dignity, its power to call into play the better part of a man, and so build up his character.

We have already seen how such an end is realized in the initial betterment of character itself. Let us see whether something might not be done by an initial improvement in the conditions of employment.

Let us suppose now that we are not ideal characters, but ordinary men, whose lot in life is to perform unskilled labor; but let us suppose that we are an organized body of workmen. The contractor made terms with us as an organized gang for the removal of the old building. Our organization, from long experience of such work, was able to enter into an eminently fair agreement. The contract rests upon a basis of time. For the completed work we are to receive a fixed sum, provided that it is finished by a given date. If we finish the work, according to the terms of the contract, one week earlier, we are to receive a bonus in addition to the fixed amount; if two weeks earlier, there will be an increase in the bonus. In the meantime advances are to be made to us, week by week, in the form of days' wages, but so regulated as to protect the contractor against loss if the gang should fail to complete the work.

Every member of the gang is perfectly familiar with the terms of the contract, and knows thoroughly the advantages of an early completion of the job. We agree among ourselves upon the number of hours which shall constitute a day's work, and from our own numbers we elect a boss, who will give direction to our labor, and under whose orders we bind ourselves to serve. It is no part of his duty now to stand guard over us in the office of a slave-driver to prevent our shirking, for we effectually perform that service for ourselves, seeing to it, with utmost regard for our interests, that no man among us fails to do his share in the common task. The boss is now the best and most intelligent worker among us, and not only does he direct our efforts, but, with his own hand, he sets the example of energetic work for the securing of the best terms that the contract offers for our common good.

In a true sense now we have got a job. It is ours. The work is hard, but we have an object in working hard. Every stroke of labor is not a listless, time-serving economy of effort, but an eager and willing furthering of the work toward its completion and our own advantage. We are glad in the progress of our job, even if we are glad from no higher motive than our personal profit. We have a sense of responsibility and the keen interest which comes of that, even if they rise in no better source than our greed for gain.

It is true that the root of the matter lies deeper than this. We may work under hopefuller conditions and be, intrinsically, no better men. Our selfishness may take on the refinement of the altruism that merely seeks our own in the welfare of others; our ignorance may become illumined by an enlightened self-interest; our vices may assume respectability; and yet our old hardness of heart remain in full possession of us. But the truly pertinent question is this:—Nearest to which of these ways of living lies the living way? In which have we the better chance to become better men? Life in its present course is to most of us a miserable bondage. We work daily to physical exhaustion; and, with no power left for mental

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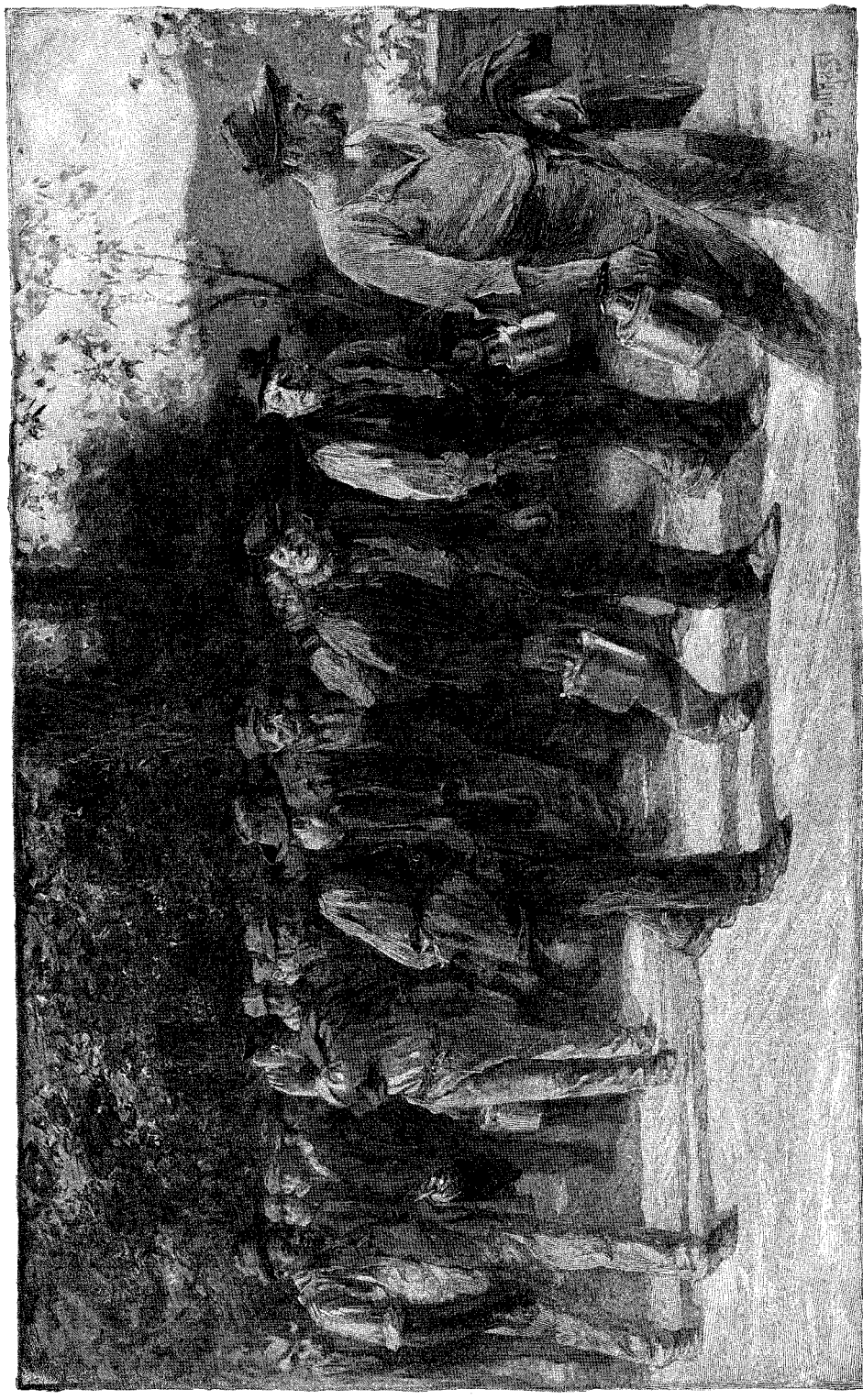

A weird procession, this fragment of a company in the ranks of labor.—Page 286.

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effort, our minds yield themselves to the play of any chance diversion until they lose the power of serious attention. In what constitutes for us the work of life there is no pleasure, no education, no evoking of our better natures.

All truly productive labor performed under right conditions is itself a blessing. It partakes of the highest good that life offers. It is a bringing of order out of chaos, a victory over forces which can be reduced from evil mastery to useful service. It thus becomes the type of that labor which is the work of life, the mastery of self in the building of character. In this sense it was that the monks of the Middle Ages framed their motto, *Laborare est Orare*—labor is prayer. But robbed of its true conditions and reduced to the dishonor of time-service under the eye of a slave-driving boss, who impels us with insults infinitely more degrading than the lash, labor is no longer prayer, but a blasphemy, which finds expression in the words which rise readiest to our lips.

I have been writing from the position of an unskilled workman, with no apparent allowance for my newness to the life. The physical stress and strain, for example, how different my experience of these as compared with that of the other men inured to them by long habit! A year or two of such labor, and how great the physical change! My hands would be hard, and the friction of this work, so far from wounding them, would render them the more impervious to harm. My muscles would be like iron, and would lend themselves with far greater ease to the stress of manual labor. Ten years would find me a seasoned workman.

But under conditions of labor such as these, what changes other than physical would there be? My body might be hardened in fibre to the point of high efficiency in manual labor, but the hardening of mind and character—is it likely that this would be of the nature of the strength of more abundant life, or of the hardness of petrifaction?

I have received the strangest kindness from the men, the most tactful treatment of me as a novice. They laughed at my strenuous efforts to do what was so much easier to them, and they laughed when the boss singled me out for abuse, but never ill-naturedly, I thought. And those who made up to me, and with whom I picked up acquaintance, showed the kindest consideration. They never pressed me with embarrassing questions, but fell gracefully into the easy assumption that I was a factory hand or a "tradesman" out of a job. It was natural to adopt the general strain and speak of plans which involved my going West.

In spite of their roughness and hardness of manner and speech, one never felt the smallest fear of these men, and you had a growing feeling that their better natures were never far to seek. And yet in reality here they were, a cursing, blaspheming crew; men upon whose lives hopelessness seems to have settled; whose idea of work is a slavish drudgery done from the instinct of self-preservation and to be shirked whenever possible; whose idea of pleasure is abandonment to their unmastered passions.

I had a purpose in quitting work in the middle of Saturday afternoon. I went to my lodgings and asked Mrs. Flaherty for an early supper of anything that she could give me without trouble. Then I brushed my clothes and washed myself, and made myself as presentable as my slender pack permitted. My beard was now of nearly two weeks' growth, and my face was well burned by the sun, and my clothes, in spite of the protection of overalls, were much labor-stained.

I felt some security in my disguise, and after an early supper I walked over to see the sunset parade. On the road I met the men returning from the works, and had to run a gauntlet of questions as to whether I had left the job for good, and what I meant to do.

There was bustle in the camp; a running to and fro of cadets, who appeared to be subject to many calls; a nervous appearing and vanishing at the tent-doors of figures which were in process of achieving parade-dress; a hasty personal inspection of arms and uniform; and then suddenly, out of apparently inextricable confusion, there emerged, without a trace of disorder, the two companies, in double lines of perfect symmetry, before the inspecting officer.

Then followed the sunset parade. Seated on the benches under the trees, and

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grouped on the turf behind, was an eager crowd watching intently, in perfect stillness, every evolution of the cadets. The fascination was in the sense it gave you of abounding life, of youth and strength and vigor, brought to perfect unity in willing subordination to authority. Here was the type of highest organization, the voluntary submission of those who are "fit to follow to those who are fittest to lead." So much has civilization achieved for the purpose of self-defence. The mission of many of these young officers will be to take such men as those with whom I have been working, and teach them the manly lesson of obedience, and awaken in them the feelings of courage and loyalty and *esprit de corps*. Civilization is yet a long way from such organization for industrial ends, if ever such corporate action will be possible or good; but certainly it will not be long before civilization gives birth in increasing numbers to "captains of industry," who will feel with their men other ties than the "*nexus* of cash payment," and who will attack the problems of production with other aims than selfish accumulation. Under the direction of such leaders, working-men will be led to far greater conquests over the resources of nature than any in the past, and, sharing consciously in these victories as the fruits of their own labors, there will open to them a new life of liberty and hope in willing allegiance to true control.

The intense satisfaction I felt in the rest of yesterday (Sunday) was heightened by a feeling of hopefulness as I thought of the future of working-men in a country like ours. Here are almost boundless natural resources, capable of supporting many times our present population. Under the stimulus of private accumulation, what marvellous genius and skill and enterprise have directed labor to the development of our national wealth! When, with the growth of better knowledge, there is added to this stimulus among the great leaders of industry a sincere desire for the common good and a purpose to make the conditions of employment the means of achieving this good, how far greater must be the industrial results, and how far better the lives of the workers!

I felt aglow with this idea as I walked, in the afternoon, down the road below Highland Falls. It was a warm mid-summer day, and in keeping with its restful quiet the air moved gently among the leaves in the tree-tops. I was disturbed by the sound of music from the deck of an excursion steamer, and, seized with sudden desire for a glimpse of the river, I vaulted a low stone wall, and quickly made my way over the mossy carpeting of a wood which covers the bluff above the water.

I did not see, at first, the abrupt ending of the wood and the sweep of an open lawn, and when I caught sight of that I was only a few yards from a rustic bench. There two persons sat, with their backs toward me, but I recognized the girl at once as an acquaintance, and I knew that I was a trespassing vagrant. The man I knew well, for he was a college classmate and a charming fellow, and I longed to ask his views on the question of the improvement of the lot of unskilled laborers by means of organization.

But I grew painfully conscious of my work-stained clothes, and my faded flannel shirt, and the holes in my old felt hat, and of how all these marked me as belonging now to another world. And so I quietly stole away and returned to "mine own people."

(To be continued.)

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"I've supplied him with literature."—Page 302.

THE WAY OF AN ELECTION

By Octave Thanet

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

It was a special-delivery letter, and Leroy, after he had receipted for it and the boy's red wheel was twinkling down the street, eyed the superscription a moment before he took out his pocket-knife and very neatly opened the envelope.

The time was five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon. The foreman in the foundry at Cochrane's always came home earlier Saturdays, the whistle blowing release at four. Harry had come up on the cars, and was resting a moment on his piazza before cleaning himself for supper. He was tired with a hard, warm, dirty day's work; and he waited a moment in a pleasant daze, conscious of the splash of the improvised hose fountain on the green plush of the tiny lawn, of the rich colors of the cannas in the pyramid near the house, of the shifting of the burnished greens of the oak-trees under a light breeze, of the soft blending and melting of many hues in the angles made on either hand by the shady street before him, of the flowers and shrubs in the yards and the fanciful architecture of the wooden houses, of the rattle of passing vehicles over the brick pavement, and the noiseless flash of bicycles. The Leroys owned their house, a new house, painted cream color, with gables and a large piazza. They were very proud of the house. Years had been spent planning it. There were as many as three large closets, and a garret, and a bath-room, upstairs. When Harry

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used to emerge from the cleansing ministrations of that temple of tidiness, he felt that now, indeed, he was living in luxury and that the grime of the foundry was a trivial thing. Harry, his wife and their three children, had watched the hewing of the joists and admired the mortising. They thought few carpenters could have turned such beautiful round pillars, or so dexterously beaded the piazza railing; and the sunburst carved over the north gable assured Mrs. Leroy that their dwelling was not merely a house but a mansion.

"I do wish Jay would come and see it," she would say twenty times a month. She never added, "Now, maybe, he'll be willing to stay with us!" She never distinctly said it to herself; that were to reflect on Jay's affection; Jay, who was so amiable to the children and often brought her a pretty trifle from Chicago and always praised the cooking, although he lived in a hotel in Chicago, where they had ice-cream every day for dinner. Yet the unavowed perception of his discomfort over their humble conditions moved beneath the current of her thoughts like an undertow. It sailed openly through Harry's thoughts. But he never showed it to his wife, not even when Jay borrowed money of him for his hotel bill. He lent the money silently, only telling himself that it were cheaper for him did Jay come to his own house. "Oh, well, I must put up with his foolishness, Effie's so fond of him," he said, tolerantly. Jay was Effie's only brother, younger than she; and she had stinted herself, all her youth, to earn him the education that she felt his abilities deserved. He was a young Chicago lawyer and politician now, whose fluent speech and fine clothes filled his sister with a pride that she tried to believe satisfied all her hopes. He bowed to people in Fairport that she only knew by name, and talked familiarly of all the great ones in her little world. And once, at a political meeting, she saw him on the platform among the vice-presidents, in his black frock coat and white tie, stroking his mustache and smiling, quite at home. It was a glorious moment. Possibly Harry was not so happy; but he loved his wife, and he had been a good friend to Jay.

Being so good a friend—a friend in need, one may say—he did not like the looks of his brother-in-law's hand on a special delivery envelope. He frowned. "I hope Jay ain't in a scrape again!" he muttered, with an uneasy quaking of his pulses. Then he unfolded the sheet and read; and the color drifted out of his bronzed face, for this is what he read:

HARRY: I guess you will think I am a scoundrel; but I was dead frozen sure that I had a sure tip on a wheat deal, and if I'd won out we would all have been rich, for I meant to do the generous thing by Effie. But I was fooled. I had to put up margins you know, and I had raised all I could, and they wouldn't take my note without your endorsement. Now a man that used to be a friend of mine, but has quarrelled with me on politics, is out gunning for me, and has got that note, and it is likely he will send it to your town for collection, as it is due to-day. I believe the d—— scoundrel suspects. Harry, it's the penitentiary, no less. Harry, if you let me be arrested, I swear I will blow my brains out. But if you will save me *this once* I will never forget it as long as I live! And I will pay you up certain sure, and pay the other money you have lent me, too. *Every cent!* There's another thing. I know R—— well. I've filled him up with your great influence with the workingmen. Both States are so confoundedly close this year that the managers are opening their hearts. They are willing to plank down $2,000 for your campaign expenses (between ourselves they won't be anything to speak of) if you will do your best for us, on both sides the river. Now, Harry, the note is only $1,342; so if you accept you will have the money to meet it, in hand. And it's sure; they will pay half in advance, and half in November. Don't leave me in the hole, old man, for God's sake! It would break Effie's heart. Burn this.

J——.

Leroy sat perfectly still for a few minutes. His face continued to grow paler. Suddenly the tide turned in his heart. He clinched his fists and crumpled the letter in them, while the blood began to color his cheeks and forehead until they were a dull, painful red.

His first distinct thought came as a bicycle glided athwart his vision and the child on it touched his little cap to him. He thought, "I can't get Tommy his bike—or me one, either." He laughed: an American always laughs when he gets a sudden blow. "The $600 in the bank will have to go. And—I guess I'll have to put a mortgage on the house. I thought it so awful fine when I got the other paid off. Well, it will be more natural with one on. Oh, Lord!"

His patient face contracted. "If this was the first time," he muttered, "or if I could be sure it would be the last!"

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Drearily his memory took up the squalid roll of Jay's "troubles." Jay had been grateful after each escape; and came the more easily at the next peril.

It was somehow wretchedly nagging to remember Jay well dressed, jocose, lightly pushing his misdemeanors behind him. "He to say I ought to get Effie a wheel like his"—somehow Harry harped on this one string of his grievances—"when I got her a good wheel, a pretty wheel that was ten dollars more than she thought I was going to pay! D—— his airs!"

"Hullo, Harry!" a man called to him. The man carried a tin dinner-pail and a carpenter's kit. "You going to the meeting to-night? Big meeting. Darcy's going to talk."

"Politics, I suppose," said Harry.

"Yes, he'll skin the Shylocks alive. Better come. Darcy was wonderful the last time I heard him."

Then Harry felt the same rush of blood at his heart which he had felt before; but, this time, he did not repel the thought instinctively; he said: "All right, I don't mind hearing what you fellows have to say."

"That's right," said the other, evidently pleased. "You can answer if you want to, you know."

He walked off, humming a tune.

Darcy was a smart fellow; Harry was not so sure as he would like to be. that he was honest. He did not agree with him on the question that was in everybody's mind; he himself had been studying it for months in the laborious, thorough-going workingman's fashion. He had talked it over with his comrades at the shops; with 'Race Battles, the grocer, who had given him a very fair abstract of Mr. Harcourt T. Wells's economical reasoning; with Cochrane, and with Alderman McGinnis; slowly, his opinions had hardened. But he had held his tongue. Now, suppose Jay and his friends were right. A great many people believed that they were right; and that the triumph of their party would make poor people rich. Just suppose they were; he could easily—he hadn't committed himself to any party—well, where was the harm in hearing Darcy?

He shook his head and went upstairs to his bath and his Saturday-night toilet. His wife fancied that he was rather absent-minded at supper; but he was gentle as always.

After supper (and during the meal he couldn't help speculating whether they needed to have both eggs and meat at the same time; and how ever he should explain the need of minute frugalities to Effie without lying) he went down town. He thought of riding; but withdrew his foot from the step of the car. "I'm getting extravagant," said he. The same reflection made him replace his tobacco-bag in his pocket.

The hall was a bare room, up two flights of stairs. It was already filled with men, most of whom came in their working clothes. There were so many dark flannel shirts that the room wore a dismal air in spite of the raw white walls and the flaring gas-jets. Most of the men were smoking, and an odor of stale beer, from the saloon below, mingled with the tobacco-smoke. A shout greeted Leroy's appearance.

He had never been there before.

"I only came to see what you fellows would make out of it!" said he, brushing the jubilant congratulations and welcomes aside. "Oh, they all say that," he heard. "Just listen to Darcy!" "I'll listen," said Leroy, "but I've been reading and thinking a good while, and I am more than half of the opinion——"

"Yes? Yes?" cried two or three at once.

"I'm more than half of the opinion that you fellows haven't a leg to stand on!"

"Aw, come off," cried the most eager man, yet not angrily; it was plain that Leroy was a great favorite.

"I've knowed Harry to be right six times," said another man, "and I ain't knowed him to be wrong once."

"Well, that's a record."

"Jest let him listen to Darcy!" cried the first speaker; "Darcy is the boy!"

Leroy sat as if he did not hear; but it was quickly passing through his consciousness, like a vibration to that first thrill of gratified vanity, that there were other men with whom his words would have equal weight. Suppose what the one party were continually declaring should be true, and the defeat of their cause meant cruel hard times for workingmen, as well as paralysis of the industries of the country, and na-

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tional dishonor, what would those who had followed him over the precipice have the right to say to him? He listened without interest to the early speakers, men who had not yet learned to marshal their ideas in connected and effective speech. One of them was a man in his own shop, a good worker, but slow and unready; he never would get any higher wages than he got now; he was growing old; he had a great family and a sickly wife. "I don't know what's the matter, boys," he mumbled, for he had not many teeth, "I know I've worked hard for forty-two years, ever since I was a boy of ten, and it does look like things is gittin' harder every year."

"Wages aren't. They're higher!" called Leroy.

"And things to eat is cheaper!" called the man who had known Harry to be right six times. He had a loud, cheerful voice, and a cheerful young face with many freckles.

"I ain't denying it; but times is harder," reiterated the speaker, turning his dim and anxious eyes on Leroy. "I tell you, gentlemen, we're ground under by the money power, that's what's the trouble. I got ten children myself——"

"That ain't the fault of the money power," observed the irrepressible cheerful man.

"And I had to borry fifteen dollars last May, and I had to give a morgige on my wife's sewing-machine, and I've been paying ten per cent. a month on that, one hundred and twenty per cent. a year. What do you think of that? I ain't got it all paid yit. I tell you, boys, I'm willing to vote *any* way to stop them kind of things."

He sat down amid applause and cries, "It's a shame!" "That's right!" "Down with Shylock!" Two or three of the light-minded, however, were calling sonorously on "Dick!" "Dick Williams!" "Dicky boy!" The cheerful man (*he* was Dick Williams) was whispering eagerly in Leroy's ear.

"Wait for Darcy," said Leroy. But while the next man rambled through the "crimes" of the opposite party, by the aid of notes, which he could not always read—in these intervals of embarrassing study being encouraged by Dick, with a shout of "Louder! louder!"—Leroy set his teeth and thought. He was thinking what hard times mean to laboring men. He did not need to imagine, he had only to remember. The drops were pricking his brow. He was roused by frantic cheers. Darcy had risen.

Quietly he stood, his hand in the breast of his coat, waiting for the applause to subside. He was slim, pale, with wavy black hair and melancholy black eyes. He wore a slender black mustache, his face otherwise being clean shaven. He was neatly, almost foppishly dressed, and his hands, in particular, were most carefully kept. They were very white. As he talked he moved easily about, and his gestures, even in his most impassioned moments, never became grotesque or violent. "Darcy never tries to scoop up the planks of the floor!" Dick Williams expressed it. His chief oratorical charm, however, was his voice, a beautiful, magnetic organ that could deepen without growing harsh, and ring without flattening on its highest notes. His tones floated, sweet, full, and thrilling into the silent listener's ears. He began very quietly. He gave the ordinary arguments of his political creed, but with a deft and fanciful turning of his own. Then he sympathized with the old man who had spoken, describing his honesty and industry so warmly that he was between grins and sobs; from him Darcy fell upon an undefined and rather hazy "money power" with such vehemence and glowing metaphors that the hearers yelled and shrieked their delight. But honest Dick, after a sharp poring over his hero's face, observed, dryly, "Big talk; but say, where do *we* come in?"

Harry shook his head. His heart sank within him like a waterlogged boat. He had come to be convinced, to hear logic, facts, what he himself called "the horse sense of the situation." What he heard was a hash of exaggeration and falsehood, gilded platitudes, hysterical wrenchings at the emotions, and frantic appeals to the immemorial and wolfish prejudices of class against class. But how magnificently the orator acted his sorry part! Convincing himself with his own molten passion! Swaying himself and his audience in the same breath!

"I call upon you to rebuke these Shylocks who eat the poor as it were bread!" he shouted; "I might — so powerfully

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have my feelings been stirred by our friend's simple, pathetic story of his wrongs —I might ask you to tear their luxurious roofs from the heads of these bloodsucking plutocrats; but I believe in the ballot. Crush them, but crush them beneath the avalanche of the American freeman which comes down upon the tyrants and their tools as white, as noiseless, and as irresistible as the storm king of the Alpine hills!"

While the room was ringing Harry arose. And honest Dick choked and clinched his fists in his nervousness. No one could help contrasting the two men. Leroy's tall shoulders stooped a little. His figure showed muscular strength and the ease of it; but it had no touch of Darcy's supple grace. His hands were large and hard with handling hot iron. They looked strong, not shapely. He did not look "magnetic." He had a patient, kindly, firm face, kindling now into earnestness.

"I only want to say one word, boys; I'm not going to make a speech. Mr. Darcy has been talking to you of 'the money power'—what is the money power?" (A voice, "The banks.") "The banks have to get their money somewhere: who gives it to them? (A voice, "The rich men.") "The rich men and the poor men, too. I have been round to every bank in town, inquiring into these sort of things, for I like to be sure I am right before I go ahead. (Applause—mainly from Dick Williams.) Boys, the bulk of the savings-bank deposits and some of the other deposits come from poor people and people of small means. I tell you the money power is just the people —the rich and the poor together. And I tell you what's more, that the banks are not oppressing the people: they lend money from $10 up; I have borrowed it; I know plenty of men have borrowed it at eight, and seven, and six per cent. a year. McCann's story made my blood boil; but what's the money power got to do with that—what does Darcy want to bust the banks wide open for on account of that? *He* never borrowed the money of a bank; he borrowed it of a little, dirty, private usurer. I ain't in no avalanche business myself, but I'll go over to him to-morrow with Mac and his receipts, and I'll *get* the money that he ought to have back for him! (Great laughter and applause, led vigorously by Dick Williams.) So don't vote for his party, for it wouldn't punish him a little bit, since he isn't a banker; he is old Jack Fanning, who is—" An immense uproar took the words off his tongue. Fists and open hands were waving in the air; and half a dozen fiery patriots were demanding, "Did he lend you the money? Did he? Did he?" of the bewildered McCann.

"Yes, he did, gentlemen," faltered McCann; "but I didn't know he belonged to *us!*"

"Very likely not," said Leroy, coolly; "and you don't know a good many other things any better. Before you boys decide to turn the country upside down you better find out whether you aren't jumping on the wrong people just as you were this time."

"That's right!" bellowed Dick. And as Leroy sat down he added, "Last car's coming. Move we adjourn."

"Headed off that time," he chuckled, as the crowd poured into the quiet street under the white electric light; "say, Harry, don't you be afraid, the boys know you're white and they'll stand by you."

"And I'll stand by the best I know, Dick; the best for them, whether it's the best for me or not."

"That's right," said Dick, easily; but he wondered a little at Leroy's unusual, almost oppressive, solemnity of manner. "Folks do get awful worked up with politics," reflected he; "but if that Darcy tries any of his slick, fake talk on Harry, and makes him feel bad, d—— if I don't knock his flannel mouth off him. Good job, too."

This same evening, for hours, two men had been sitting in a private parlor of the principal hotel of the city. The table before them was strewn with letters, clippings from papers, and railway maps. Now, although a full hour later than the adjournment of the meeting that had been momentous to Leroy, they were still sitting, still talking. The tall man with the gray, curly hair and the indefinable, well-groomed air of an Eastern club man, was a great national politician. The other man, shorter, slighter, and younger by ten years, was quite as careful in his dress and his beautiful hands; but he was a local politician. He was very rich, very respectable, very much in earnest; he was in politics be-

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Leroy sat perfectly still for a few minutes.—Page 297.

cause he was a citizen who had opinions, not because he wanted an office. At this moment he looked worried. "I don't like the looks of the thing; it looks—well, it *doesn't* look like a legitimate campaign expense. Do we absolutely need Darcy?"

"We do," answered the national man, flicking his cigar-ash, with a patient smile, like one willing to go over the same ground unnumbered times; "to say nothing of his Labor paper, he has a wonderful hold on his audiences, McGinnis says."

"McGinnis is the most cheerfully venal politician I know."

"My dear Colonel, who denies it? But he is perfectly honest with his employer—after he has taken his side and his campaign bank account is all right. And he is working like a beaver."

"Maybe," admitted the other, wearily; "he does seem interested. After all, I think it's the decent, honest men that make me the sickest—too timid to speak out, too lazy to go to primaries, and too d—— stingy to give a cent to campaign funds. They seem to think that their whole civic duty is performed if they go to the polls once a year. It is enough to make a man want to emigrate!"

"Or reconcile him to the McGinnises. Hullo! That's his knock—Come in!"

The door softly, one might say insidiously, swung inward, admitting a large man in a fresh white duck suit, to which a florid face and a pink silk shirt gave a pleasing dash of color, further emphasized by glossy black hair and a black mustache. He was as much more aggressive, pictorially, than a blond man in the same clothes as a colored lithograph is more aggressive than a water-color.

He greeted both gentlemen with a certain deference, not common to Michael McGinnis. The local magnate (in spite of

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The Meeting.

his criticisms) returned a smile of good-fellowship and the national man a flattering cordiality.

"Well," was his first inquiry, "do you bring news, McGinnis? How about Leroy? You still think him important?"

"I do that, sir. There isn't a man more respected in the unions and out than Leroy. You see, they know he's white—honest, you know."

"How would we best get him? If he were offered——"

"Excuse *me*—you know him, Colonel, he wouldn't handle any money. There's only one way to catch Harry."

"And that?"

"That is, convince him the election of your platform and your men will really help the laboring man, and you've got him; he'll swallow you all, hook, line, and sinker! I'll tell you 'bout Harry. I had a letter from a good friend of mine in Chicago; he's on the other side, but they've done him dirt, and he ain't dying to have them win, though he's regular and he's committed and can't say anything openly. See? Well, he told me that he knew for sure that Harry Leroy got an offer of $2,000. We're the storm centre and we're two sides of the river, two doubtful States at once—oh, they want us bad!"

"Well," said the national politician, "will he decline?"

"Will Joe Patchen beat a scrub?" McGinnis opened his arms in a fine swinging gesture. "He *has* declined. He gave 'em the marble heart. This evening he declared himself. He's been studying and thinking. No good to press him. Meself, I've supplied him with literature. Well, to-night there was a meeting of the Jefferson Club. Darcy he was there, and so was Leroy, and so was a nice boy I know, Dick Williams. I thought it worth waiting for his report." Therewith McGinnis gave the details of Leroy's speech with much humor.

"He *is* a good fellow," said the national man; "but, now, about Darcy. You think we still need him?"

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"Sure. You get Darcy rigged out with a stereopticon and pictures showing the workman to-day and how he'd be if they was to win, and have a picture to show the mortgage being foreclosed and that sort of thing. And tell 'em who has brought on the hard times; and show 'em how much harder the times will be if those fellers get an innings. Give 'em the figures right in their own county. Tell 'em about the way mortgages will be foreclosed with *them!* That hits 'em in the neck. Say, I got a little chap, kin look over the records and get the facts pat for him."

"But will the other fellows go out to the lectures. You know they've passed the word down the line not to attend our meetings."

McGinnis showed a flashing set of teeth. "They kin pass the word till its worn out, but in the country they'll cram the schoolhouses for a free show like that. And if Darcy gets 'em in front of him with them facts, and his own eloquence and a jolly lot of campaign songs for the local talent to sing—why, don't you see, it would be *great!*"

"I see the advantages," said the national man, dryly; "but how about Darcy? he's committed to the other side——"

"I know," said McGinnis, with a sigh; "we'll have to put up a good deal more dough."

"It's merely a question of that with him?"

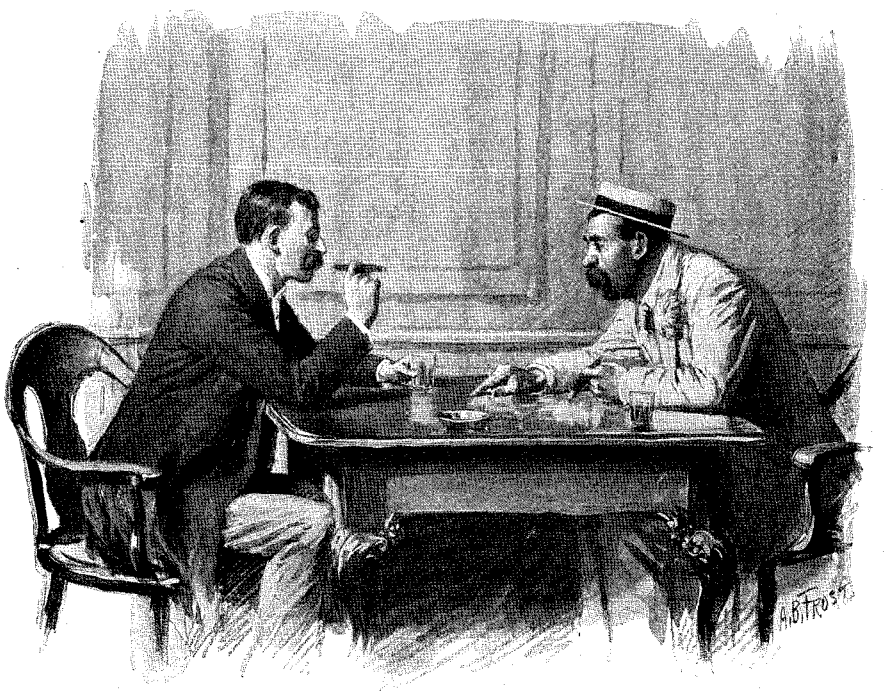
"Just that. Ye see, he ain't got the money yet; he's dickering with them. And their offer is all in the air, while ours is——"

"Spot cash," said the national statesman, dryly.

McGinnis permitted himself a frank grin. "'Tis as I expected. Well, gentlemen, we got Leroy, we got him for nothing. Now, 'tis agreed we want Darcy?"

"I suppose we have to have him, d—— him!" groaned the respectable local statesman. "When can you get him?" said the national man.

McGinnis edged his big thumbs into the armholes of his coat. He shed a radiant Celtic smile on the two politicians, thence he flung it up to the portraits of the candidates of a great party, that had been thoughtfully tacked on the wall.



He tumbled to it like a gentle bird.—Page 305.

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"I'm one of *your* converts."—Page 307.

"I *have* got him," said he; "I got him to-night."

The national chairman laughed outright. "Colonel," said he, suavely, "you are next the bell, do you mind touching it? They have a choice article of fizz stowed away here; I am not willing to drink Mr. McGinnis's health in anything less."

"Aw, come off!" cried McGinnis, in bashful delight, blushing with pleasure; and his blush deepened as the local man cleared his brow and joined in the laugh, saying, "Well, there's no question, McGinnis, but you're a man of action. Did you—eh—ah—name any figure for his campaign expenses?"

"No, only intimated I knew they would be large, put 'em a notch higher than the other fellers' notion. 'Besides,' says I, 'you want to be on the winning side. Now, I'm inside and I know we stand to win: I know what the canvassers report; I'm betting two to one on us.'"

"Actually, Mike?" said the national man; he had never called him Mike before. McGinnis hoped that the bell-boy, who was at the door to receive the order, heard that one word, as the door opened.

He waited until it closed on the boy. "I am," said he, then; "I never was surer. If we can git Darcy we can throw enough extra votes right here to help us out with two States. I bet a thousand dollars this week, and I'm a poor man—comparatively," he supplemented, with a grin.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you talk that way," said the local man; "take another cigar." He proffered his own case instead of the box on the table.

McGinnis took his triumph modestly; but it warmed his soul. He had risen from the ward to the county; he had won in-

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numerable victories first on the spoils side, lately—such are the amazing alliances and vicissitudes of politics—on the side of honesty and reform; but never before had he felt himself within the mystic circle where the game is empire and the stake the destinies of a nation. He had never been so happy since poor Polly McGinnis, to whom was reared the most splendid and tasteless monument in Saint Margaret's Cemetery, promised to be his wife; and suddenly his heart softened with a tender pain—if only he had Polly to tell it all to, how these great gentlemen treated him and called him Mike. He felt so much that his florid skin lost a shade of its glow; and he sat very quiet until begged to "go on."

"Well, he was a good deal impressed. 'I suppose you folks are spending money like water,' says he, thoughtful like. 'Well, we ain't mean,' says I. Then I gave it to him straight, he would git more from us than from the others. And I outlined the campaign. He was tickled with the stereopticon and campaign-song notion, I could see that! 'Now,' I says, 'you're a labor leader, and you know, all nonsense aside, honest injun, labor ain't got nothing to gain and everything to lose from this new fool ruction; come on and help the real friends of the workingman for once!' Well, he begun on Harry Leroy and consistency, and that rot; jest his vanity, of course. But I cut right in. 'I know what Harry said about Fanning; it's true, too, and it's true about the money power, and how your fellers winning will affect the poor man. Ain't it? Ain't you going to be impressed and kinder haunted, and ain't you going to look up things more to down him than anything; and ain't you going to be appalled, simply appalled by what you find? And ain't you after what will help the working-man; and it don't cut no ice with you whether folks call you inconsistent or not—you *want* to be inconsistent when you're in the wrong. And you've come to the conclusion them fellers have made the hard times they complain of themselves; they've held up the country, and now you ain't in favor of electing the robbers to the police force.' That's how I gave it to him, and he tumbled to it like a gentle bird. 'McGinnis,' he says, 'you're great!' So he's all right."

"And you brought them both down in one night?" said the national man.

"Well, I don't claim any credit for Harry. I only lent him books. It's because he's white he's with us; but I did take the liberty of asking him to come around here to-night. It's a good night, being Saturday; and I'd like real well to have you gentlemen see Harry and give him a kind word. After all, it's all he'll git."

"Is he downstairs now?" asked the national man. "We'll be glad to see him; he'll take the taste of Darcy out of our mouths a little."

"Well," deprecated McGinnis, "Darcy's down there, too—in a private room."

The national man smiled grimly while the local man opened the door to admit a bell-boy with two silver buckets, piled high with ice from which rose a refreshing steam of coolness. The national man motioned him to another room; and McGinnis gleefully commented to Michael. "He won't drink with everybody; bet he have Darcy in first." Which, indeed, proved to be the case.

The interview was not long; McGinnis acted as master of ceremonies; the national man went directly to the point—the local man was communing with the ice-buckets in the other room.

"Mr. Darcy," said the great politician, "Mr. McGinnis tells me that you are good enough to be willing to help us not only with your paper the—ah—*Hammer*, but in the campaign. I'm very glad to find you with us."

"I have refused an offer of two thousand, sir, and my travelling expenses to stump for the other side," said Darcy, firmly, and McGinnis solemnly nodded.

"That's good," said the national man, smiling, "for you see that is precisely what *we* want you to do! You know Mr. McGinnis's idea?"

Darcy said that he had heard some details; it was a great idea, but—there would be large expenses.

The national man, who had been jotting down figures rapidly on a sheet of hotel paper, pushed it over to Darcy. "That's my estimate. It may come to a little less or a little more; call it that and you take the lump sum. McGinnis will attend to the statistician and the lantern, etc.—sep-

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arately. If the arrangement is satisfactory I can give you half now and the other half the day after election. I'll make out a memorandum which you can sign."

Darcy's brilliant eyes flashed as they saw the figures. His black brows met, however, when he read the "memorandum," passed first to McGinnis, and receiving a glance of heartfelt admiration from that astute practical politician; but he affixed his signature in silence; and the gleam returned to his eye as the national man offered a roll of bank-notes. "Will you count it?" said the national man; "one makes mistakes occasionally. Thanks." He repeated the sum in his crisp, Eastern accent. "Do you know, Mr. Darcy, I fancy you are going to set the prairies afire. You should hear our friend McGinnis talk about you!"

"Well, you've got me hard and fast, gentlemen," said Darcy, with a dry glance at the receipt which the national man was stowing away in a silver-rimmed lizard-skin pocketbook, "but I believe your cause is right; and it will have the best efforts of my heart and mind. I'll get out on the road as soon as we can get the other things in shape."

"A cigar, Mr. Darcy?" said the national man, politely; and again Mr. McGinnis inwardly grinned; it was the box and not the cigar-case that was offered. "Won't you come in some time to-morrow? We are to have a little conference of the workers. They will all be glad to see you." He shook Darcy's proffered hand, or, it would be exact to say, he allowed Darcy to shake his hand, and bade him farewell with much politeness.

"Don't he carry it off well!" said McGinnis, the instant the door closed behind the orator's figure; "well, that's one kind of a labor leader, let's see the other."

"Yes, you get him, and we'll get out the buckets," said the national man. And his greeting to Leroy and the talk which followed not only made Leroy wonder in his modest soul, but further convinced McGinnis that the great politician understood human nature without a key. "Talked right out before Harry and me, both of them, like we was on the ground floor. Hully gee, Michael, but you are just *there*, and don't you forget it."

He felt, somehow, a sensation of gratitude to Leroy, a new respect as he heard his own opinion asked. He had used the same device in smaller matters, many a time; but he experienced a simple kind of pleasure now that it was used toward him; he felt at the same time the flattery of the subtle distinction between the politician's manner to Darcy and to his present auditors. He treated them like political equals. Verily, it was a proud and happy evening to Michael McGinnis. Leroy barely lifted his glass to his lips; he never drank; but Michael did the champagne full justice. Michael's head was strong, he was not in the least dizzy when they shook hands warmly with the great men and went out of the hotel together; but perhaps before those—Heaven forbid I should betray confidence, I being an unseen spectator, and give the definite, cruel number of glasses! before the champagne, let us say, he might not have hummed so cheerily,

> Then Ireland shall be free,
> From the centre to the sea,
> Says the Shan van Voght,

or encircled Harry Leroy's neck so fraternally with his arm as they sauntered down the lonely, lighted street.

Harry smiled; but in a second the vulture's claws that had been at his heart all the evening, and that had relaxed their grip for the hour under the stress of higher interests, tore him anew. Involuntarily he sighed. McGinnis's eyes flashed. "Say, Harry," said he, looking amiably at the electric lights, "I had a mighty funny thing happen to me to-day; I was down your way, and I saw a little special-delivery boy—I got him the place, he lives in the Eighth Ward—and he was scorching along to your house and nearly ran into me. I asked him where he was going, after I had said what was proper for his conduct—we've got to have a bike law in this place, that's sure as death! He told me your house, and showed me the letter. I recognized Jay's hand. Fact is, I had news of Jay this very day, and I suspected that he would be writing you; that's why I questioned the boy. I—I guess"—McGinnis dropped his arm and linked it in Harry's—"I guess Jay told you about that note."

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"How—" began Harry and stopped, uncertain what he should say.

"How'd I *know?*" said McGinnis. "Well, fact is, Harry, I met Meecham, and I bought that note."

"It's endorsed by me," said Harry, huskily; "I'll pay you, Mac."

"Naw, you won't. Jay Sibley will pay that note. He'll pay every last cent. Not jest this minnit, but as the money comes in. I'll handle that young man without gloves for his soul's good. He ain't *my* brother-in-law! Don't you lose a mite of sleep, Harry. I'll fix him and there won't be no scandal or bad times. It'll all come right in the wash. You just say you've seen me, or, better still, you don't say nothing at all. *I'll* write him; and when he comes up here, you'll see a very much reformed and penitent young man. Here's your street-car, Harry—that's all right."

He had pushed Harry and his broken thanks onto the platform as he spoke.

. . . . . .

A month later Leroy met Darcy, both being on their wheels. "Well, Darcy, how goes it?" called Harry, with a cordiality that he had not felt for years; "I hear you are doing *grand work.*"

Darcy's wheel was shining and beautiful; Harry's was a second-hand rattling machine of a make unknown to fame; but probably not a man in town had had more pleasure in riding than he. He looked tanned and happy.

"That you, Harry? how well you ride! Why, things seem to be coming our way all the time. But I feel as if I wanted to tell them all—I have told a good many, that I'm one of *your* converts, a brand snatched from the burning, as it were. I was switching off on the other tack when you set me thinking—that evening at the club, you remember—about old Fanning. I began to look things up, and I was appalled, simply appalled at what I found out."

"I've read your speeches," interrupted Harry, "they are full of argument, facts——"

"Yes, when I came to look things up, I found there was only one ground for me to take, and I took it. I want to be right, and this talk of consistency doesn't cut any ice with me. I hope you get the *Hammer* all right. Say, I hear you're doing a lot of work right along."

"The best thing I ever did was to convert you," said Harry, laughing; "I never could quite take that story into camp until now, and felt I was getting credit under false colors; but now I shall 'point with pride'— Well, good luck to you, and let me know if I can help you any time."

As he rode along, he thought, half wistfully, but without a grain of envy, "I wish I had that man's talent!"

Darcy smiled to himself, watching him. "He's dead easy," he muttered; then all of a sudden, with the swift transitions of his temperament, he bit down a sigh.

"D—— it!" he almost groaned, "I wish I had that man's conscience!"

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AT A WINDOW

By Gertrude Hall

Our earth, with its proud mountains draped
In snow we call eternal, and the times thereof
Are unto God as in the sea one tear.
The things that shall not be escaped,
Is not it, pensive love,
As if already they were here?

Already, each in his sealed hermitage,
We lie—that yet were social!—grass above;
The story of our lives, so full of things!
Abridged to fit one marble page;
And yearly twice a kindly person brings
Brave wreaths for us, in pious pilgrimage.

Already what was flesh of ours has climbed to light
In daisies that with round, gold eyes
Stare at our houses' sign, no longer white;
They could not read it were they human-wise,
So are the letters filled with moss,
So have the summer creatures woven webs across.

Already we are trampled to the plain,
A wind-swept, silent desert—then, again,
The air is shivered with the shouts of men,
Ploughs scatter us, wheels grind us farther down,
Above us grows the town.

Dear heart, these gauds of life, are they so dear,
To us, dear heart, to us—already dead?
The curious jewel for the ear,
The flashing fillet for the head?
And, treasures that all in their kind excel,
This fair, well-painted fan, this scarf, so well embroiderèd?
Nay, love, but the great house itself, builded so well,
That shows in every part a master's touch,
Is it so much?
Nay, love, but everything and everything,
Soever precious, that must surely die
And, with the eyes that looked on it, lie mouldering,
Is it so great it cannot mutely be laid by?

Behold! less will I love them, toys of death,
But you I will love more, love on and on—
For "Heaven and earth shall pass," saith One,
"But not my Word," He saith.
It is His word that this in you and me
With which we love shall live eternally.

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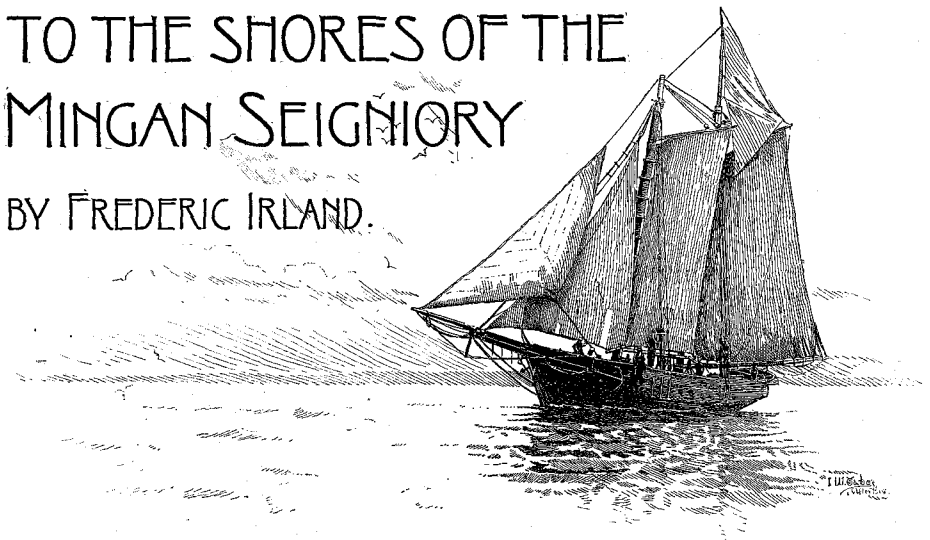
TO THE SHORES OF THE MINGAN SEIGNIORY

BY FREDERIC IRLAND.



IN whatever murky American city one's lot may be cast, the earthly paradise of a perfect summer day is never very far off, as the wild duck flies. When the walls and pavements of New York are blistering under the August sun, it is but a night's journey to the cool green May which, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, lasts until the beginning of autumn. During the worst of the heated term of 1896, when people died of sunstroke by the hundred in every great city of the United States, the boy and I, in ulsters and mittens, joyously trod the deck of a gulf schooner, while the Saguenay sailors worked her against head-winds blowing fresh from the innumerable ice-cold lakes of Labrador and the primeval solitudes of the Laurentian Mountains.

The vast country north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is, to the uncommercial explorer, the most interesting region on this continent, if not in the world. For nearly four centuries the ships of civilization have sailed by it, yet, except at the very water's edge, there has been no intrusion upon it. The rivers which pour forth from every opening in the hills bear witness that the back country is a net-work of lakes and water-courses. Ask the Commissioner of Crown Lands of the great Province of Quebec to-day what his department knows of that region, and he will tell you that it is the least known portion of North America; that only a few of the lakes have been surveyed; that two exploring parties have recently crossed the peninsula; that a handful of fishermen's houses fringe the gulf; that for the rest of it, the wandering Montagnais Indians are the only tourists who traverse half a million square miles of territory. Steamers go up the Saguenay. Lake St. John is reached by rail. But away to the northeast is a tremendous tract of country, from whence issue streams greater than the Hudson, the headwaters of which no white man has ever seen. How many Americans, if asked to mention the beautiful rivers of the continent, could give even the names of the Bersimis, the Outardes, the Manicouagan, the Misticapin, the Moisie, the Mingan, the Romaine, the Natashquan, the Olomonosheeboo, the Meccatina, the Esquimaux? Only a few salmon fisherman, who are the most indefatigable of sportsmen, would recognize them.

It was to view this neglected summer seacoast that the boy and I left Quebec last summer, to go to Tadousac by a steamer as fine as any floating hotel of the Sound, and to proceed beyond Tadousac by such means as could thereafter be devised. We went for a lazy cruise, and to see some of the wonderful salmon streams of that country.

Before leaving Quebec we had secured a permit from the Crown Land Office "to fish in the waters not presently under lease, or in which the fishing rights belong to the province, on the north shore of the Gulf of

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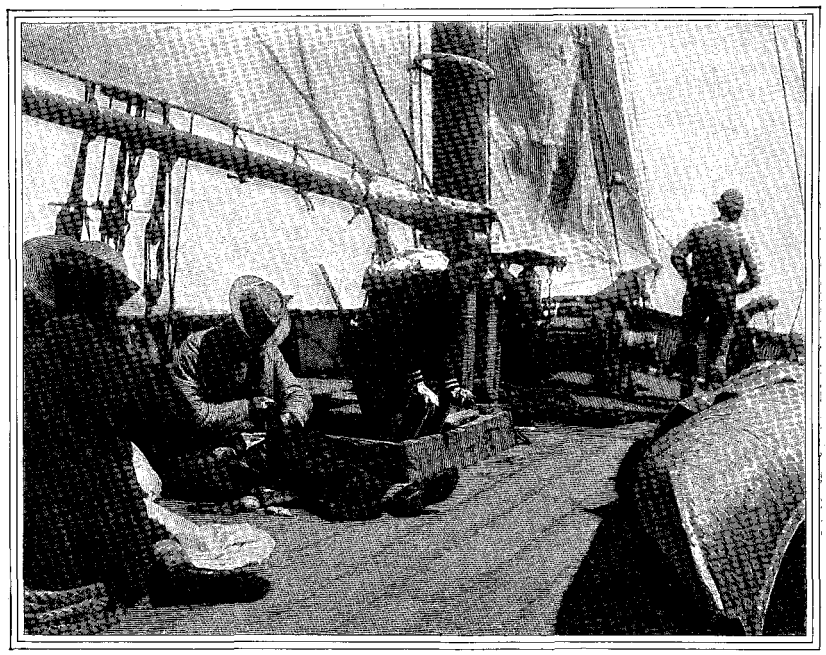
St. Lawrence, from Pointe de Monts up to Blanc Sablon. Said permit shall be good for two months."

"And if you fish in all those rivers," said the smiling Deputy Commissioner, "you will not come back this summer, or the next, either." We found this to be true, because only a small part of the fishing rivers of that shore were under private lease in 1896, and a beautiful stream breaks through the mountains about every ten miles.

It was evening and low tide when we clambered up the slanting gang-plank at Tadousac, and stood on the dock, as high as a cottage roof above the water. Just around the point, in the deep little bay, two or three schooner-lights blinked and nodded in a sleepy way, as the vessels swung at anchor on the gentle swells. Tadousac is somewhere near three centuries old, and it has fully twenty houses already. The mountains rise in grandeur behind the place, and the Saguenay, six hundred feet deep, pours copiously at its feet.

The owner of one of the schooners was at home, for his vessel had just returned, after a highly successful delivery of lumber from St. Anne des Monts to Quebec, and, it being midsummer and a dull season, we soon chartered the ship, her cook, her captain bold, her mate and her crew, for $180 a month. That was enough for one evening. The missing Robitois, sailor at $8 a month, went ashore to postpone wedding-bells, which now would not ring for him until our return. Besides, the tide must be waited for, and we slept at the hotel, the last one this side of the north pole along that coast.

The six hours of northern summer night soon passed, and then we swung out with the tide, and sailed away through the morning mist to Rivière du Loup, on the South Shore, where Henry Braithwaite, guide extraordinary, all the way from New Brunswick, with provisions and birch-bark canoes, and silent Malicete Indians, waited to be taken aboard. On the way across the wide St. Lawrence a summer thunder-storm broke, but the forty-foot sails were not reefed; the yacht-like freighter heeled till her deck was like the roof of a house, and she made the twenty-four miles in two hours, while the porpoises puffed and blew, and arched their sinuous white backs all around us.



On the Sunny Deck.

If you want to go to heaven before you

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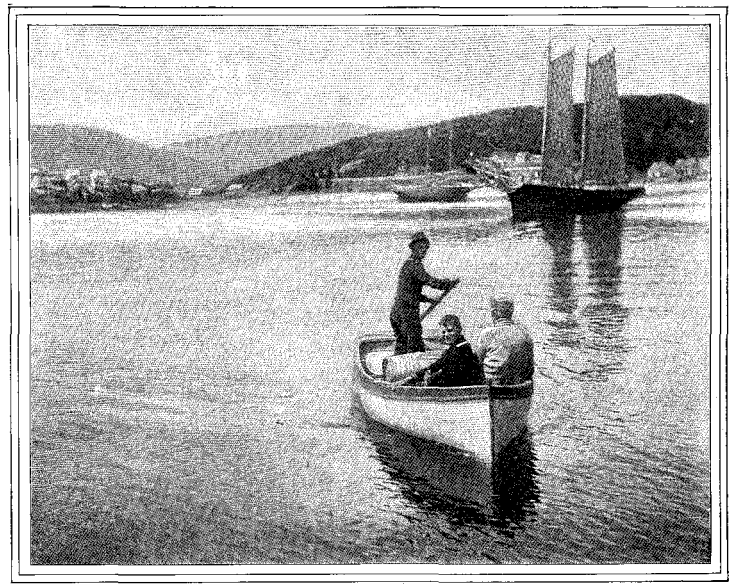
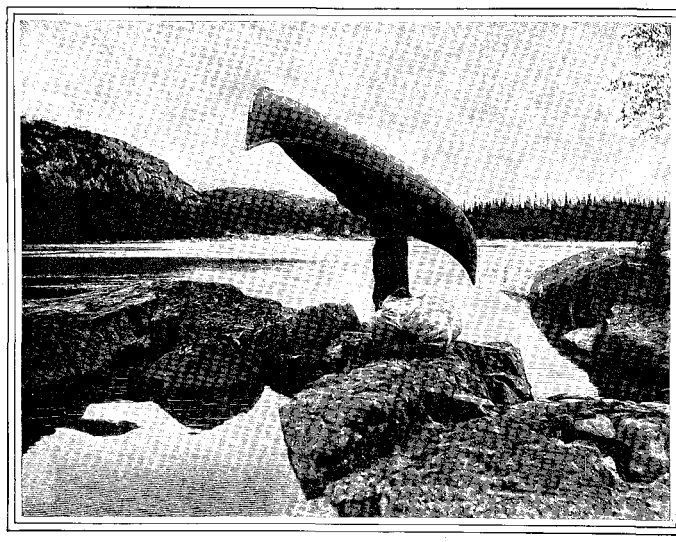


In Tadousac Harbor.

die, visit the northeastern Canadian coast in summer, under the personal conducting of good guides. The faithful Braithwaite had planned for weeks. We had projected this invasion of the North a whole year before, while searching for the elusive moose of the Miramichi; and when we made fast at the dock at Rivière du Loup, all was ready. Canoes and bundles and Indians were soon on board, and away we flew, between the dim blue hills that mark the receding shores of the great river of Canada, every breeze and every turning tide bearing us prosperously farther north and east.

It was a polyglot crowd on that schooner. There were Canadian sailors who spoke no English; the Indian, Baptiste, who spoke French and Malicete; Francis, from Old Town, Me., whose Malicete and Abenaki were beyond criticism, and whose careful English was a reminder of the speech of the Honorable Thomas Brackett Reed. So, for any complicated message, there was a tortuous channel, via Francis and Baptiste, to the Canadian skipper's French and back again; and the Lord knows how the translations fared in transit.

What a gambler's game a sailing vessel plays. Some days we sailed and sailed. Sometimes we went to bed with a headland in sight, and in the morning, after hours of seeming progress, it had been an undecided contest between wind and tide, and we were still there. One day a southwest gale swept us over galloping green hills; while the next the sails flapped and clattered as the schooner reeled helplessly on hummocks of leaden water, without a breath of air stirring.



Portaging on the Mingan.

One great charm about this region is

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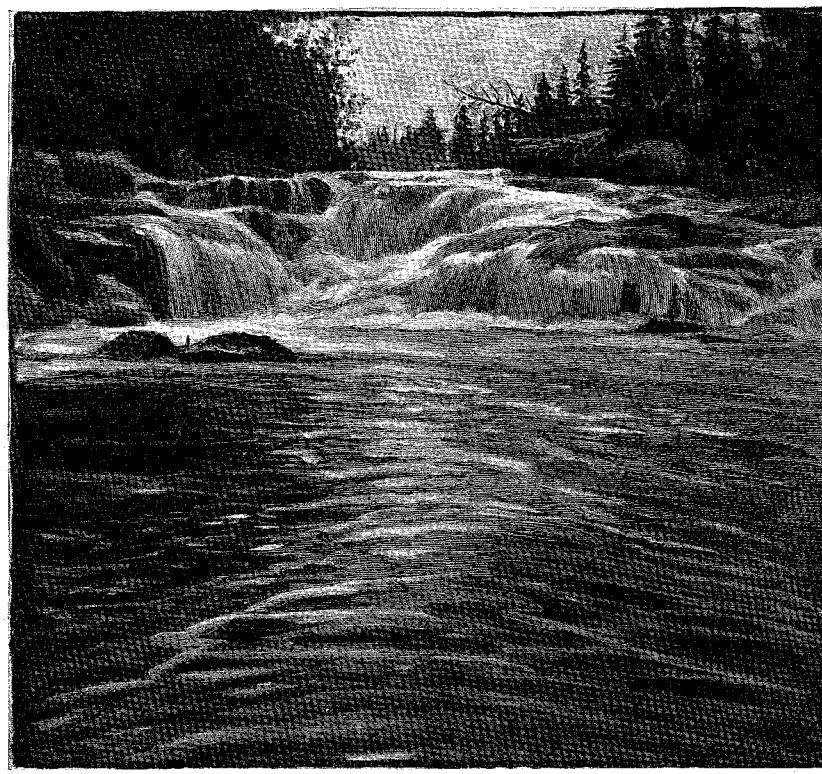
the fact that you have left the space-destroying railroad train far behind you, and the steamer, too. The ocean liners from Quebec run to the south of Anticosti Island, and only one little coaster, the Otter, makes a fortnightly trip down the north shore to carry the mail, during July and August, to the few hundred cod fishermen scattered here and there. If there were a railroad, a train like the Empire State Express, or the great transcontinental flyer of the Canadian Pacific, could run from Quebec to Blanc Sablon in a day; but as it is you are in the country where no one hastens. You wish to go a hundred miles. If the wind blows, you go. If not, surely it will blow to-morrow, or some other day. Then let us be content that all is well.



Salmon Pool on the Jupitagen.

There is an endless variety of new sights to see. The lower St. Lawrence swarms with sea-life. There are the seals, bobbing up their heads, and dodging down at the least alarm; the porpoises, always snoring; often the evil shape of a grampus, with his black dorsal fin four feet in the air, and his head as big as a wine-cask. Farther down the Gulf we were seldom out of sight and hearing of the whales, of which we counted twenty-seven one day. At night the phosphorescence of the sea left a wake of green fire streaming from the rudder, and when we invaded a school of little fish, they seemed, as they darted away, like hundreds of submarine shooting stars. All day long the gulls kept trying to determine the precise limits of shot-gun range. We had a fine collection of the mistaken ones, ready for the taxidermist; and the family of rats on the schooner were no doubt grateful for the change from ship-fare, for they ate everything but the feathers.

On warm, sunny days, when the world went well, it was most comfortable to bring the mattresses from the cabin, place them on top of the deck-house, lie down and do nothing but breathe. It was a subject of continual surprise how short the time was between meals.

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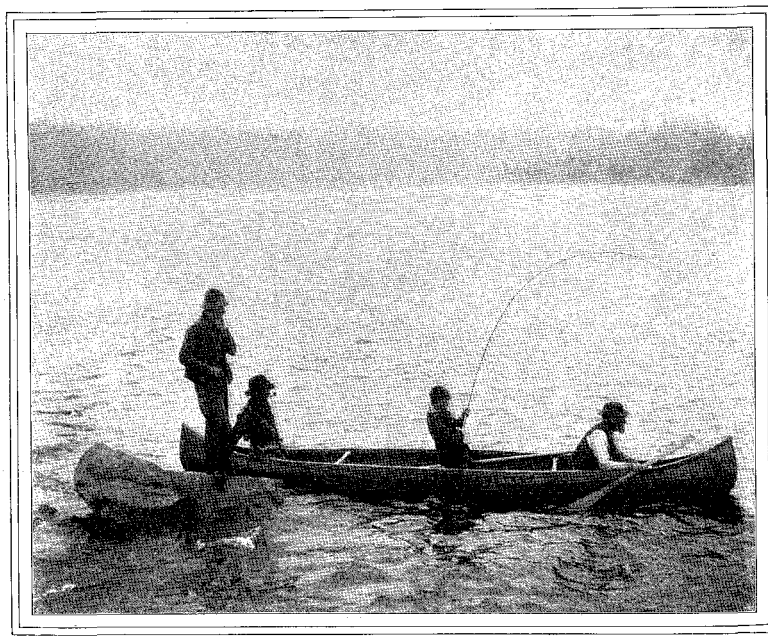

A "Strike."

We had no permit to stop and fish in any of the streams west of Pointe de Monts. This is the place where the St. Lawrence River widens out into the gulf. There are several fine fishing rivers west of the point, but, as they are within three hundred miles of Quebec, they are under lease. The three great rivers between the Saguenay and Pointe de Monts are the Bersimis, the Outardes and the Manicouagan. The Bersimis is a deep and dark lake-fed stream, and the salmon in it do not rise to the fly. The Outarde is effectually blockaded against the entrance of the sea-going fish, by impassable falls at its mouth. The Manicouagan also has a fall at the gulf which the salmon cannot climb, and yet its upper waters are filled with these noble fish during their spawning season. This paradox is accounted for in a curious way. About forty miles east of the Manicouagan the little Godbout, one of the most famous salmon rivers in Canada, discharges into the St. Lawrence. For a generation its fishing-right has been controlled by the Gilmours, of Ottawa. Far back in the interior this stream has its source in a lake which has two outlets; one emptying into the Godbout, the other into a tributary of the Manicouagan. So the salmon ascend the Godbout, cross the lake, descend the other outlet into the Manicouagan, and go on their way rejoic-

A Happy Boy.

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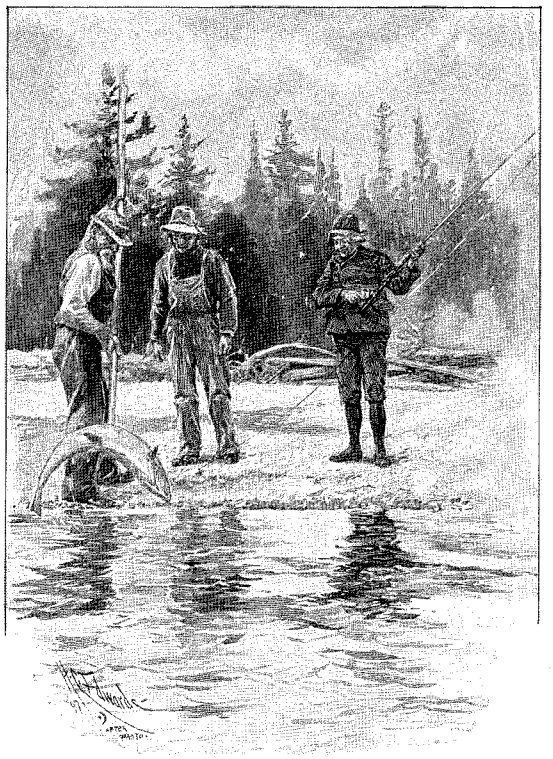
ing to their trysting-places on the gravelly shallows of the upper river.

Either one of these streams is large enough to irrigate a whole Western arid State. The course of the Manicouagan is marked by lakes of great size. More and more, as one becomes acquainted with the coast, and sees the clear, cold floods which pour through every chasm in the mountains along the shore, is he impressed with the aqueous wealth of the interior.

From Pointe de Monts to the Bay of Seven Islands, there are a hundred miles of shore which the schooner fleet of lower Quebec shun and fear. There is no good harbor from Trinity Bay to the Bay of Seven Islands, and there is a tale of shipwreck for every rock along the coast. Several rivers come in, the largest being the Pentecôte or Mistacapin, the Rivière des Rochers, and the Marguerite. I talked with the surveyor who first explored the Rivière des Rochers in 1895, and he assured me the stream was filled with trout of great size. "From twenty to thirty inches in length" were his figures. I have no reason to doubt this. But trout are at a discount in the salmon country. The whole of lower Quebec is better adapted to fish culture than any other purpose, except the manufacture of ice-water and scenery.



Gaffing a Salmon.

At Trinity Bay, and at the Bay of Seven Islands, are telegraph stations; for the Dominion Government maintains a wire all the way down to Esquimaux Point, where it crosses to Anticosti Island. In all the scattered offices along the shore, one may see the old-fashioned paper-tape machines, by which the eye may read what an unaccustomed ear could not follow. This telegraph line is in lieu of a life-saving service, on one of the roughest and most dangerous of coasts. If shipwrecked sailors get ashore alive, they may notify their friends by wire. Trinity Bay is a pilot station, where, if the weather is thick, the incoming ship may take on guides for the voyage up river; but most of them wait till they get to Rimouski.

Sailor-men cannot propel their floating homes without wind, and when we reached the Bay of Seven Islands there came a calm. Little did we care, for, as we rode at anchor, with the canoes and the Indian guides lying about the deck, the bright sun overhead, the mosquitoes paying us friendly visits from the land, it seemed but little different from any dull day in camp on shore when the fish would not rise. This Bay of Seven Islands is a circular, land-locked sheet of water, six miles across. A group of island mountains rise out of the sea and guard it from the waves. On the shore of the bay is a little village, just a row of fishermen's houses, with the scrubby forest behind them. The storehouse of the Hudson Bay Company is the largest building, and the home of the agent, Mr. Walter Colvile, is the most comfortable house. In front of all the fishermen's houses are platforms of sticks, upon which countless cod-

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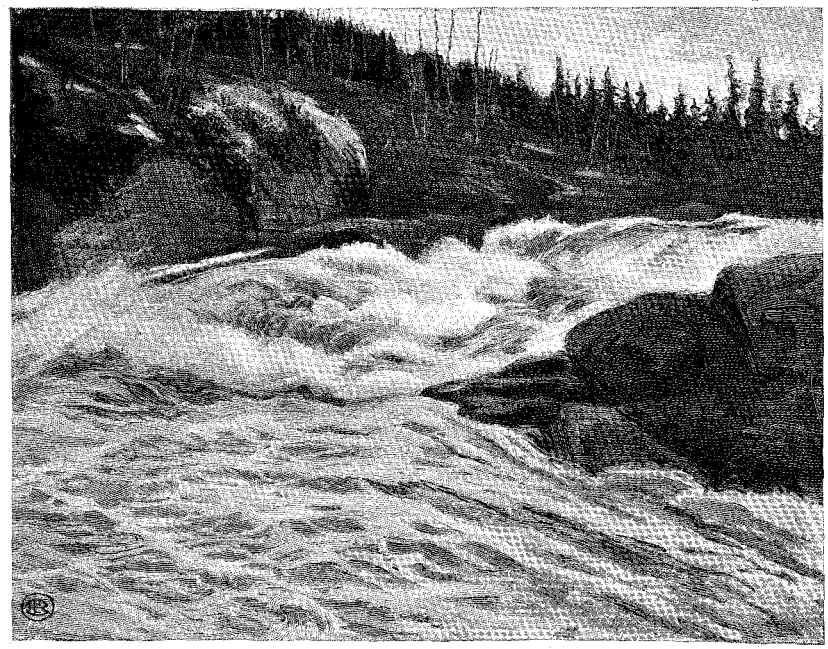

Mouth of the Magpie River.

fish and halibut dry in the sun, and desecrate the pure summer air. While waiting for favoring gales we went ashore. And here we saw the daily life of a little community the like of which cannot be found anywhere except on this coast. Mr. Colvile, gentleman and diplomat, the representative of a great commercial organization which once dominated half a continent, was the little king. On one side of him stretched away the thin line of fishermen's cottages; on the other were the newly purchased white tents of fifty Montagnais Indian families, down from the interior with their season's catch of furs. While he talked to us of things in the outside world he so seldom saw, a little boy waited to buy a quart of kerosene oil, and two big-eyed Indian girls discussed the price of red handkerchiefs.

Along the sandy beach, the tide being out, big dogs of the wolfish, sled-drawing breed patrolled the water's edge, getting their dinners from the little stranded fish, and other unlucky inhabitants of the water. One dog found a lobster, and at once there was a dispute with other dogs, in which the lobster was promptly torn claw from claw. Another dog tried to steal a codfish from a drying-platform, and the boy sentinel berated the dog in French and belabored him with a club. By the side of the nearest house two women bent over their washtubs; and out beyond the islands, on the swells which tumbled without a wind to shape them, the little fleet of cod-fishing boats crept slowly home, laboriously dragged by the long sweeps which furnished the ashen breeze.

Another schooner, almost like our own, drifted in on the tide. That night there was a good deal of shouting and singing among the fishermen. Some time after midnight a cottage burned. In the morning many empty brandy bottles, bearing French labels but no revenue stamps, lay about the shore, and the trading schooner had passed on. Such are the craft that make business for the revenue cutter Caroline, which prowls up and down that coast, and occasionally confiscates a cargo. The contraband stuff comes from St. Pierre and Miquelon, those tiny islands below Newfoundland, all that remain of the once mighty French dominion on this continent. If a convulsion of nature should engulf those troublesome resorts of smugglers, the revenue service of Canada would not mourn. One fisherman was building a tiny schooner, too big for a fishing dory and

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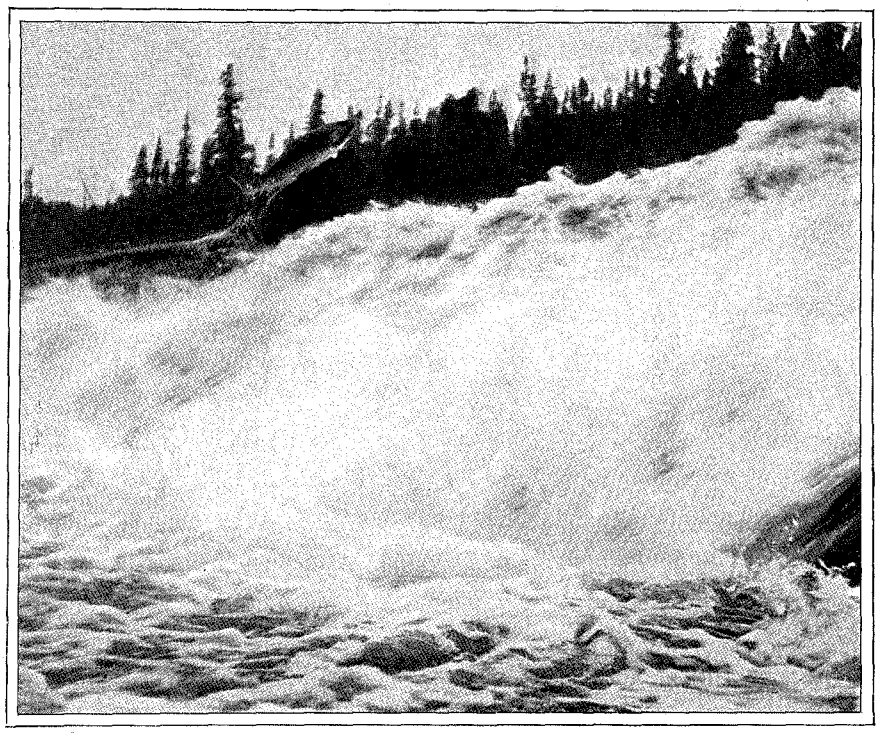

Salmon Leaping a Fifteen-foot Fall. (From a photograph.)

too small for a freighter. In reply to the question as to what he was building it for, he smilingly said, " O, I tink I go down to French Saint Peter dis fall." And if the Caroline did not catch him, he no doubt made a good profit on bad French liquor.

Below Seven Islands the Moisie River empties itself into the gulf. This is, perhaps, the finest salmon stream on the coast. It is the " Big River " of the Montagnais, for it rises farther back in the interior than the rivers east of it, and thus forms a more convenient highway to the Indians' distant hunting-grounds.

With the morning came the wind, and the clatter, clatter of the horizontal windlass, weighing the anchor. We sailed on by the Moisie, for it is a leased river; past the river of Trout, because the salmon cannot climb the rocky rapid at its mouth ; on down the harborless coast a day's sail, till we reached the Manitou River, where are the wonderful falls. At the mouth, high on the shore, lay the grisly bones of a fine American schooner which had ventured too near when the wind was light, and then was pushed to her doom by the remorseless tide, while her anchors dragged over the smooth, rocky bottom. Our little French captain did not relish a similar fate, so we sailed on five miles to the rocky harbor of Chaloupe River, and came back to the solitary grandeur of the Manitou falls by canoe.

This cataract, two miles from the mouth, is noteworthy, even in a land of waterfalls. If it were accessible, it would be much visited. The whole river, as wide as the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, but of much greater volume, plunges over a precipice one hundred and thirteen feet high. The surrounding cliffs are covered with the fir and spruce which mostly constitute those endless forests. The tumult of the water in the gorge below is such that a canoe cannot approach very near ; there is no path or trail over the thickly overgrown rocks ; and the rage of the plunging river must be conquered before the truly majestic beauty of the virgin fastness may be beheld. The roar of the fall can be heard long before one approaches it, though the rising spray may be seen from a considerable distance out in the gulf. The cata-

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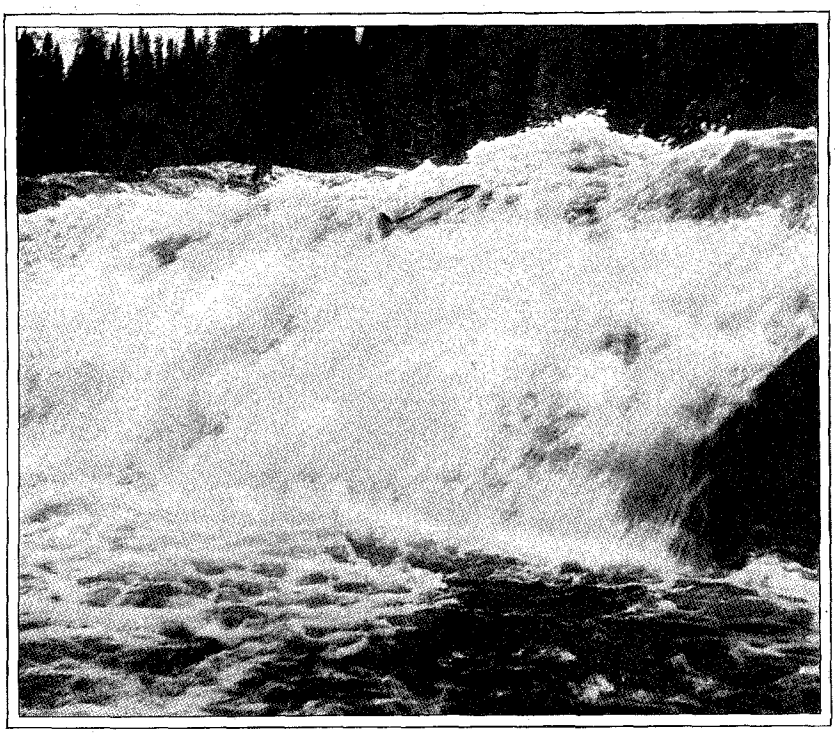

Another Snap-shot at a Leaping Salmon.

ract of the Manitou, away on the lonely North Shore, is of no commercial interest. It attracts no sight-seers. The sailors fear the coast in its vicinity. But since the days when the world was young it has poured over those flinty rocks, the spray in summer forming a fresh rainbow every shining moment, and in winter freezing into myriads of beautiful ice-palaces, whose glistening pinnacles have borne witness through the centuries, as seasons have come and gone, that human eyes are not the only things for which the beauties of this world are made.

When we had done looking at the waterfall, and returned to the gulf, there was such a heavy sea running that the canoe could not live, and the Indians had to carry it back over the rocks for five miles. They did not seem to mind the burden much. When we reached the schooner, the waves were roaring in at the narrow harbor entrance, chasing each other in ceaseless cavalry charges, and we lay all that night, proud of the rock that stood between us and the angry sea. A fisherman, steering for the harbor, ran aground between two small rocks outside, and was rescued when the storm went down, his boat meantime breaking in two.

Our own schooner, which was one size too big for the harbor mouth, could only run out when the tide was high, and after waiting two tides for a fair wind, all the fishermen in the place, about a dozen, turned out in their dories and towed us through to the open gulf, the towage bill of three dollars being considered high by our loyal Captain Joe.

The next large river east of the Manitou, coming out of this unknown country, is the St. John. There are at least five St. John rivers in Canada, but this is distinguished as the St. John of the North Shore. It is a great salmon stream, but in 1896 it was unleased. The first fall, more than twenty miles from the mouth, is the nearest point where the fish stop. Thirty years ago the commander of a Canadian Government vessel, who was doing the same thing we did last year, discovered a most remarkable thing at this fall. There was a rock in the channel, so shaped that when the fish jumped against it, many of them

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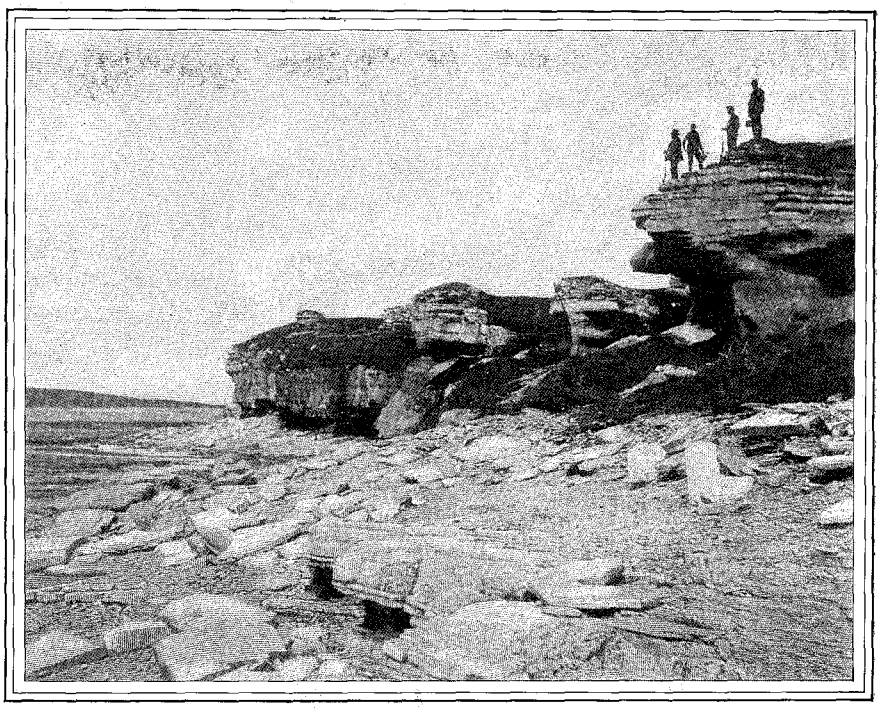

A Characteristic Shore Formation.

fell into a cavity on the other side, from which, in low water, they could not escape. In this way myriads of noble salmon had, through countless years, lost their lives; and so well known to the neighboring bears was the fact that, when the commander was there, he found the remains of hundreds of the fish scattered about the rocks, where the bears had dragged them. He carried up a keg of powder, and blasted out a fish-way, since which this curious fish-trap has not been of any benefit to the bears.

Thirty miles below the St. John are the Mingan Islands, between the mainland and the western end of the island of Anticosti. The shores of these islands present a geological formation which is frequently found in this part of the world, and which was the cause of the many wrecks suffered by early explorers. At high tide perpendicular rocks seem to rise from the water's edge; but at low tide flat ledges, extending far out from the cliffs, are laid bare. In many places these shelving ledges extend for miles, and a person caught on them in a rising tide would be in great danger, as he could not ascend the face of the rock wall. Most of the three-hundred-mile coast line of Anticosti Island is thus grimly guarded. On the shelving rocks the seals love to sleep at low tide, and once, when we were rambling along the shore, we surprised a herd of horsehead seals, each animal ten or twelve feet long, and heavy as an ox. The speed with which these great creatures slid splashing into the water was surprising. Soon two or three of them cautiously raised their heads above the water, snuffed the air, to be sure what we were, and then we saw them no more.

The islands are the nesting-places of thousands of birds, and in some places the young gulls and other fluffy infants with untrained wings would prowl about under our feet in the most awkward and ridiculous fashion, while hundreds of alarmed parent birds filled the air with their cries as they circled overhead.

Our careless wanderings thus far had carried us, by easy stages, nearly five hundred miles northeast of Quebec. We were opposite the mouth of the Mingan River, and as I wished to see my bright young companion wrestle with a big salmon, we concluded to say good-by to the schooner for a few days, and ascend the river.

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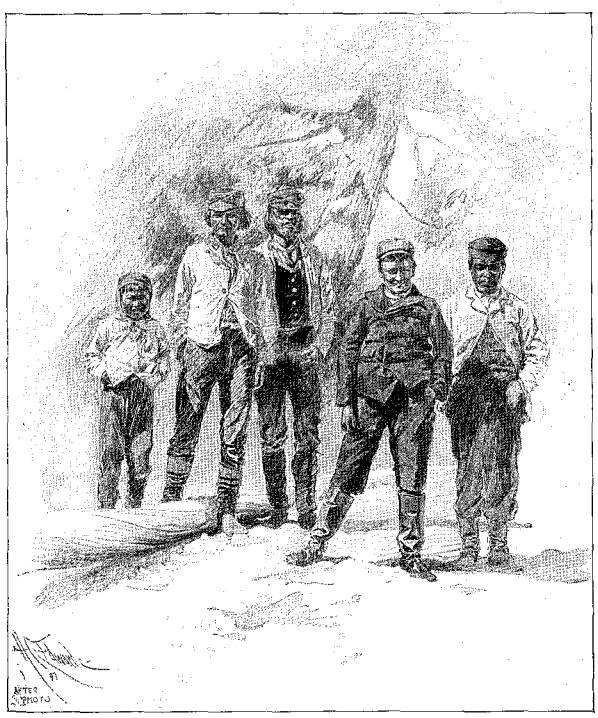
That was where the canoes came in, and the guides, who had sunned themselves on the deck for days, made ready to depart.

At the mouth of the Mingan, for more than two hundred years, a settlement of the same name has been recognized on all the maps. At present there are two families who reside there the year round; that of Mr. Scott, agent of the Hudson Bay Company, and that of Mr. Malony, telegraph operator and warden of the river. One would little guess to look at the peaceful scene, that this place was the centre of one of the most protracted legal controversies the world has ever known. But it was. The whole coast of the gulf, from the Seven Islands to Blanc Sablon, more than four hundred miles in length, and six miles in depth, was claimed as the feudal holding of the Mingan Seigniory. The grant under which this claim has always been maintained was made to François Bissot, in 1661, by the Company of New France, deriving its powers from the French Crown. This grant was indefinite in terms, and gave vague rights to establish hunting and fishing stations, and to take the necessary timber and lands, down the coast, to "the Great Bay toward the Esquimaux, where the Spaniards usually fish." The short story of a controversy extending through two centuries is that the successors of the Sieur Bissot, while never secure in title, camped persistently on the land, and always claimed everything. Every time there was a disturbance between France and England, the buildings at Mingan were pretty sure to be burned, by one side or the other. It was an easy thing to stop in the beautiful little harbor among the islands, and apply the red torch of war. Promptly after the cession of Canada to Great Britain in 1763, the Mingan seigniory folks laid before that government their claim of proprietorship. It was always disputed for uncertainty; but finally, in an unguarded moment, the Legislature of the Province of Canada, in 1854, admitted that there was such a thing as the Mingan seigniory, and in 1892 the Privy Council of England adjudicated the limits of it to be from Cape Cormorant to the river Goynish, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, and six miles deep from the coast. This right is now held by the Labrador Company, of Montreal, and it gives them absolute control of the fishing in the lower six miles of the sixteen rivers which cross the Mingan seigniory on their way to the gulf. The only ones which the Labrador Company consider worth watching, however, in a country where only the best fishing-waters are looked at, are the Mingan and the Romaine. In the other streams, either the salmon are barred by the falls, or they do not stop inside the six-mile limit, and above that the Province of Quebec holds control.



Four Montagnais Indians.

The courtesy of the Labrador Company had been extended to us to kill a few salmon at the first fall in the Mingan.

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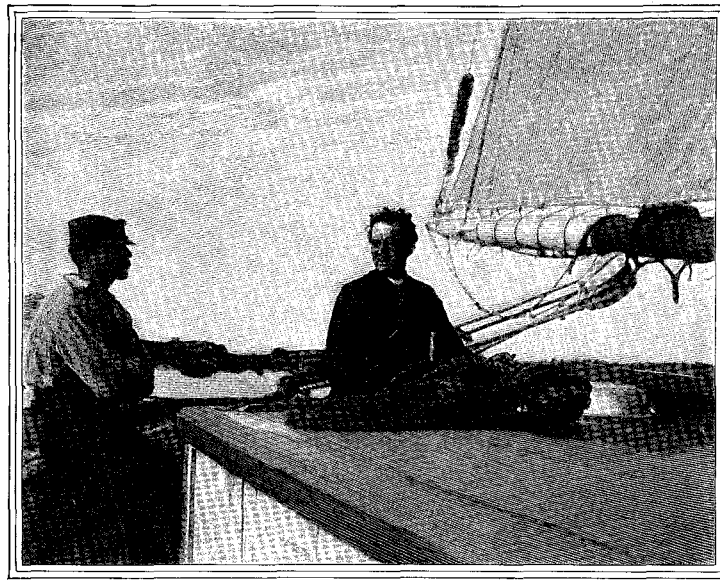

A Heavenward Pilot on an Earthward Voyage.

Here may be seen one of the most remarkable annual exhibitions of the rough course of true love to be found in all the world.

The first fall on the Mingan is about three miles from the mouth. It is forty-six feet high, in three pitches about equal in height and with seething pools between. The spawning beds of the salmon are on broad, gravelly bars far up the river. They must surmount this fall once a year in order to reach them. We camped on a sand-bar below the fall, and watched the struggle. The broad pool below the fall was so full of these royal fish, that their tails and dorsal fins could constantly be seen sticking out of the water. Every minute one or more fish would make a rush from the depths below, spring far into the air, every fibre quivering, and time after time fall back, only the most powerful and determined occasionally succeeding in passing the first pitch. Above that, every nook and crevice in the rocks where the salmon could obtain a resting-place, was crowded. Great monsters they were, weighing from twenty-five to forty pounds. How they ever made the second and third pitches I do not know, for there was not the good starting chance that they had in the deep hole below the first pitch.

Well, the boy took a ten-ounce trout-rod, with a hundred yards of line on it, and cast out among the fins and tails in the soap-suds below the fall. The canoe was ready, and in a few minutes the rod was nearly jerked from the youngster's hands. The men shoved him into the canoe and paddled for dear life after the running fish, which had impulsively started for the open sea. You may suppose that the salmon broke loose; that he smashed the tackle; that he overturned the canoe. But he did not. Those guides knew their business, and so did the boy. The fish towed the canoe two miles down stream, and one hour and seventeen minutes after the trouble began, Braithwaite grabbed the salmon with the gaff-hook and threw him up on a sand-bar.

The next day we went up the river. Twelve miles from the falls, and after making six or seven smaller ascents, we reached a place where the stream came through a deep gorge. Here, again, we pitched our tent. On the morrow we climbed the mountain, and looked down into the cañon, far below, filled with great rocks, riven from the precipice by the frost. In the crevices beneath our feet lay the unmelted ice of last winter, or of no one knows how many winters, untouched by the August sun. There was a general air of ruin about those cracks, and we could not help wondering if the next rock to fall

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might be the one beneath our feet, and if this was its day for falling.

Climbing the highest peak in sight, the country beyond stretched away for miles beneath our gaze. Above the chasm the river spread out into lake-like expansions, filled with green islands. Far to the north rose the next low range of the mountains, and through a distant notch the thread of the shining river was lost to view. The low clay bottoms were covered with a thick growth of small evergreens, while the highest rocks, in their interstices, sheltered the ground hemlock and many other forms of verdure. As far as we could see, the world was gray and green; and, though the animals were noticeably less abundant than in Maine or New Brunswick, yet we knew that the glimmering river was full of vigorous life, and that the quiet fresh-water seas beyond the hills in every direction were the homes of myriads of beautiful creatures that knew not the fear of hook and line. In a little depression we found the skeleton-like lodge poles where, earlier in the season, some family of Montagnais had lived while on a spring bear-hunt. Away to the north, in the country "beyond the Height of Land," as the Hudson Bay people call it, we saw, in imagination, the bands of caribou, gray-necked and patriarchal, which are the standard winter food of these Indians.

I do not know how other men would feel on the top of that mountain, looking over into the depths of the Labrador wilderness; but to me that day all its voices sang a siren's song, and the myriad faces of the hills and lakes smiled a glad welcome. People are accustomed to think of that vast and far-off wild as a death-like, forbidding place. It is not so. In winter, cold and severe, no doubt; in summer it is God's own land of beauty. But we could not tarry, and in a few days we left the fish in peace, and returned down the river to Mingan.

The Hudson Bay people tell me that a Montagnais family will often bring down, as a season's catch, a thousand dollars worth of furs. Sometimes, if the wandering caribou shift their winter feeding-grounds, the Indians are in danger of starvation; but if things go as they should the natives do very well. Each spring they come in their canoes down the river to the coast. At Mingan, where there is always a summer colony of them, many have permanent cabins. Fully a score of those who summer there own trim little sail-boats of American make, for which they pay one hundred dollars apiece. They trade their furs for what they need or fancy, and no one sells better supplies than the Hudson Bay Company. During the summer the Indians visit each other, do up their religious ceremonies for the year —they are all good Catholics—and build new canoes for the return trip. It is very difficult to procure good birch-bark on the North Shore, and of late years the Hudson Bay Company have been furnished a fine grade of canvas for the outer covering of canoes. It was very interesting to see the splendid, workman-like manner in which the canoe builders did their work. Their canoes made our Malicete birch-bark affairs seem ill-shapen and clumsy by comparison.

When we returned to Mingan we found the graceful yacht of the Jesuit missionary in the harbor. This devoted man and fine sailor had come from a more distant point down the coast, and there was great activity among the Indians. Down by the shore a new canoe, white as snow, was raised on a little platform. The missionary came out from one of the tents, in the vestments of his sacred office, stood before the assembled Indians, held his hands aloft, and chanted the service of blessing the canoe, in a fine, sonorous voice that could be heard at least half a mile. The holy water was sprinkled, and then the solemnity of the occasion was a little marred by the Indians producing their guns, bedecked with ribbons, and firing a scattering round of shots as a finale.

It was at Mingan, too, that we saw a little more of the vicissitudes which beset the dauntless pioneers of the Church. It was about time for a pastoral visit from Father Bouchard, the spiritual shepherd of the fishermen. While we were in the harbor a man appeared on the nearest island and shouted loudly for help. Being rescued, he was found to be Father Bouchard, wet and miserable. While he had slept, the man accompanying him had run his boat aground near one of the islands, the night before. The good Father, who had nothing to eat, waited for high tide to float him off; but the hope was vain.

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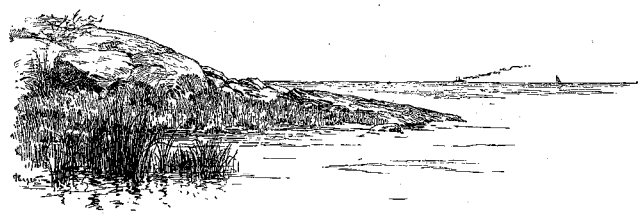
Then he waited until low tide, waded across half a mile of shoal water and followed the beach of the island around for four miles, until he came opposite the post. Then his shouts were heard, and he was relieved from further impersonation of Robinson Crusoe. We took him into our big dining-room and kitchen in the hold, where he devastated the food in an appalling manner. While he slept in the cabin Mr. Malony and his son went to see if they could get Father Bouchard's boat off the rocks. They succeeded, for the boat and its luckless pilot overtook us down the coast two days later. In the meantime the priest slept, ate, indulged in rough and tumble games with my boy friend, and took his turn at the schooner's wheel for hours at a time. Strong as a pugilist, cheerful as a cricket, all things to all men, Father Bouchard was a fine example of the wisdom displayed by the Catholic Church in the selection of the men to fulfil its arduous tasks. He insisted on our anchoring at his little home village of Magpie, where on Sunday afternoon he had the idle fishermen catch and harness his winter dog-team, to exhibit the means by which, when winter filled the gulf with ice, he travelled from one end of his long parish to the other. The dogs knew there was something wrong about being hitched to a sled in August, so they entangled their harness, pulled awry, and fought like demons. We heard them howling as we sailed away with the tide.

One might write about the wonderful fishing rivers east of the Mingan; of the Romaine, the great Natashquan, and a score of other streams. But we did not sail that far. As Deputy Commissioner Tache had told us at Quebec, if we had visited those distant waters, we should not have come back that summer. As it was, we flew homeward before a northeaster that howled over the gulf and blew away some of our sails, and shot us into the harbor of Grand Metis, on the South Shore, where, at low tide, the water all went out of the bay and let the schooner down on her side. The bilge water ran over the bunks of the guides who were asleep forward; the boy rolled out of his berth in the cabin; the dishes fell off the table, and there were French imprecations in the darkness. But in the morning our schooner was right side up again, floating on the high tide as though nothing had happened.

We went ashore and found a man who loaded our baggage on a little two-wheeled red cart, and we followed him over the hills, driving a horse which refused to recognize the command to "Get up," but which cheerfully responded to "Marche donc!" Six miles of this brought us to the railroad station at St. Flavie, on the Intercolonial Railway, and two days later we were sweltering in a belated hot spell which swept over the Northern States like a furnace-blast. Then we wished we had tarried on the edge of Labrador.



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A MISUNDERSTOOD DOG

By Bradley Gilman

I SIT, often, upon the parsonage porch, with my books and papers. I love to sit there, for its southerly exposure is suited to my thinned blood in these latter days. And then, as I read of the world's doings, and become troubled by the thought of sins and sinners, I raise my eyes to the old church, near at hand—my old church, mine to grow old beside, twined with ivy and with tender memories—I look up from the world's record of hate and lust and craft, and the dear old church softens my mood; and I say a prayer, not only in behalf of the oppressed, but of the oppressor also: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

From my quiet retreat on the vine-sheltered porch I have not only a good view of the hill road, our main thoroughfare, but I can also overlook the larger part of my garden. And often Michael, white-haired old Michael, can take directions from me, by a sign or two, without coming up the lawn to the porch.

Poor old Michael! There he is, now, coaxing the tendrils of a trumpet flower up over the stump of an old cherry-tree. The bent, decrepit figure of the man brings back the past to me. I recall, as if it were yesterday, a morning like this, twenty years ago, when I sat, as I do now, on the porch, and a man opened the garden-gate, hesitated, entered, and came shambling up the path. As he drew near I saw, by his faded, shapeless hat, his gray, collarless shirt, his torn and soiled coat, and his trousers worn and baggy, and fringed at the bottoms, that he was a tramp. With him was a dog, a brindled bull-dog, having a patch of white around one eye, with ears looking like pennants frayed out by many storms, and a short stump of a tail so animated that it seemed a thing of life, quite apart from the animal himself. The dog had a rough, savage air, which led me—although I love dogs most devotedly—to glance for reassurance at the open door behind me.

As the two soiled, disreputable wanderers came near, both recognized my presence, and both lost their saddened aspect, and hopefully smiled. The dog's smile was the more marked of the two, but it was a real smile—if one knows dogs—and quite restored my confidence. His mouth opened, his tongue lolled out, his ragged ears pointed forward like shattered interrogation points, he tossed his head back, and quickened, from a sober, and even dignified, walk, to a trot, which had a sad suggestion of forced gayety in it. Presently the man stood before me, hat in hand, and humbly addressed me.

"Only a little bread and coffee, this bright morning, Yer Riverence!"

Then he turned sharply upon the dog, who was snuffing at my knees: "Down, Satan! Set down thar!" And the dog obeyed.

I have many kinds of titles bestowed upon me by strange visitors. The book agents and insurance agents usually call me "Doctor," knowing the weaknesses and ambitions of the ministry. The forlorn people with letters of recommendation often say "Your Honor;" the Celtic portion of my visitors use the title "Yer Riverence;" and sometimes a German addresses me tersely as "Reverend." In this case it was "Yer Riverence."

I looked at the man and felt sure I had seen him before, for I recall faces easily; a minister must do that. As I caught his wandering glance it was as when one knocks and knocks at a door, and sees a window curtain flutter, and hears a subdued step in the hall, but gets no answer to his summons. I could look *at* his eyes, but could not look *into* them.

Now it was different with the dog. His soul came cordially out into his eyes, as into a portico, to bid me welcome; and as I glanced at him a grateful tremor began at his ragged eartips, spread over his rough, dirty body, and disappeared at the tip of his stiff, stumpy tail.

I looked at the man again, and asked, "My man, haven't I seen you here before?"

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He frowned for an instant. He was deciding whether I was fixed enough in my suspicion to maintain it.

Then he decided that I was; and, drawing nearer, he said, with a persuasive smile, and in a very confidential tone, "I'll tell yer, Yer Riverence; I was here only wanst before; three months ago, about; yer'll belave me, now, Yer Riverence, fer it's hiven's truth I'm tillin' yer; and yer'll not mind me comin' this mornin', for Satan and me is 'most starved."

Satan corroborated this speech—which I'm sure he understood—by a subdued whine and a most intelligent and pleading look into my face.

For a moment I was puzzled as to my duty. The fellow was plainly a shiftless vagabond. His habits of life were recorded not only on his garments but in his face. Yet he had thrown himself on my confidence and sympathy; and then—I must confess it—as I glanced at the dog, looking up trustfully into the face of his worthless master as a hungry soul might look up toward his God, the scene touched me; my heart softened, and for the dumb brute's sake I bade his master stay. I entered the house and brought out bread and meat and coffee.

Then the better side of his character showed itself; as I had expected, he shared this food with his dog. The hungry dependent stood with bright, eager eyes looking up at his master, and his long, red tongue flicked alternately out and in, at the sides of his mouth, as if he were sharpening it for instant use; and all the time little thrills and chills coursed down along his body like ripples on a lake.

"Yours?" I asked; "your dog?"

"You bet, Yer Riverence! begging your pardon for the word." Here one greasy finger shot upward in apology toward his rimless hat. "He's mine; all mine, every hair of him."

"I hope you're kind to him," I ventured; for I had my doubts as I detected the fellow's unstable character; I thought he was one of those lovers of dogs who would heap kindness on a pet in one tender mood, and then abuse him cruelly in a fit of temper.

"Yes, I'm—I'm kind to Satan;" and his vacillating glance rested with real tenderness on the dog. "That is—most of the time; once in a while though, Yer Riverence, I lose me timper a bit, and thin—thin—I—I—well—Satan, we know all about it, boy, don't we? And we don't bear no ill-feeling, as between pals, do we?"

The faithful dog responded with violent tail-waggings, and with subdued little growls of affection, and the tramp broke off a large piece of bread and gave it to him.

I was now interested enough in the singular pair of friends to draw the man out; and his account of the dog—with my own interpretation of it—I have deemed myself justified in giving to the public.

As the man talked, clumsily mixing his food and his words, the fact became clearer and clearer to me that from the first Satan had been a greatly misunderstood dog.

To begin with, there was his evil name. That had been given him when a tiny puppy, merely because the words had figured on a lurid play bill, and had caught the eye of the hostler, his first owner.

Then his appearance was much against him; for his right eye was encircled by a patch of white hair, and contrasted sharply with the dark brindle color of the remainder of his body. Anybody who took pains to look at the eye itself—large, full, earnest, even pleading—could have read the animal's honest character at once; but most people noticed only the general evil effect of the white patch.

Moreover, an imperfect growth of the upper lip showed two of his white, glistening teeth; and they also gave the appearance of ill-temper; so that, although the puppy was actually the gentlest and most intelligent of his litter, his threatening appearance seemed to give reasons for his ominous name.

Satan was the largest and most active of his brothers and sisters; and as he always came off victor in their frolics, he was looked upon with approval by the idlers of the stable, and was considered as a promising young fighter.

Then, when he was about six months old, he had some difficulty with the cutting of his teeth; one or two of them did not come through the gums easily; and for a week or more he tried to help the operation by biting at everything he could get

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into his mouth. This passing habit also told in favor of the young dog's supposedly ferocious tendencies; and, although poor Satan loved anybody who would give him a gentle touch of the hand, he was looked upon distrustfully; and in the opinion of the excellent judges around him he was destined for a successful career in the pit.

Presently there came a change in the dog's fortunes. His owner fell ill, and was sent to the hospital; and Satan, and all his brothers and sisters, were given away. They were not of the proper purity of breed to have any especial value—as fashions in dogs go—and were given to anybody who would take them. Satan was transferred to the ownership of an expressman, and by him was sold to a house-painter, who desired him as a playmate for his children. The enterprising expressman had prepared himself to praise the dog's fighting tendencies; but, finding that gentler qualities were demanded, he quickly assured the purchaser that the dog was extremely docile and of a most kindly temper, thus speaking truer words than he knew; and when the trade was completed he chuckled much at his shrewdness; and the recording angel, I doubt not, set down against him his words of truth as words of falsehood.

In his new home with the house-painter's family, honest, loving Satan was very happy for several months. In an hour he and the little ones learned about one another as well as though they had been friends for years. With the baby he was especially intimate; and the two had undoubtedly a language in common, and exchanged confidences of which older heads knew nothing.

If the children and their beloved playmate could have been left undisturbed, Satan would have got on without suffering under any misunderstandings; but the older and so-called "wiser" people of the family, influenced by the peculiar marking of his eye, and by his exposed teeth, shook their heads at his eager, animated ways, and suggested evil tendencies in his character. This judgment gained strength from a certain honest boldness of curiosity which the dog evinced toward all new things; and often this inquiring nature, joined with his forbidding appearance, gave him an air of courting danger and conflict. For example, a cat was one day dropped upon the ground near him by a mischievous boy; Satan stared at the frightened, spitting creature, and walked confidently forward to learn more about the strange object; and then, as the cat excitedly ran away, he caught the excitement and ran blindly after her. This was at once set down as still clearer evidence of a deeply pugnacious character.

When Satan was eight or ten months old another unlucky incident served to deepen the current convictions as to his savage temper. The butcher's boy one day held a piece of meat down to him; and, as Satan tried to take it, the boy drew it quickly away. This was repeated several times; and then Satan, in a frantic leap after the coveted morsel, seized not only the piece of meat, but by accident seized the boy's finger with it, and the boy roared with surprise and pain and with rage against the dog.

The injury was very slight, indeed, but the boy told his employer that Satan had savagely bitten his finger. The employer told a customer to beware of that dog, for the beast had torn his servant boy's hand most savagely. The customer reported to several people that Satan was a very ferocious animal, who had attacked several people and had endangered their lives, and that he ought to be killed.

Thus the story spread rapidly, and gained in dreadful details at each step. And, through it all, poor, maligned Satan went on romping with his playmates, and exchanging confidences with the baby, who pulled his ears more and more vigorously each day, with her increasing strength.

The baby was Satan's favorite. She was not yet strong enough or heavy enough to cause him pain as she rolled upon him and stepped on his toes and pulled his tail. Then, too, she was not yet sufficiently ingenious to blow in his eyes and tie strings around his jaws. These were the pranks of the older children; but Satan was patient under it all, and hoped it was for his good somehow, he knew not quite in what way.

In due time the excitement about the butcher boy died out without bringing harm to Satan in body, but it gave him pain of heart to have threats hurled at him

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by people who little knew how deeply he regretted the accident. He felt shut off somehow from the public sympathy; he felt a coldness in the attitude of people about him; he grew a little shy and reserved in manner, and this was promptly set down as surliness. So that the baby, to whom he now gave even more attention and devotion, was the only confidant he had, and with her he talked this matter over fully when they were alone; and this was his great comfort.

One day Satan was washing the baby's face; yes, washing her face; he had often seen his mistress do it, and now he tried it himself. The baby was seated in the path outside the front gate, and was cooing and crowing and spluttering with delight during the process. To be sure, there was a little trace of molasses on the left cheek, and a flavor of butter down near the left corner of the mouth; and these added temporary sensations of pleasure to Satan's constant, unswerving feelings of affection and devotion.

Just then there came by one of those women who know everything. She knew everything about homes, and children, and dogs, and horses, and the cattle upon the thousand hills; and knew it always in an instant. As soon, therefore, as her omniscient eye fell upon the scene, she knew that this bloodthirsty animal was trying to eat the child alive; and with a scream she swooped down upon them, to the great surprise and perplexity of Satan and the alarm and noisy resistance of the baby. She caught up the child in her arms, and the child filled the air with cries of protest; these cries Satan understood to be an appeal to him for protection, and the next moment, with an angry growl, he had the woman's elbow in his strong jaws, and hung there, swinging from side to side like a pendulum.

This conduct on his part, you may be assured, did not result in any lessening of the din. The omniscient woman, in that brief moment, realized her limitations more completely than ever before in her life. She screamed in fear and desperation; and only the timely appearance in the doorway of Satan's mistress saved her from fainting.

A sharp word from the doorway caused Satan to drop to the ground, with a feeling of relief at being freed from the responsibility of the child's protection; and the baby herself was soon on her mother's arm, and eager to be put down again with Satan, to continue their play, so rudely interrupted.

The omniscient woman recovered her breath and her voice, and declared violently against the ferocious dog who had attacked her, as she said—and as thousands of others, with as little ground of truth, have said—"without the slightest provocation." One or two of the neighbors heard the disturbance and listened to the charges made against Satan; and here, again, the misunderstandings of the past served to support the accusations of the present; and the result of it all was that poor Satan was voted a dangerous animal, and several were heard to intimate that he would be better killed or sent away.

This episode led the way to a great transition in the dog's life. The angry demands of the neighbors were yielded to, and Satan was thrust forth from his home; he was given to a street huckster, and by him was tied to the tail of a cart, and dragged away; away from his home, away from his playmates the children, and away from his bosom friend, the baby.

Only force could have done it; and that would hardly have availed had it not been for the commands of his mistress, whose word had always been law to him. So, behind the cart he was tied, and a group of weeping children was left standing at the gate, and poor, loving, loyal Satan, himself weeping, I doubt not, trotted away in the gathering gloom of that eventful evening.

His new master took him to his home, in a neighboring town, and tied him in a shed, and fed him regularly for several days. This was done, as the man sagely explained to a friend, in order to gain the dog's affections; but it gained nothing of Satan's affection. What the poor, lonely fellow needed, even more than food, was a soft, kind word or two, and a gentle pat on the head; to that he would have responded with eagerness; but he did not receive it, and he ate his pieces of bread and meat in solitude and sadness, and thought of his old home.

As much as possible he slept; for in his dreams he romped again with the children,

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and sometimes, as he awoke, he could feel the baby's hand on his head, and, looking up for one passing moment, vainly expected to see her chubby face at his side.

Here, under these new conditions, poor, unhappy Satan was continuously misunderstood. His listlessness and melancholy were taken by his master to mean surliness; and when, after being tied up a few days, he was set free, and made no attempt to find his old home, this was considered an evidence of his stupidity.

Little did his master know that he could have found the way back as easily as he could have crossed the road or leaped the stone wall. But he made no attempt; he recalled the stern command of his mistress; he knew, as well as did anybody, that he must give up his old life, and he was reconciling himself, as best he could, to the new one. But he did long so, sometimes, for the old faces and the old voices, that in his sadness you would have hardly recognized the active, eager, bright-eyed Satan of the old time.

Satan's master was somewhat disappointed in him. The dog did not show any signs of that ferocity which he had been led to expect; yet his appearance was savage enough to make him an excellent guardian of his master's house and property. And that was the irony of the situation, that the huckster's neighbors gave him a wide berth, and even admired, at a distance, his threatening aspect; while he, poor fellow, looked wistfully at them, and felt weary of life, he so much longed for sympathy and affection.

Satan's stay with his master was brief. The huckster, in a few weeks, sold out his business and left town; and since the dog had cost him nothing, and he had no affection for the animal, he left him behind, homeless and forsaken.

Satan was now without any human ties whatever; and to be without such helps to upright conduct is as dangerous for dogs as for men; at such times the steps downward to disreputable ways are very easily entered upon; vice beckons most persuasively when virtuous influences are absent; and a living, hoping, loving soul, whether in a man's body or in a dog's, must have companionship and sympathy as a safeguard.

So it came about that Satan made friends of various degenerate specimens of doghood; or, rather, he allowed them to make friends of him; and together they foraged in alleys and backyards, and led a precarious existence in the lower streets of the town. Often he thought of his old home, with its merry group of playmates; and gladly and quickly would he have sped across the country to its shelter and its love, had he not recollected, with sadness and pain, the sharp words of dismissal which had sent him forth.

So he shut his great grief within his breast, and tried to find some new friend among the crowds of the street; but although each day he hoped for some passer-by to give him a friendly word, yet each day the hope grew more dim. Harsh words and unkind looks were his portion; and as the cold weather came on food, even of the worst kind, became scarcer and scarcer, and poor Satan knew, for the first time in his life, what real, gnawing hunger was like.

One day he was searching among the refuse barrels and waste heaps of a vacant lot for some scrap of food. He was searching in desperation. Suddenly he caught sight of a few morsels of meat, as they were thrown out into the lot from the rear door of a restaurant; in an instant he leaped forward; in those morsels there was a respite from starvation for some poor four-footed creature. Satan sprang toward the food, seized it, and was about to carry it away when he heard a savage growl behind him, and turned, barely in time to avoid the spring of another larger dog, who also had set eyes of hungry intent on the coveted meal. Then came a louder and more threatening growl from the larger dog, as he recovered himself and made straight at Satan's throat. There was no time for reflection; Satan had no desire to fight, but here was an unjust attack. The scraps of meat belonged to him by all laws of prior seizure; yet this larger dog, trusting to his superior strength, was bent upon taking them from him. For a moment, only, Satan reflected and hesitated; he must have what belonged to him, if, indeed, he could keep it, which seemed unlikely.

The big, hungry dog again sprang forward, and Satan dropped his morsel and met him with open mouth. The greater

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weight of the would-be robber rolled Satan over upon his back; but, by a lucky snap of his strong jaws, as he rolled, he seized the other dog firmly by the throat. There he hung. The big dog growled, and swept him from side to side over the ground, raising a cloud of dust; and then, lifting him fairly from the earth, shook him savagely in the air; but, all the time, Satan, by the instinct of self-preservation, more than by any definite plan of battle, held silently by his throat, and resolved that there he would stick.

Of course the noise and the sight of the struggle drew idle spectators, like flies, to the scene. Some of them expressed delight, and some horror; but all showed profound interest in the proceedings. Satan had his eyes shut, and could not see them, but he heard them, and he hoped each minute that somebody would interfere. He dared not let go his grip, for he knew that the big dog had strength and weight enough to kill him, if it were once brought to bear fully upon him.

But the big dog was now the more frightened of the two; and his growls had become subdued to a whine, and his efforts became less and less vigorous. Presently a big blacksmith mustered courage to seize Satan, and a stout wagoner ventured to clutch the other dog; and as soon as Satan saw that his foe was likely to be held back he loosened his jaws and gladly retreated from the struggle.

The big dog was in no condition of mind or body to renew his attack, and slunk away; Satan, hardly less frightened, yet pressed by hunger, at once bethought himself of the scraps of meat, and quickly took possession of them, his hunger soon banishing his fright. The crowd of idlers, some of whom had seen him before, were unanimous in his praise; they had not the words to fully express their satisfaction at the "gameness" of "the little un." His feelings of fright and his instinct of desperate self-preservation they interpreted as an innate love of bloodthirsty strife; and they one and all agreed that such pluck had not been seen in that town since the remarkable day when "Bill Reynolds's terrier choked the life out of Sam Baker's red setter."

This episode in Satan's life brought him into the ownership of a new master; and the new master was no other than the tramp who presented himself, with the dog beside him, at the parsonage porch. It happened in this wise:

After the conflict was over, most of the idlers lounged back to their haunts around the stables and saloons. But one of them went over near Satan, as he enjoyed his hardly earned meal, and talked to him in a friendlier tone than he had heard for many a day. It may be that the two glasses of whiskey which had very recently passed down the man's throat had something to do with this friendly expression; but, whatever the cause, the kind words were very grateful to Satan. And he even paused, half-famished as he was, to return the friendly advances with a brief, spasmodic vibration of his tail.

When the food had been eaten, a slice of buttered bread from the rear pocket of his visitor's greasy frock-coat completed the mutual confidences; and Satan licked the hand that patted him, and gave several snuffles and sighs of deep content, and felt that perhaps the world was not so cold and heartless as he had supposed.

The dog's history, from this point on, was told me by various police officers, and it runs as follows:

This man, Satan's next master, was drunken and disreputable enough to dampen the enthusiasm of even the most zealous "slum-worker." He was a tailor by trade, and had given up regular work long before, having learned (that most dangerous and demoralizing fact) that in this country a man can obtain bread without working for it. He had, withal, a certain attractive good-nature, which, with his ready tongue, made it especially easy for him to cajole thrifty householders out of the desired bread and coffee.

So the two faced the world together; and whatever food the tailor got by his persuasive ways he shared with his dog; and the two became devoted friends. Satan was at first puzzled by the long periods of rest and profound sleep in which his master indulged, on occasions, at the most unexpected times and in the most uncomfortable corners of public parks and alleys; indeed, he never fully understood the reason for them; but he learned to stand guard at such times over the prostrate form; and, as the police told

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me, woe to the man—brass buttons or no brass buttons—who then tried to lay hand on the drunken tailor.

Thus weeks and months passed by, and Satan's life was not an unhappy one. He grew more and more dirty and unkempt, but the dog had what he most longed for, affection. The one redeeming virtue in the disreputable tailor was that he really was fond of Satan. Other better-kept dogs looked scornfully at him, but he only glanced up confidingly at his master, and trotted along with great content in his breast.

When the tailor was sober he was kindly; and when he was quite filled with liquor he was soon stupid and helpless. It was when he had drank a little only, and desired more, that he was inconsiderate and cross. At such times he was inclined to speak sharply to his faithful companion, and often tried to urge him into quarrels with other dogs; but he urged in vain—Satan had only good-will toward both man and beast. He could not understand why he should attack any creature who had not attacked him. Thus the tailor was somewhat puzzled, and was considerably disappointed in him; for he had witnessed the dog's remarkable prowess, and felt sure that he was a wonderful fighter.

Late in the afternoon of the day when the two had stood in the parsonage porch, a great thirst for liquor came over the man; and the one glass of whiskey which he was able to beg from an old crony only whetted his appetite and made him cross. He spoke sharply to Satan, and once even tried to kick him.

Then an evil combination of circumstances gathered about the two companions. The owner of a bar-room where the thirsty tailor was lounging, hoping for a "treat," had recently bought a dog; and he offered to bet Satan's master that his new dog could whip Satan in a fair fight.

The tailor declared, in the high hope of unlimited drinks, that he could not; and several of the bystanders supported his declaration, and dropped sundry remarks in praise of Satan's prowess. The result was that an agreement was then and there made to set the dogs at each other, and have a trial of their respective merits.

When the new dog was brought out he proved to be nearly a third larger than Satan, and much heavier, and the scars on his breast and shoulders showed that he was no stranger to the dog-pit. The tailor was just enough excited by the whiskey already within him, and stimulated by the hope of the larger quantity which he hoped to add to it, to be blind to the impending danger.

As for Satan, as soon as he saw the other dog, he wagged his stump of a tail in the friendliest possible way, and would have entered at once upon a frolic; but a restraining hand held him, and the new dog uttered a forbidding growl. After a few more drinks the crowd adjourned to a yard in the rear of an empty house, and disposed themselves on barrels and boxes and on the fence. Then the dogs were brought near each other, poor Satan wondering what it all meant, and looking for an explanation.

A practised hand now pushed the animals roughly up against each other, and although Satan only took this to be an accident, and hoped it would not be repeated, the trained pit-dog knew it, of old, as the signal for conflict, and broke from the hand that held him, and flew at his antagonist.

Now it must not be understood that Satan was a coward, for he was not; and when this ferocious animal sprang at him, great as the odds were against him, he defended himself. He was not as heavy as the pit dog, but he was quicker; and like a flash he leaped aside, and, as the other passed him, he seized him by the throat.

The pit-dog, thus impeded in his leap, rolled headlong upon the ground, and Satan fell with him. At once from the barrels and boxes and the fence went up a chorus of yells at this masterly defence. All expressed great confidence in Satan's powers, heavy as the odds were against him.

The next instant Satan felt the powerful jaws of his enemy shut into the side of his neck. His own hold prevented those jaws from quite reaching under his throat, but the strong, sharp teeth brought pain, and blood flowed from both dogs.

For a few moments there was a pause. On the part of the trained pit-dog this was only a feint; on Satan's part it was in the hope that this was the end of the matter,

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and that now kind human hands would stop the savage struggle. But the half-drunken tailor only shouted to his dog, urging him on; and no help came.

Suddenly the pit-dog let go his grip, and by his greater strength bent his head forward and seized poor Satan's right paw in his strong jaws. Instantly there was heard a cracking sound. The bone was broken like a pipe-stem. That was the method of warfare to which he had been trained by savage human instructors.

Satan felt the horrible pain shoot through his whole body, and his own slenderer jaws shut more desperately on his foe's tough throat. But what could the poor fellow do, thus maimed and weakened! He could only hold on, in a frantic, hopeless way, while his drunken master loudly cursed him, and declared that he would yet conquer.

But not so. He was not a fighter, either by nature or training; all his reputation for ferocity was not justified by his instincts or by his past actions. And while the pit-dog, hardy, savage, relentless, felt only irritation at the grip upon his throat, Satan's strength and courage were fast ebbing.

There was another violent struggle, confused and blood-curdling, and then the pit-dog tore himself from Satan's weakened grip, his blood flowing freely, but his strength unimpaired, and his savage nature roused to fury. One quick movement, and he had Satan by the throat and shook him like a rat.

A deathly silence fell on the crowd; those who were at all sober saw that the smaller dog was doomed. The drunken tailor fairly foamed, in his obstinate wrath at his unhappy dog. His drunken madness swallowed up the affection which he really had for his four-footed companion. Poor, desperate, dying Satan looked pleadingly, piteously at him, but that look of entreaty met no response. The brute instincts of his master had supplanted the human sympathies.

Then there was a sickening scene as the maddened pit-dog shook his helpless antagonist, and set his jaws more firmly in the unresisting throat. Deeper and deeper he thrust his glistening teeth, now dyed red with the blood of his victim, until finally there came a great gush of the red stream of life, and he crouched like a tiger over the quivering body, and the struggle was ended.

Poor Satan, misunderstood through all his life, would be misunderstood no longer.

Then the crowd of idle, brutal loafers, following the instincts which always govern such natures, deserted the scene, and in a shambling, shamefaced way, straggled, in twos and threes, back to the saloons and stables.

The barkeeper, with great difficulty, pulled his maddened animal away from the unresisting body; and the tailor, now deserted, and partially sobered by the dreadful scene, stood fixed in a stupid, frightened stare. He stood thus several minutes, as if expecting the inanimate form to rise and come toward him, as of old. Then he spoke, weakly, hesitatingly: "Satan! Satan! come—here!"

But there was no response. Faithful Satan gave no sign of recognition; the stumpy tail and the ragged ears, always so expressive of the owner's hopes and fears and sympathies, now gave no token of life and intelligence.

The wretched tailor started forward; he leaned over his faithful companion's body; he gazed into the half-closed eyes, but no soulful, eloquent glance, as of old, now met him. He laid his trembling hand on the discolored body, and it grew colder and colder under his touch.

Then, for the first time, the truth seemed to penetrate into his drink-obscured mind. The full extent of his loss came over his brutish nature. He groaned aloud; he looked about him, but his careless, selfish companions were gone; he knew that he was alone in the world; his one faithful friend was dead.

Then he took off his coat, and laid the lifeless body upon it; and, gathering the disordered bundle into his arms, he walked —with weak, trembling steps, though not now with the gait of a drunken man— straight over to the parsonage; and there on the porch I met him; I met them both, amid the shadows of evening, as I had met them in the sunshine of the morning.

The poor, unhappy man seemed to trust me, as if confident of my sympathy; and, as his eye met mine, the stolid, fierce expression left his face, and great tears rolled down his cheeks; with a groan he laid his burden at my feet.

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I was moved, deeply moved. I know something about men and a good deal about dogs; and I knew that these two had been loving, devoted friends; more truly sympathetic than are many a man and wife. Never was a loving response lacking from this faithful dumb companion. The very quality which a man values most in the wife of his bosom, unfailing love, always leaped out and up from this poor creature to his master.

I laid my hand on the man's shoulder, and said, tenderly, "My man, you have lost a dear friend. Tell me about it! Come in and sit here!" And then, as he hesitated, I caught his feeling, and I added, "Certainly, bring in his poor body! We won't leave it lying there alone."

So the broken-hearted man came in, and laid his burden beside a chair, and, seating himself, confided his troubles to me—though I was the younger of the two—as a child might confide in its father.

When the sad story was told, with sobs and tears, I had never a chiding word to add; the man's grief was great; and together we gave the poor, torn body burial, peace, and rest, under the shade of a cherry-tree, at the end of the garden.

Then I was able to talk more quietly with the poor, broken-hearted fellow; I tried to turn the current of his feelings into other channels; but he constantly reverted to his great sorrow. After a moment or two of deep, silent reflection he suddenly exclaimed, with touching eagerness, "Does dogs have sowls, Yer Riverence?"

I assured him that they had, and the thought seemed to give him comfort; then, after another pause, "An' bees there dogs in hiven, Yer Riverence? Good dogs, av coorse, I mane."

"Yes, Michael, I certainly believe that there are."

"Bliss Gard! bliss Gard! and the howly mither av Gard!" he ejaculated, fervently.

However, the sense of "things seen and temporal" was strong upon him; it is strong upon all of us, far too strong; and he could not divest himself of the feeling that his faithful friend Satan, was somewhere there in the ground, soul with body.

So I understood and sympathized when he presently asked, with a pitiful repression of eagerness that was very touching, if I had not some job of work about the place which he could undertake. Accordingly I made some work for him, and he did it faithfully. And afterward I set him about some important changes in the flower-beds; and the result—well, we shall never know the full results of any of our actions until the Great Day—but the result at the present time is that Michael, with never a relapse, with never a sign of regret for "the road," still potters about the grounds and my dear old church; and, each year, he renews the plants and vines upon the little mound beside the now mouldering trunk of the cherry-tree.

Sometimes Michael and I talk over the past; though the true-hearted, single-minded old man never speaks with any directness of the sad episode which brought us together; but from casual allusions dropped by him I am sure that the years have done for him, what they should do for us all: they have cleared away many mistakes and false fancies; and I know, with entire certainty, that poor, dear Satan is no longer "a misunderstood dog."

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THE RHINE GOLD

PRELUDE

Deep . . . dark . . .
Dark . . . deep . . .
Still, they sleep . .
Silent sleep . . . . . .
Under the Earth the waters sleep,
Still in the womb of the world they keep
Night and silence and slumber deep;
Slumber and silence, night and gloom,
Naught stirs yet in the wrought world's womb,
Nothing is weaving, still is the loom.
Black are the waters' depths and still in a rest unstirred;
Sightless and mindless, void; unseen, unspoke, unheard,
In the beginning, void; unsaid as yet the Word.
Water primeval, air and earth,
Naught that stirs hath yet had birth;
The Norns are silent; and Erda, Earth,
Like a child unborn sleeps and is still,
Lapped in waters; and the Will,
The Will of the World is night and nil.
Darkly still . . .
Silence keep . . .
Still and deep . .
The waters sleep.

Still . . . deep . . .
Waters still . . . . .
World and Will . . . .
Night and Nil.
Deep in the heart of the Earth they shine,—
Shineth the flood of the yellow Rhine—
Shineth a cup of golden wine!
GOLD, RHINE-GOLD, deep and old,
Deepest in depth the gloried Gold
Flares, in the flood the Rhine hath rolled
Deepest and darkest of all, and the waters thrill and turn,
Yearn at the wand of Will; waver and glow and burn
Ruby-red, as wine poured deep in a golden urn;
Golden floods from a ruby's glow,
Radiant red the Rhine deeps flow,
Lapped in night, the treasure's show,
Whelmed in purple depths unseen,
Heaps the hoard of the golden sheen,
Watched in waters crystalline.
Deep in Rhine . . . .
Unseen, untold . . . .
Treasures old . . . . .
Wakes the Gold.

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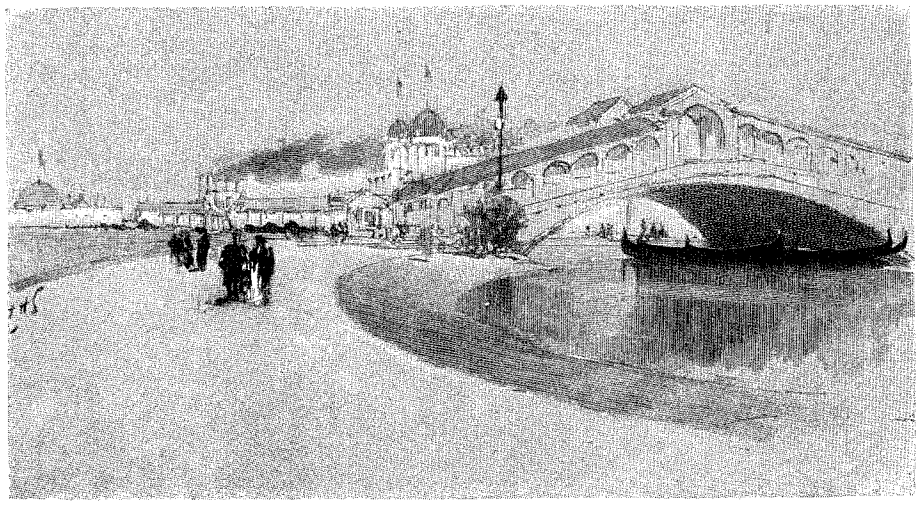
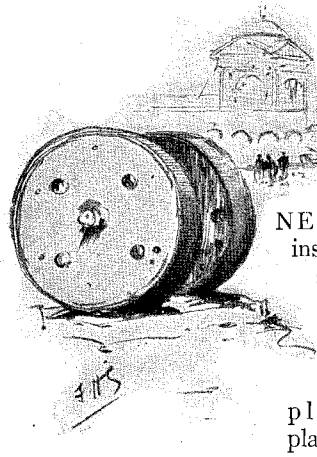
The Rialto Bridge.



SOME NOTES ON TENNESSEE'S CENTENNIAL

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



Wheels from an Old Confederate Powder-mill.

ONE of the most inspiring lessons of the Centennial Exposition lies in the pluck displayed by the men and women who built it.

While wheat was choking the bins of the elevators, corn burning as a substitute for soft coal, and the predatory pig regarded only as an encumbrance and a thing of misery; when railroads were defaulting on their deferred bonds, their preferred stocks provoked only ironical laughter, and the roads themselves were threatened with that total collapse which some one has aptly described as two streaks of rust and a mortgage; when that pest of a fly with the silver wings shadowed one half of the Republic, and the bug with the golden tail was about to devastate the other; when a rattling fire of exploding banks was kept up along the main line of commerce, followed by a series of lesser detonations whenever and wherever the connecting wires of their mutual interests or calamities carried the disastrous current; when tariffs and interventions and floods and labor riots were followed by smokeless chimneys, motionless fly-wheels, and silent looms, and all the horrors of idleness hung over the land like a cloud from out which could be heard mutterings of the coming storm, a cyclone that would sweep us into the nowhere of desolation; when all these several calamities overwhelmed us, then it was that these plucky inhabitants of a little State away down in the Southwest—these live, up-to-date descendants of Old Hickory and

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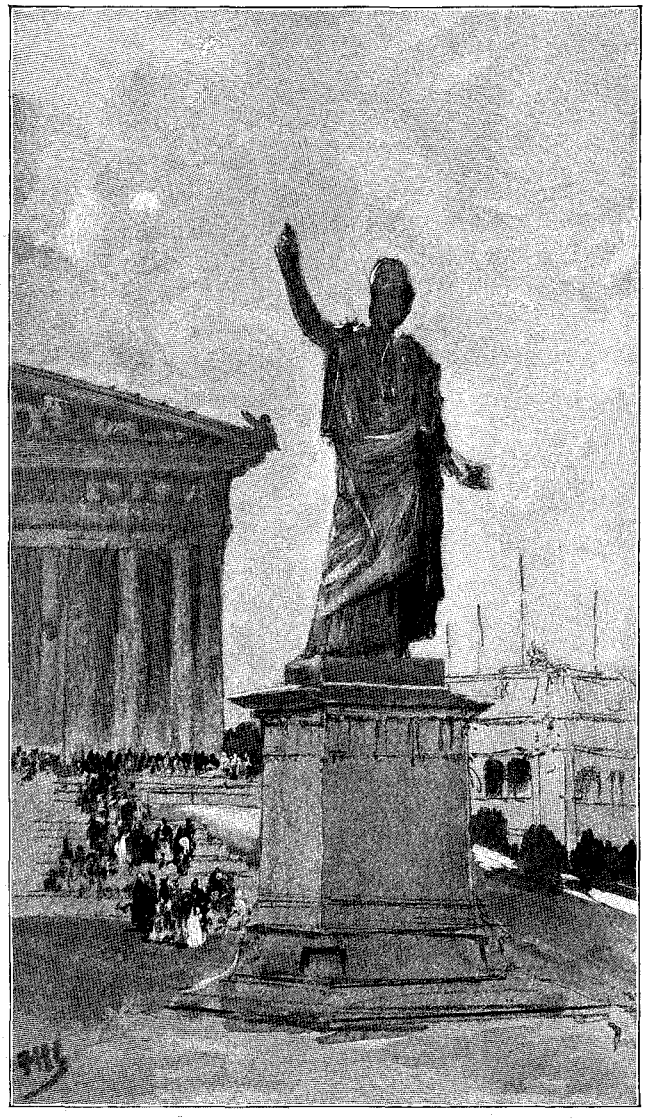

Pallas Athene and the Parthenon.

Davy Crockett—girded on their armor, burned their bridges behind them, and built this Exposition.

And a very beautiful and wonderful Exposition it is from any point of view; architecturally, because of the dignity and artistic excellence of its many inspiring buildings; commercially, because of the marvellous collection of the State products now gathered within its closed grounds, and financially, because it was all practically paid for in cash the day its gates were opened in May.

To him who runs (through these grounds) and reads as he runs, the cause of this phenomenal success is apparent at every turn. "These are our failures," said Beau Brummel's valet, as he descended with face a-light from the toilette of the exquisite on the floor above, dozens of his master's crumpled neck-ties hanging limp over his extended arm. "These are our mistakes," said the dejected managers of previous exhibitions, pointing to incomplete structures palsied suddenly by debt—to miles of silent hotel corridors and to many obvious

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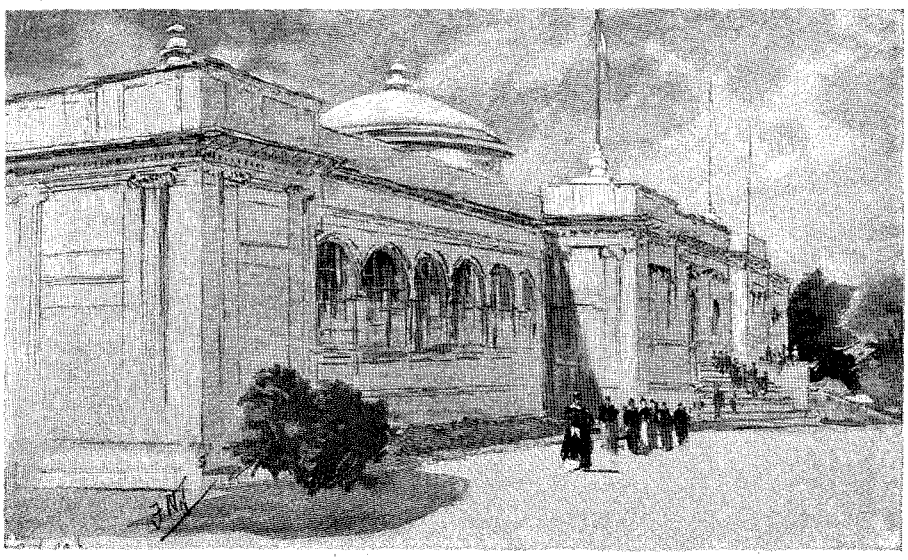
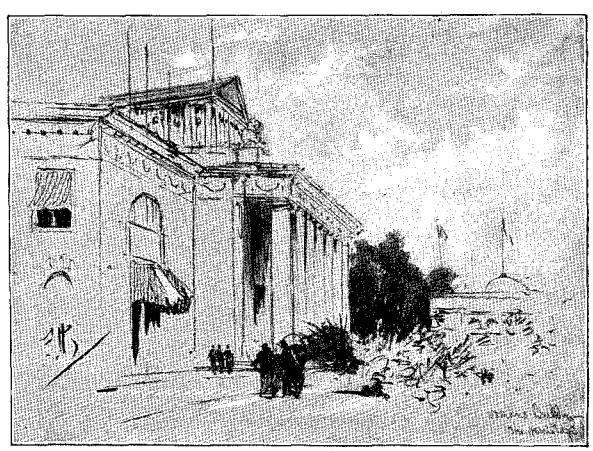


Interstate Government Building.

examples of the overdone and the underdone.

Not that the Tennessee Centennial Exposition can be compared with the White City—that dream of three years ago. You could put the whole of this Exposition into one corner of Chicago's triumph, and then have to call upon the truthful theological student with the rolling chair to find it. Not that it is to be compared in any way to its dignity and beauty—well, hardly in any way—there are plenty of toes about and one must be careful where one treads. But it is just because it does *not* compare that one's enthusiasm gets the better of him.

Of its buildings for instance, there is no one structure that could dare rear its façade and gaze contemptuously on Atwood's Art Building; on Post's Colossal Liberal Arts; on McKim's Agricultural Pavilion, or Hunt's Administration Building. Those marvels of modern ephemeral architecture have never been equalled in our own country or in any other, and perhaps never will be again—certainly not in this century. The millions they cost are not easily secured, and certainly are not to be found in the modest coffers of any one State. But mere rivalry was not what actuated these plucky Tennesseeans. They never expected to build any such exhibition as that of Chicago, and they never tried. Neither did they hope to erect a MacMonnies fountain, or a French's Goddess with which to enrich each end of their pocket lagoon. New beauties could be created without imitating these particular standards. No one recognized this so clearly as W. C. Smith—I welcome him as an honored addition into the ranks of that distinguished family who enlarge by their several occupations, from wit to whitewashing, the directories of our land.



Woman's Building—The Hermitage.

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Pavilion of Commerce.

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In invoking the spirit of an appropriate beauty there entered into the heart and mind of this distinguished architect a feeling of humility and reverence—a loss of confidence in even the best results of modern times, fine as they were, so far obtained by the best men in his own profession, and a new-born veneration for the best known efforts of the centuries. Sealing up his own creative qualities, great as they were, he hied himself to the extreme border-lands of the past, and slowly and reverently, as some conscientious savant would reconstruct from a heap of broken bones the full structure of a mastodon, so did this devout Tennesseean revive, resuscitate, reincarnate, and renew the greatest structure of any time—the Parthenon.

Here, then, will we begin.

And first, it is not old. Seen from its present elevation—a slight one—with the brilliant sunlight cutting sharp shadows about its carvings and angles, it is decidedly new—too new it seemed when I saw it in May, with its fresh coat of yellow wash, and red and blue markings. These, I sincerely hope, the just and merciful winds and tender rains, and the ever-helpful dust will yet stain and smear and bedraggle into picturesque beauty of color and of surface.

New in another way to the world is this marvellous reconstruction, for although millions of men have gazed in rapture upon its broken columns and their outlines, softened in the tender haze of an Athenian sky, no one in our generation, and perhaps in no other since its partial destruction, has ever had an opportunity to realize the full beauty and majesty of its entirety until these plucky Tennesseeans set it up among them.

All honor then to the distinguished architect who breathed into these shattered bones the breath of his skill, making this master work alive again; and all honor to these modern Davy Crocketts who aided him in his efforts and rejoiced with him in his success.

No collection of pictures and statuary in our country has ever been enshrined within more noble walls, and never have the pictures themselves been shown to better advantage. Almost every American painter of note is represented on its walls,* besides many of the great masters of Europe.

To enumerate would be but to catalogue. Summed up as a whole, it is a remarkable collection of one thousand well-selected pictures, some of the very highest rank.

A glance at the other buildings scattered through the grounds excites no less surprise. Near the entrance gate—a modest structure of staff surmounted by a statue—lies the Government Building, a simple, dignified affair, 350 × 150 feet, in the form of a cross, and topped by a low dome which strongly reminds one of the example lent us by Atwood, when he capped his own art building at Chicago with a dome of like proportions.

Those other architectural monstrosities throughout the country for which the Treasury Department has been responsible, the horrors of which culminated in the Government Building at the Chicago Fair, have, perhaps, had their day. The dullest American citizen needed to make but a momentary comparison between Atwood's Fine Arts Building and the Government's conglomerate mass of the heterogeneous, to convince him that there was something radically wrong in the general make-up of Uncle Sam's contribution to the group of notable edifices within the exhibition grounds. If the World's Fair, the greatest of our modern educators, taught our people nothing else than to reverence good architecture, and if these teachings, so far as our lawgivers are concerned, have resulted in nothing more than the interior decoration of the Congressional Library and in the satisfying proportions of this one building in the Tennessee Exposition, the millions expended on the Chicago Fair have not been thrown away. Our citizens convinced, our lawgivers are always enlightened.

In this Government Building—which,

* D. W. Tryon of New York, Woodberry of Boston, for the oils, and Snell of Philadelphia, and Palmer of Albany for water colors, all took first and second prizes in the order of their mention, and Honorable Mention, by unanimous consent of the Art Jury, was made of the following oils: "Evening in the Environs of Brussels," by Victor Gilsoul; "A Landscape," by Barnard; "The Mistletoe," by M. E. Dickson; "Sunset in Sweden," by Carl Johanssen; "Evening in Venice," by Frank Holman; "St. Ives, Pray for Us," by Sergeant Kendall; "Suburban Street," by Svend Svendsen; "The Muse," by Albert Herter; "The Tea Hour," by Whittemore; "Rosemary," by Tarbell.

In pastel honorable mention was made of Nyberg's "After the Ball," and also of Therese Schwartze's "Dutch Country Girl," and in water-colors of Karl Larsen's "In the Garden," Miss Woodbury's "Smoker," and Maratta's "Gray Day."

Prizes in sculpture were awarded to R. P. Bringhurst, and to Bessie C. Potter of Chicago.

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with its management, cost $130,000—are arranged the usual stock exhibits of the several departments of the general Government, intended to inspire and instruct the people of the country, many of whom could see them in no other way. Here are the Fisheries, where almost everything, from a tadpole to a whale, disports itself in fresh or sea water, as the exigencies of their various physical conditions require. Here is a diminutive Patent Office ; the School System of the United States, with negro and Indian exhibits—all belonging to the Department of the Interior. Here are models, showing the working of the Post Office Department, with full information regarding dead and live letters, and all their many haps and mishaps. Here is a small edition of the War Department, with real Indians of real wax, and plaster of Paris soldiers with genuine uniforms. Here, in the Navy Exhibit, are models of gun-boats and monitors, torpedo-boats, and of big and little guns, displayed among flags of all nations, most of them shot full of holes as a reminder of naval prowess. Here are exhibits from the Department of State, of Arts and Industry, of Ethnology, of Light-houses ; all admirably arranged ; all under charge of competent experts, and all calculated to encourage and keep alive the patriotism of our people.

But, interesting and instructive as these several exhibits are, it is the outside of the building which covers them that inflates one with the wind of superlative and hyperbole. That the United States Government should have given us this well-proportioned, admirably carried out architectural result is what makes us shout aloud and send our hats into the air.

. . . . . .

There is another building which would be worthy of the highest praise, but for one trifling defect.

This is the Woman's Building.

Courteous observers—those who know the original from which it was modelled—those who know, too, how faithfully these self-sacrificing women of the South have worked to erect this reproduction of the Hermitage—the old home of Andrew Jackson himself ; courteous observers, I say, never look any higher than the cornice under the roof. Below this projection every detail of the original, if not in line, certainly in spirit, has been faithfully carried out. The result, inside and out, is a delightful reproduction of the Colonial, with winding staircases, old mantels, white-wood trimmings, and furniture of the period.

But above this cornice ; above the eight fine pillars that support the roof of the portico which runs here to the roof line ; above the delicate tracery of the Colonial decorative panels, is a nondescript attic addition covering one-fourth the roof space, and placed exactly in its middle. This has a low, hipped roof and is supported on a line of posts. Between each pair of posts flaps a wide curtain of awning canvas in alternate stripes of blue and white. In the middle of each one of these curtains is suspended a hanging basket filled with plants. It was whispered about the grounds that this roof-garden annex was intended for a restaurant.

I am reminded, as I finish this last paragraph, of an adventure I once had in Seville.

I had met her the morning before—never mind where or when. Her fan was shading her face. Over its edges I caught the gleam of a pair of soft eyes—Spanish eyes — those that flash or swoon as the mood stirs their depths. Above these was a low forehead, shaded by masses of purple-black hair, that curled and waved and drew itself back to a little knot held in place by a dagger of gold. With the lowering of the fan my eyes fell upon pouting, red lips, between which lay her white teeth, and then the rounded chin and throat. Of her tpye she was perfection. As I looked, she raised one hand, and there settled over all this loveliness, like a wreath of smoke, a film of black lace, first on the hilt of the dagger, crowning the knot of hair, then close to the cheeks, softening the delicate bloom, then about the white throat. Only the eyes were clear—these shone on, mischievous, pleading, repelling.

The next day I saw her again. She was on her way to church — indeed she was at the door. The movement of her beautiful body, the poise of the head, the bend of the throat, the soft folds of the mantilla that fell from the dagger's hilt to her shoulders, were still there.

And there was something else.

On the top of all this charm and loveliness—above the mouth and teeth—above

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the soulful, seductive eyes—above the fair, white throat—on top of the purple-black hair and on the very tip-top of the filmy lace and the dagger, there rested in all contentment and pride, a modern French bonnet !

And there is this other story which comes to me, and which I ought to remember before the ink dries on that paragraph.

In the square fronting the White House in Washington stands a statue of the honored owner of the Hermitage—Andrew Jackson himself. The hero is represented riding a bronze hobby-horse, who has just succeeded in sitting down on the tip end of its tail. The rider is in the act of lifting his hat. This is done with an arm several inches too short for the body, and a hand evidently paralyzed from youth up. This statue stands on the main diagonal pathway crossing the park—a straight course from the Arlington to the Treasury. In the old days Charles Sumner lived near the Arlington, and had for his guest on one occasion no less distinguished a personage than the great Thackeray himself. After Mr. Thackeray's departure the noble Senator paid him this compliment :

" He is altogether the most perfect gentleman I have ever met. He passed the Jackson statue with me twice a day for a week, and pretended never to see it."

. . . . . .

But to the Buildings again. If the Government of the United States has profited by the example set before it at the World's Fair, so has the Government of the State of Illinois. Those always polite Chicagoans who might have regretted their lack of Thackeray's self-restraint when their eyes fell on the Illinois State Building at Chicago can now be both polite and honest. Instead of a reproduction of similar architectural crime, the State of Illinois is represented by an exact reproduction—just one-sixth the size—of the Administration Building at Chicago, the work of that greatest of all American architects, the late Richard M. Hunt. Strange to say, its beauty has not suffered from this reduction. Moreover, it is now possible to see all parts of the dome, and especially the hexagon which supports the dome, and to follow more closely the proportions and decorative details which made this building one of the masterpieces of the Fair.

Here it serves a double purpose, for it is not only a distinctive and beautiful feature of the Exposition, giving pleasure to thousands, but it stands as an example of State courtesy. She—Illinois—shrank to one-sixth of her size in order to accommodate herself to the requirements of her sister State, and did it without a word of complaint at the smallness of her quarters. She has so often been accused of doing exactly the reverse that the act is all the more graceful.

Then there is the Forestry Building, containing exhibits of all the wood growing in our forests—most of them represented in the woods of Tennessee. There are one hundred and nine different species of arboreal growths : from one single farm in Montgomery County there are forty-five specimens of hard wood. Here, too, are minerals representing nearly every ore of economic value to be found in the United States—gold, copper, lead, and iron ores without number ; magnetic, specular, brown hematite, fossil, red hematite and every other " ite " that enters into the composition of every manufactured product, from a saucepan to a Gatling gun.

There is, too, the Commercial Building—its main portico surmounted by a bronze Mercury—its interior filled with every variety of thing, from a bottle of beer to a parlor organ. There are the buildings for Hygiene, Transportation, Education, Agriculture, Machinery, History, the Children's Building, and last, but by no means least, the Afro-American Building for the exhibit of the industrial and other products of the negro race, the first ever erected in the United States upon a scale of such magnitude.

The grounds themselves are as interesting as the buildings. While there are no colossal sculptures to lend them beauty and charm—except the very dignified statue of Pallas Athene, fronting the Parthenon, the work of Miss Enid Yandell, and the life-size figures of the fountain—there are numerous decorative objects which enrich the grassy lawns and flower-bordered walk.

In the matter of flag-staffs, for instance, —there is one two hundred and eighty-five feet in height, thrust up through the roof of a small kiosk. This roof is supported by fifteen columns, representing the fifteen States which constituted the United States

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the year Tennessee was admitted to membership. The flag-staff itself represents the sixteenth—Tennessee. These sixteen columns are all made of native woods.

Near this pole rest two huge wheels of cast iron, with broad tires or edges, connected by a single axle. They were part of the machinery used in that Confederate powder-mill at Atlanta, which was burned by Sherman—huge wheels like those of the famous car of Juggernaut. The daisies grow about them now as they rest on the grass, and the babies are lifted up to sit on their broad flanges—not thrown underneath; the bare legs of the little tots dangling on either side.

Spanning a narrow part of the pocket lagoon, not far from these wheels, is the Rialto Bridge—a new departure in the decoration of Fair Grounds, with real gondolas, and, I believe, real gondoliers. I am sure about the one I spoke to being a pure gondolier, for he wore the correct costume of his guild—a Polo cap, white shirt, brown Holland trousers and canvas shoes. I tried too the soft, dulcet tones of his native city upon this soulful-eyed Venetian. He looked at me in a dazed way, and remarked to a passenger:

"Wot's 'e givin' nus?"

But then there are many dialects in Venice, and in truth I myself speak the language indifferently.

But the most entertaining contribution within the limits of the grounds is the contribution from Shelby County.

This is a veritable reproduction of the pyramid of Cheops, with such slight additions and variations as the local committee thought desirable and proper. It is a solid stone pyramid made of tongued and grooved plank and painted a dull gray, with porticos to match, supported by columns of variegated hue and tint. As it bears no likeness to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, one could fall down and worship it and still escape the charge of idolatry. It is not really sinful, except so far as it is ugly, and to me cold-blooded, premeditated ugliness is a crime. There are some things about it, however, that act as palliatives. It is situated near enough to the Parthenon to be of service by contrast, making all the more beautiful the superb outlines of this noble work of Ictinus and Phidias. A very homely woman sometimes helps a similar situation, if the afternoon tea holds but one supremely beautiful creature.

But these florid examples of local enthusiasm must not be criticised too severely. Even in the rather marked departure from its classic original there is a matter for congratulation. The donors took something of real artistic value as the basis of the design; not a Swiss cottage with a French roof and Queen Anne trimmings. This, however, is not perhaps the true reason after all. Hear what the *Official Guide* says:

"The busy and historical capital of Shelby County bears the great name of Memphis, and the pyramid of Cheops, therefore, furnished a happy suggestion for a building that would be at once identified by centennial visitors as the exhibition place of the Bluff City. Nothing of the kind has ever before been attempted, and Shelby County stands alone in producing an exhibition of ancient art."

Not far from this revival is something entirely genuine. It is an early settler's cabin. Here even the shingles themselves boast a lineage running back into the first decades. It is an exact reproduction of one of the homes of those early pioneers who moved here from Virginia in the old days, and has been put together out of the materials of two or more cabins of undoubted age and respectability. The cradle that rested on the dry dirt floor interested me as much as anything around it. It rocked no less a personage than Old Hickory himself. I saw the very board in its bottom that his vigorous feet had kicked into cracks, and it is still a substantial-looking cradle, so far as cradles go.

. . . . . .

If I should be asked what are the accentuated notes of the Exposition, I should answer that they lie in the respect these Tennesseeans have shown for their traditions and the reverence they feel for their past; respect and reverence first for the old days of the Confederacy, and next for the days of their patron saints—Jackson, Polk, Houston and the others. To recall to the minds of the living, and to keep alive in the rising generation the memory of the deeds of their forefathers, was one of the reasons that influenced these people, and

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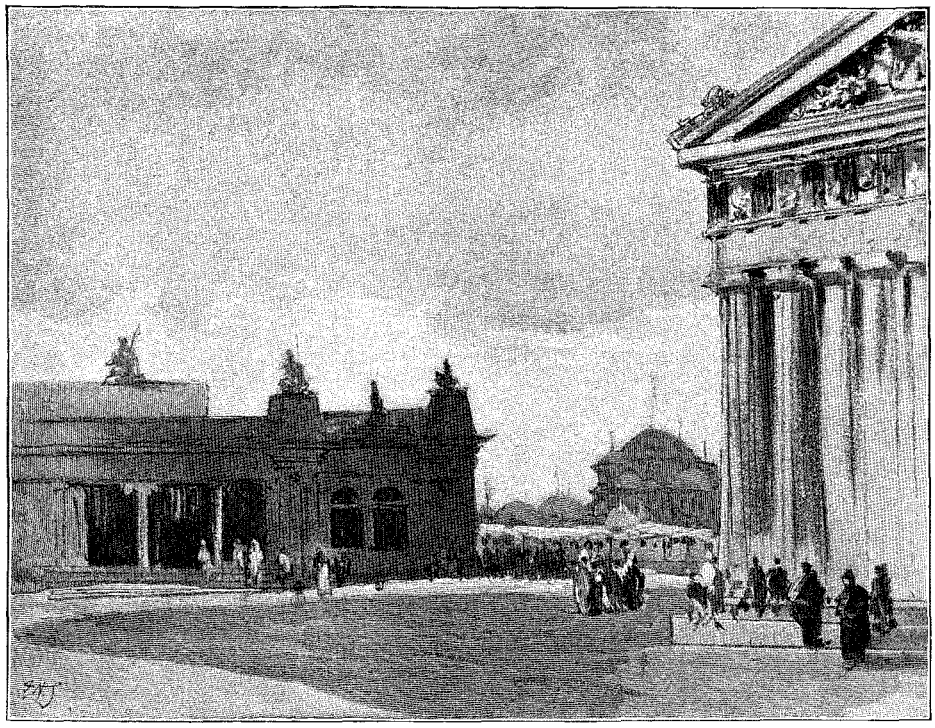

Hygiene Building.

in this effort they have been more than successful.

I say "these people" meaning these Tennesseeans, for this is not a National Exposition—it is almost exclusively a State Fair, illustrating what Tennessee has done, can do, and will do. But it has been done so well that its influence must be national, lifting it infinitely above what has been heretofore known as a State Fair.

It is pathetic to walk through the rooms of the History Building, and lean over the cases containing the relics that marked the days when in Tennessee brother fought against brother and father against son. Here is a blood-stained sash beside a rusted sword-blade, with a little white card in the delicate handwriting of some widow, or daughter, who, for the first time moved it from its resting-place above the family altar to its public setting here. Those who gaze upon these relics, standing with bowed head and reverent attitude, become as silent as if they stood beside an open grave. You can hardly read the name, at times—"Captain So and So"—the legend reads—"who fell at Chattanooga." That is all. But the crowds never seem to tire of deciphering the faint lines, or of studying the relics. The mothers bend over the glass cases, lifting their little children that they may see the better, speaking in lower tones, some in whispers, as the epaulette, sword-hilt, or torn flag is pointed out.

In this same History Building are two chairs, which, although they are no more identified, perhaps, with the State of Tennessee than they are with any one of the other sister commonwealths, have been thought to deserve a place here. They are plain, substantial, sloping-back affairs, with spindling sticks in the backs, and delicate arms that half circle about the sitter. A gentle-voiced, sweet-faced, soft-eyed Southern woman, with silver-gray hair, was superintending their unpacking when I saw them.

"Cornwallis sat in this one," she said, "and General Washington in that."

It may have been so; I have little doubt of it; she evidently had none. But I lost interest at once in the chairs. It was the sweet-voiced old lady, speaking in intona-

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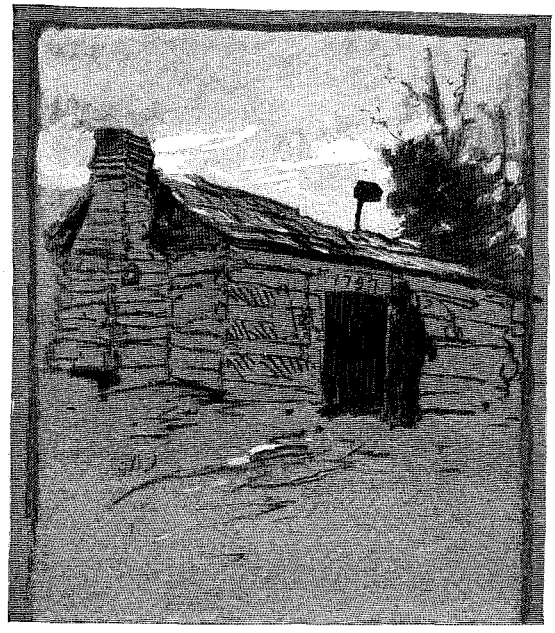
tions which to me are the most delicious of all the many our country produces, that charmed me. She moved about among the several cases of exhibits, arranging an old costume in one and propping up in another a miniature of some Revolutionary worthy in yellow waistcoat and blue coat, with hair in a cue, her thin fingers touching them as reverently as a devotee would the bones of a saint.

But that voice of hers!

It may be because of the associations of my own early life. I can still remember the broad arms and capacious lullaby rest of the old black mammy who brought me through from babyhood to boyhood—or it may be because those and succeeding days accustomed my ears to the cadence of the liquid voices of the South, but certain it is that to-day there is no sound that escapes human lips so grateful as are the soft tones of a Southern woman.



An Early Settler's Cabin.

This sweet soul, with her velvet tread and touch, had doubtless a sad history of her own — a shattered past — nothing left but a few graves, the whereabouts of some, perhaps, unknown to her.

Since those cruel days there had come privation and bitter poverty, and that dread loneliness which sometimes takes possession of the helpless. And yet nothing had disturbed her exquisite patience or robbed her of the marvellous restfulness of manner and refinement which distinguishes the Southern woman of to-day. If this gentle lady had suffered none of these things, I am all the more glad, for her sake. And yet, all the same, I think I have read her signs aright — the indications are always so plain, and so many of her sisters have trod the wine-press, too, and still do. Yet nothing has ever embittered the sweetness of their natures or cramped their generous hospitality. What they had they gave —gave cheerfully and graciously—and so they do to-day.

. . . . . .

Another impressive feature of this Exposition is the modern progressive spirit which the young and virile Tennesseeans have shown who, in connection with many other Southerners are making what is popularly called "The New South." It is not to be wondered at that these young men admire the restless energy of the West and North, and turn their backs upon the old home life of their fathers. Many of them were too young to appreciate its comfort and luxury, and some of the older ones were born outside its sacred circle. These last never knew it at all. They saw, perhaps, the old coach go lumbering by with some "Daddy Billy" on the box, but they were never invited to ride inside. Caste was omnipotent in those days. Their antipathy is, therefore, natural. Slavery made these old social conditions possible. With its abolition came the slow but sure processes of that social and financial evolution which finally evolved the trolley-car out of the family coach.

I do not question the time-saving features of the result. I only ask whether any of us are any happier by reason of the change — whether men are any nobler, women any purer; poverty, crime, any the less prevalent; or life any sweeter—because the new fashion has supplanted the old.

"We are going to pull down that old

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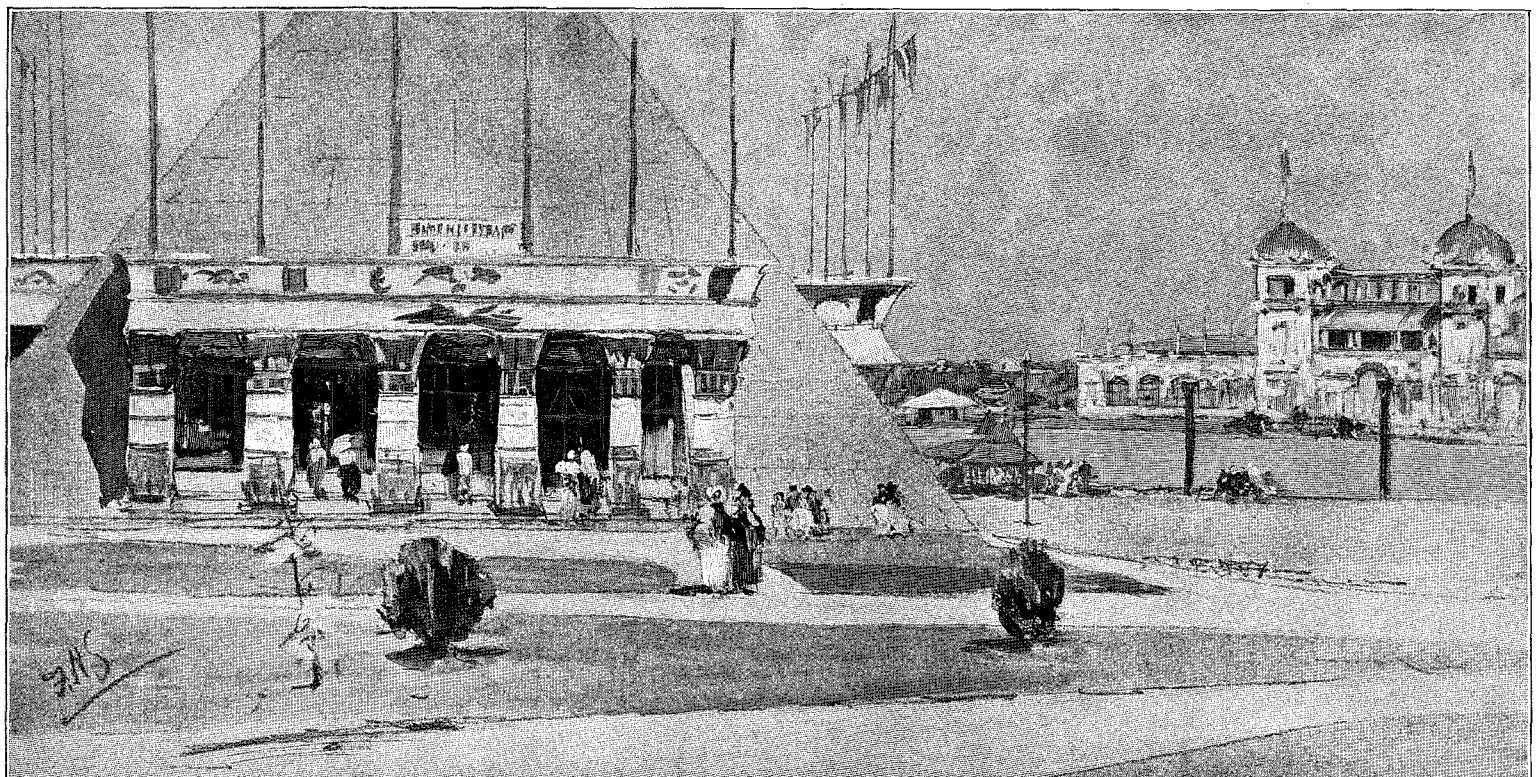

Memphis Building.

Negro Building.

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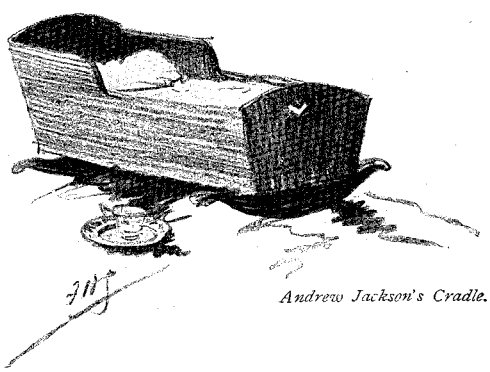
rookery on the corner," said a Southern man to me a few months ago, "and put up a first-class New York parlor hotel."

The "old rookery" was built of brick, with the most delightful wrought-iron work ornamenting its rail and porch. It was built in the last century, and is the purest type of Colonial architecture. It has to-day a wide yard and plenty of fruit-trees, and lots of green grass, and an arbor smothered in honeysuckle. Inside are some of the most exquisite mantels and doors to be found south of the James River. If the combined intelligence and skill of the distinguished architects of our day were to be concentrated upon a design for a perfect Colonial house, they could provide nothing better than this. And yet this new Southerner would replace it with a Mansard horror, fitted with a steam furnace in the cellar, a patent revolving clothes-drier on the roof, and dumb-waiters on every floor. Then the factory covering a city block will soon follow, and the suburban cottage with gas-log fires, electric lights and water, and the trolley and cable car.

There may be something in this New South of which we hear so much. There may be material wealth and enlarged opportunities for labor and education, and there may be increased bank accounts laid away in the vaults of modern marble banks. But I know all the same that with its coming there will fade from American civilization the last of the wood-fire and old mahogany life, the Colonial life—the most restful, the most wholesome, the most simple—found nowhere now but in our small Southern cities—a life which once extinguished will never be revived.



Andrew Jackson's Cradle.

BACKGROUNDS

By Frederic Crowninshield

If Spring, of tender flush and promise fair,
That out of swarthy mould evolves fresh greens,
Would metamorphose black, forbidding dreams,
And tune them to the sough of quickening air;
If Summer, luscious-lipped, with pigments rare
Deep-stained, and full illumined by the beams
Of ardent light, could be the certain means
To tint with splendid hues our dull despair;
If Autumn's rods of gold brought golden thought,
Or Winter's icy rack with bale imbued
The soul: then Life a symphony would be!
But nay; our errant fancies overwrought
Their backgrounds make. The gay gild reaches rude:
The sad would tarnish Eden's radiancy.

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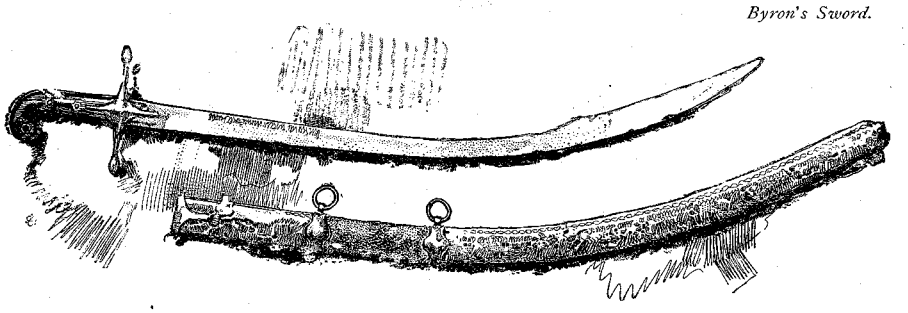
Byron's Sword.



LORD BYRON IN THE GREEK REVOLUTION*

By F. B. Sanborn

THE revival of interest in Byron as an author, testified by the publication of two editions of his letters, poems, and miscellaneous writings, will bring into notice again that part of his life which did him the most credit—his connection with the Greek revolution of 1821. He had for a dozen years, or ever since his first visit to Greece, predicted and urged on such a revolt against the dignified, unspeakable Turk; and his poems had given a great impulse to the natural enthusiasm of Young Europe for a cause which appealed to so many memories and so much that is romantic in human nature. With characteristic waywardness, he sometimes denied, in conversation, that he had any enthusiasm for the restoration of Greece to independence; but his deeds spoke louder than his variable words. He impressed those with whom he came most in contact in Greece—George Finlay, the historian, Colonel Stanhope (afterward Earl of Harrington), Dr. Millingen, and even the fickle, unveracious Trelawny—with the earnestness of his purpose and the practical good sense of his conduct, in that malarious and fated town where he died and in whose defence so many Greek heroes fell.

George Finlay, then a young man fresh from law studies in a German university, and ready to engage heartily in the Greek cause, as his American friend, Dr. S. G. Howe, did, has left on record much concerning Byron which is not generally known. To Aubrey de Vere, Tennyson's friend, who visited Finlay at his estate in Oropos, between Attica and Bœotia, long after Byron's death, Finlay expressed the highest respect for his noble comrade's "powers as a man of action and of business"—that character so dear to the Briton. "Byron's temper and his shrewdness," said Finlay, "were equally admirable; and whenever a quarrel arose between two of the Greek chieftains at Missolonghi, the matter was at once referred to Byron as arbitrator. He had always tact enough to allay their heart-burnings, and his energy was of a nature so eminently practical that not a few of the men who were vaporing around him found themselves hard at work under his direction when they had only thought of a little agreeable excitement."

Finlay and Aubrey de Vere talked of Byron as they sat by the Greek historian's fire of pine-cones in his farm-house at Oropos, or galloped through the gorges, or plodded over the mountain-sides between Finlay's picturesque retreat and Marathon—that world-famous battle-field, which recalls memories of Byron hardly less than of Miltiades, who commanded, and Æschylus, who fought there. And when I spent hours, some years ago, in Finlay's Athenian house, among his books and manuscripts, I found ample evidence of his high regard for Byron. Not blind to Byron's faults, he well appreciated his character, both as a poet and man of action; and his memoranda of Byron's aspect and conversation are valuable.

I met Lord Byron for the first time at Metaxata, in Cephalonia, in October, 1823, soon after he arrived there with Trelawny and Count Gamba, from Genoa. On calling, I found he had ridden out with Gam-

* See also "Odysseus and Trelawny, A Sequel to Byron's Grecian Career," by the same author in the April number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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ba, and resolved to wait for his return. I was shown into his only public room, which was small and scantily furnished in the plainest manner. One table was covered for dinner; another table and a chair were strewed with books; and many books were ranged in order on the floor. Among them I found the greater part of Scott's novels, Mitford's 'History of Greece,' Sismondi's 'Italian Republics,' and an English translation of Pausanias. After some time his Lordship returned, and, on entering the room, regarded me with a fixed and, I thought, an anxious stare. I presented a letter of introduction, and he sat down upon the sofa to read it —still examining me. I felt this reception more poetic than agreeable; but he afterward explained himself. He told me he had been struck at first with my resemblance to Shelley—'I thought you were Shelley's ghost.' This resemblance (though it soon wore off) had likewise struck one of his Italian servants, who had called me 'the Signor who is so like Signor Shelley.' I said I knew little of Shelley, but had been delighted with his translations from 'Faust.' He told me that Shelley often translated German works to him; he knew nothing of the language himself, but was well acquainted with Goethe, and with every passage in 'Faust.' (I have heard him say that he paid for translations of some German poems.) Lord Byron added: 'Shelley was really a most extraordinary genius; but those who know him only from his works know but half his merits. He was romance itself in his manners and his style of thinking; quite mad, however, with his metaphysics, and a bigot in the least pardonable way. It was from his thoughts and his conversation that poor Shelley ought to be judged.'

"After glancing at my letter, Byron immediately commenced his fascinating conversation. We naturally conversed almost entirely about Greece, yet chiefly on the manners of the people, their character, the difficulties of travelling, and the antiquities. I thought he seemed to regard my visit too much in the light of a tour, and so I asked for information on the state of (Greek) parties in the Morea. He gave it instantly, and in the conversation remarked that I was far too enthusiastic and fresh from Germany. He exclaimed, laughing, 'You have too much *Schwärmerei!*' I replied that I expected to find the Greeks were the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles. Lord Byron smiled and said: 'My opinion of the Greeks remains unchanged; I did not, indeed, with their character, think they would achieve what they have done so soon; yet I always thought they deserved liberty—and they have proved it. The Turks, however, are far better fellows, far more gentlemanly; and I used to like them better when among them.' He uttered this in an unemphatical and rather affectedly monotonous tone; and I afterward observed that he adopted this tone not unfrequently, when he uttered anything which diverged from the commonest style of conversation."

In illustration of Byron's comparison of the Greek manners to their disparagement in contrast with the "gentlemanly" Turks, he afterward told Finlay this anecdote of what happened at Aigion, on the Gulf of Corinth, when he was there, a guest of some of the Greek "primates," in December, 1809: "Andreas Londos, of Aigion, then a young rake, after supper sprang upon the table, which was rather rickety—so much so, indeed, that we expected to see him come to the floor with it—and began singing through his nose the 'Hymn to Liberty' of Rigas Pheraios.* The new cadi of the village, passing near the house, inquired of a resident Turk the cause of the noise. He answered: "O, it is only the young primate, Londos, who is drunk, and is singing hymns to their new Virgin, whom they call 'Eleutheria' (Liberty). Londos had the exact face and figure of a chimpanzee."

Continuing to remark on Byron's affectations, which many noticed, Finlay says:

"Whenever he commenced a sentence which showed that the subject had engaged his mind, and that his thoughts were sublime, he checked himself, and finished a broken sentence either with an indifferent smile, or with this annoying affected tone. I thought he had adopted it to conceal his feelings, when he feared to trust his tongue with the sentiments of his heart; often, it was evident, he did it to

* Londos was then active in the revolution, but soon died. There is a good biography of Rigas, whose verses were cited by Byron in Childe Harold, recently published in London by Mrs. E. M. Edmonds.

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avoid betraying the author, or rather the poet. In mere satire and wit his genius ran wild, even in conversation. I left him quite delighted; charmed to find so great a man so agreeable, yet astonished that the author of 'Childe Harold' and the 'Corsair' and 'Manfred' should have said so little worth remembering. The next time we met was out riding in Cephalonia, where he remained some months, awaiting advices from England, or a favorable time for crossing over to Greece."

It was in November, 1823, and still at Metaxata, that young Julius Millingen,* a recent graduate in medicine, first saw Byron, whom he afterward attended in his last illness. To him, as reported by Dr. Millingen eight years after, Byron was more sarcastic in his judgment of the Greeks, and more pessimistic in giving his reasons for joining them. Millingen says:

"I found Lord Byron on the balcony of his house, wrapt in his Stewart tartan cloak, with a cap on his head which he affected to wear as the Scotch bonnet. He was attentively contemplating the extensive (eastern) view before him, terminated by the blue mountains of Ætolia, Acarnania, and Achaia. Being on the point of taking his usual ride, he invited me to accompany him. He said to me: 'The Greeks are perhaps the most depraved and degraded people under the sun, uniting to their original vices both those of their oppressors and those inherent in slaves.' Why then should he fight for them? 'Sickened with pleasure, more tired of scribbling, perhaps, than the public is of reading me, I felt the need of giving a completely new direction to my ideas; and the active, dangerous, glorious scenes of the military career struck my fancy. After all, this new mode of existence will at least give me the means of making a dashing exit from the scene of this world, where the part I was acting had grown intolerably dull.'"

Both Millingen and Finlay had formed for themselves, before publishing their recollections of Byron, an unfavorable opinion of the educated Greeks, though Finlay had a better estimate of the common people, who, he declared, deserved better leaders. This must be kept in view in reading their report of Byron's remarks on the Greek leaders whom he saw after landing at Missolonghi. Finlay said:

"No stranger estimated the character of the Greeks more correctly than Lord Byron; but to nobody did they ever unmask their selfishness and self-deceit so candidly. Mavrocordato † informed him that he would be of no use anywhere but at Hydra; for Mavrocordato was then in that island. Mavromichali used plainer words, that the true way to save Greece was to lend him, Petrobey, £1,000. With that sum, not 300 but 3,000 Spartans would be put in motion to the frontier, and the fall of the Ottoman Empire was certain. Every Greek chief celebrated his own praises and Lord Byron's liberally; but most of them injured their own cause by dilating too eloquently on the vices and crimes of some friend or rival."

An instance was given by Finlay to Millingen of his mode of treating Mavrocordato, on whom, as possessing qualities which education imparts or improves, Byron looked with some favor for a time:

"One evening at Missolonghi, in the winter following the conversations above cited, when I was at Lord Byron's room (for I often spent the evening there), Mavrocordato came in and interrupted the poet's conversation. Byron received him coolly, replied with some peevishness to his questions, and kept changing the subject, to which his visitor persistently returned. Much annoyed, Lord Byron rose and began walking the room; then, finding that the Greek did not take the hint, he said to me in English something like this, though not in these words: 'I wish this d—d bother would refresh us with his absence; he reminds me of the Jews in London,

* Julius Millingen, who in middle life added the Dutch "Van" to his name, was born in London, July 19, 1800. His grandfather, Michael, had gone from Rotterdam to London, and there had two sons, James and Gideon, of whom the former, born in 1775, was the father of Julius. The family came originally from the little town of Millingen, in Holland. After completing his medical studies, Dr. Millingen was engaged by the Greek Committee of London to serve as surgeon in the Greek army; he landed at Asso, in Cephalonia, early in November, 1823, not far from Metaxata, where Byron then was, and soon became intimate with him. After leaving the service of Ibrahim, in 1826, he remained some months at Smyrna, then went to Brousa, and from there to Constantinople, where most of his after life was spent. His library and much of his fortune were lost in the conflagration of 1865; he died there in 1879, and his descendants remain there, one of his sons being Professor Millingen, of Robert College.

† Alexander Mavrocordato (born at Constantinople (the Fanar) in 1791, died at Ægina in 1865) was the most distinguished of modern Greek statesmen until his nephew, the late Charilaos Trikoupes, appeared. He had a bad name for intrigue and self-seeking in his early career, but outlived this reputation, and rendered many services to his country. Mavromichali (Petrobey) was an older and braver man, the head of the family of that name.

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who, in my young days, used to make me long visits, to demand payment for money lent." Mavrocordato knew English, but overlooked the insult, and went on with his remarks; however, he soon withdrew, smiling and polite as ever. I said: 'My Lord, the Prince no doubt understood every word you said to me;' to which Byron replied: 'I trust he did.'" *

Trelawny, who had formed, in 1823, at Athens, his singular alliance with the fated chieftain, Odysseus Androutsos, and saw little of Byron in Greece, though they had sailed from Genoa to Cephalonia together, had even a worse opinion of Mavrocordato than his friend. He wrote to Mrs. Shelley, soon after Byron's death, in April, 1824:

"A word as to your wooden god, Mavrocordato. He is a miserable Jew, and I hope, ere long, to see his head removed from his worthless and heartless body. He is a mere shuffling soldier, an aristocratic brute—wants Kings and Congresses—a poor, weak, shuffling, intriguing, cowardly fellow: so no more about him."

Trelawny could not forget his animosities, and a few months later (August, 1824) he went much farther; in writing to Mrs. Shelley, who had none too good an opinion of Byron, he included the poet in his vituperation:

"Byron took part with, and became the paltry tool of, the weak, imbecile, cowardly being calling himself Prince Mavrocordato. Five months he dozed away. It is well for Greece, and better for his name, that he is dead. With the aid of his name, his fame, his talents and his fortune, he might have been a tower of strength to Greece: instead of which the little he did was in favor of the aristocrats—to destroy the republic, and smooth the road for a foreign King. I wish he had lived a little longer, that he might have witnessed how I would have soared above him here—how I would have triumphed over his mean spirit."

In this outburst we recognize the man who, long years afterward, disclosed in his book how he had uncovered and inspected the physical deformity of Byron as he lay dead at Missolonghi. The Greeks themselves have always had a far nobler appreciation of Byron and his aid to their struggling race. Dr. Howe, one of the many young men who were drawn to Greece to fight in her cause by admiration of Byron, is a good witness to their love and gratitude. He says: †

"With the faults and foibles of Byron, Greece had nothing to do; she knew nothing of them; to her he was only 'the great and noble.' Crossing the Gulf of Salamis one day in a boat, with a rough mountain Captain and his men, I pulled out a volume of Byron, and was reading; the wind blowing open the leaves, the Captain caught a glimpse of the portrait and recognized it. He begged to take the book, and looking for a moment, with melancholy, at the face of the noble lord, he kissed it and passed it to his men, who did the same, saying, 'Eeton megalos kai kalos' (he was great and noble)."

The delay of Byron in Cephalonia was an act of prudence, and so recognized by Howe, Stanhope, and Finlay. He knew that Greece was full of dissensions, and that he would be claimed and beset by all parties; he therefore wished to hold himself aloof until he could form his own judgment of the best course to pursue. He saw the need of a regular government, and supported Mavrocordato because, for the time, he represented the national government. Colonel Stanhope, with whom he often disagreed, says: "Byron had high aristocratic notions; notwithstanding, he admired the American institutions, but did not consider them of so democratic a nature as is generally imagined. He said he found many Englishmen more imbued with liberal ideas than those American authors with whom he was acquainted."

He had seen but few Americans, except the young men who were making the grand tour, or were studying in Europe, among them George Bancroft, who brought to him in Italy a message from Goethe, concerning which, and German literature in general, Byron had interesting conversations with Finlay, at Metaxata and Missolonghi, as thus related:

"Byron said nothing could be more sub-

* In Dr. Millingen's book, where he records this anecdote learned from Finlay, the latter made a pencil note, which I have read, to the effect that Millingen was not present, and should not have reported it as if he had been. Nobody witnessed this scene except the three interlocutors. At that time the young Fanariote was generally styled "Prince Mavrocordato."

† Howe's "Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution," pp. 192–93; also Sanborn's "Life of S. G. Howe" (New York, Funk & Wagnalls, 1891). Dr. Howe was intimate with George Finlay, but never saw Byron, who had died a few months before the young Bostonian surgeon landed in Morea.

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lime than the words of the Spirit of Earth to Faust. 'Thou resemblest the spirit of thy imagination, not me.' Involuntarily I repeated in German,

> Du gleichst dem Geist den du begreifst,
> Nicht mir,——

and he said, 'Yes, those are the words.' The scene of the monkeys had made a considerable impression on him; and I remember, on my saying, 'I suppose Goethe meant to represent men transformed into monkeys.' he exclaimed, 'Suppose no such thing! suppose them veritable monkeys, and the satire is finer and deeper.' After a few words on Wilhelm Meister, I asked if he had read the *Wahlverwandschaften*. He said he did not recollect the hard word, but inquired the significance of it. I gave some stupid translation, as, 'The Choice Relationships'; he said, 'Yes, yes, the "Affinities of Choice"—I recollect reading a translation, which I should think was not a very good one, for some parts seemed to border on the unintelligible.' I replied that I thought some parts of the original bordered on it likewise, though perhaps, they were not within its limits. The review of Goethe's 'Aus Meinem Leben' in the *Edinburgh*, he said, was harsh and unfeeling. 'The literature of Europe is under obligations to Goethe, which entitled him to more respect; but often less ability is required to misrepresent and ridicule than to understand genius.'

"I told Lord Byron I had seen the dedication of 'Sardanapalus' to Goethe, on its way to him, before it had been printed, and the letter Goethe had written to the gentleman who had forwarded it, in which Goethe mentioned that he had once commenced a translation of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' into German. Byron pulled up his horse (we were out riding) and exclaimed, with eagerness: 'He had, had he? and what did the old gentleman mean by that?' I said I supposed he was struck by such an extraordinary specimen of early genius; but that he had abandoned his design, finding that he could not understand some parts without assistance. 'No, that is not the reason; you don't understand the secrets of authorship, but I can let you into this secret; there was more of the devil in me than in Goethe, and he was content to borrow my weapons against the reviews, though I had wished to suppress that work. I remember another anecdote of Goethe. On my publication of "Manfred," he gave translations of those passages which he considered bore the greatest resemblance to "Faust," to show my plagiarisms.' I said, 'I am sure, my Lord, you have no fear of being thought a plagiarist.' 'No, not much, though they seem to be trying hard in England to prove me one.' He gave me as a reason for his attacking many of the persons included in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' that he was informed, some time before the publication of the *Review*, that the next number was to contain an article on his Poems which had been read at Holland House. 'Judge of my fever! was it not a pleasant situation for a young author?'"

For some reason, Byron spoke to his young friends in Greece more respectfully of Goethe than of Shakespeare. Finlay says:

"Whenever the drama was attacked, he defended the unities most eagerly, and usually attacked Shakespeare. I had heard that Shelley once said to Byron, in his extraordinary way: 'Byron, you are a most wonderful man.' 'How?' 'You are envious of Shakespeare.' I therefore never expressed the smallest astonishment at hearing Shakespeare abused; but remarked it was curious that he should be so strangely conversant with an author of such inferior merit. He said once, when we were alone: 'I like to astonish Englishmen; they come abroad full of Shakespeare, and think it blasphemy to find a fault in his writings, which are full of them.' A gentleman present, on hearing his anti-Shakespearian opinions, on one occasion, rushed out of the room, and afterward entered his protest most anxiously against such doctrines. Lord Byron was quite delighted with this, and redoubled the severity of his criticisms."

The perversity of Byron's nature has often been remarked; it did not fail to impress itself on Finlay and Millingen. Dr. Millingen says, after months of observation, both in the health and the final illness of the poet:

"The apparent contradictions in Byron's character are not the less true because they are singular. It may be literally said that

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in different hours of the day he metamorphosed himself into four or more persons, possessed of the most opposite qualities; for in every change his natural impetuosity made him fly into the furthermost extremes. In course of a day he might become the most morose and the most gay; the most melancholy and the most frolicsome; the most generous and the most penurious; the most benevolent and the most misanthropic; the most rational and the most childish; the gentlest being in existence, and the most irascible." To which Finlay adds, in a note to the volume: "This is very true; and it was this strange pliability of character, joined to the deep powers of his mind, that enabled him to receive all these impressions with such force that the past or the future had no influence on the present."

To the same effect, but more philosophically, Finlay thus analyses Byron:

"His character and his conduct presented unceasing contradictions; it seemed as if two different souls occupied his body alternately. One was feminine and full of sympathy; the other masculine, and characterized by a clear judgment. When one soul arrived, the other departed. In company, his sympathetic soul was his tyrant; alone, or with a single person, his masculine prudence displayed itself. No man could then arrange facts, investigate their causes, or examine their consequences with more logical accuracy, or a more practical spirit. Yet, in his most sagacious moment, the entrance of a third person would derange the order of his ideas; judgment fled, and sympathy (generally laughing) took its place. Hence he appeared in his conduct extremely capricious, while in his opinions he had great firmness. Often, however, he displayed a feminine turn for deception in trifles, while at the same time he possessed a feminine candor of soul and a natural love of truth which made him often despise himself quite as much as he despised others for what he called brazen hypocrisy. He once said to Dr. Millingen and me: "You are young men, and may have occasion to derive benefit from this precept of mine: *Never give entire faith to any one whose eyes are gray.*" "But your own are gray, my Lord." "Do not suppose I am an exception to this universal rule; it would have been well for many who have had to deal with me had they followed it."

Colonel Stanhope, Dr. Millingen, and George Finlay were all much in Missolonghi with Byron, but none of them accompanied him thither, and only Millingen was there when he died. Trelawny was on his way from Odysseus, at Amphissa, to Byron when he learned of his death; on April 28, 1824, he thus wrote to Stanhope, who remained at Amphissa until early in May:

"With all my anxiety, I could not get here before the third day. It was the second (after leaving Amphissa) that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi; I had let them all pass me ere I had resolution enough to inquire the news. I then rode back and demanded of a straggler the news at Missolonghi. I heard nothing more than—Lord Byron is dead—and I proceeded on in gloomy silence. With all his faults, I loved him truly; he is connected with every event of the most interesting years of my wandering life. His every-day companion—we lived in ships, boats, and houses together—we had no secrets, no reserve—and, though we often differed in opinion, we never quarrelled. It gave me pain witnessing his frailties; he only wanted a little excitement to awaken and put forth virtues that redeemed them all. He was violent and capricious. In one of his moments of frailty, two years back, he could think of nothing which could give him so much pleasure as saving money, and so much did he indulge in this contemptible vice that we, his friends, began to fear it would become his leading passion; however, as in all his other passions, he indulged it to satiety and then grew weary. From the moment that he left Genoa, his ruling passion became ambition of a name—or rather, by one great effort to wipe out the memory of those deeds which his enemies had begun to rather freely descant on in the public prints—and to make his name as great in glorious acts as it already was by his writings. . . . He died on April 19th at six o'clock at night. His malady was a rheumatic fever, brought on by getting wet after violent perspiration from hard riding, and neglecting to change his clothes. Had he submitted to bleeding on its first appearance, he would assuredly have recovered in a few days. . . . Byron, had I met him, instead of sending Finlay, would have been at Salona (Amphissa) now. His name was the means, chiefly, of rais-

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ing the loan in England. Thousands of people were flocking here—some had arrived as far as Corfu, and, hearing of his death, confessed they came out to devote their fortunes, not to the Greeks, or interest in the cause, but to the noble poet. The 'Pilgrim of eternity' having departed, they turned back."

In early January, 1824, when Byron had crossed over from Metaxata to Missolonghi, Trelawny was in Athens, along with Finlay, Captain Hastings, and Dr. Tindall, while Dr. Millingen was at the head of a Greek dispensary in Missolonghi. Odysseus was then in command at Athens, and Trelawny had formed a close friendship with him. Between them, they had arranged for a general conference of Greek chieftains and civilians, with the foreigners (Philhellenes) who had come to serve in Greece, and to this Colonel Stanhope, who went to Athens late in February, heartily agreed. Trelawny then sent Finlay to Missolonghi to persuade Byron and Mavrocordato to attend the conference at Amphissa, and Stanhope sent another Englishman, Humphreys, on the same errand. On March 19th, just a month before his death, Byron wrote to England that he would go to the conference. On March 30th, Finlay remained at Missolonghi, trying to overcome Mavrocordato's reluctance to join the conference, which, he feared, might cost him some of his power. His delay had delayed Byron, so that the fatal April 10th arrived, and the fever set in, before he was ready to start for Amphissa. Finlay, in the meantime, had gone forward to meet his friends Trelawny and Odysseus there, where also Stanhope had arrived, April 16th. A day or two later, Odysseus and Stanhope sent Trelawny with a more pressing message to Byron at Missolonghi; but, as the above letter shows, Byron had already died.

Byron's last illness had been preceded by a violent epileptiform seizure in February (the 15th), while sitting one evening in Colonel Stanhope's room at Missolonghi, joking with Parry, an artillery sergeant who had been sent over from England to take charge of the cannon supplied by the English committee. Millingen was also present, and has left an account of the scene, preceded by some observations upon Byron's state of mind that winter. He said to Millingen in Cephalonia: "I especially dread two things, to which I believe I am equally predisposed—growing fat and growing mad." Millingen adds:

"In Missolonghi, as early as his last birthday (January 22d), he dwelt much on the predictions made to him in Scotland—that he must beware of his thirty-seventh year, which he then entered. He continued to drink to excess now and then, and one day, after drinking, in the evening, some of Captain Parry's brandy-punch, he called for a bottle of cider, which he drank off, saying—'This is extremely cool and pleasant.' Scarcely had he spoken when he fell on the floor in convulsions. He foamed at the mouth, rolled his eyes, and gnashed his teeth * like one in epilepsy. After lying so for some minutes, his senses returned; the first words he uttered were, 'Is not this Sunday?' On being told it was, he said, 'I should have thought it very strange if it were not.' He was then bled, and the effusion was so great that I was called in to check it, which I did with lunar caustic. The acute pain of this application made him still more irritable, and he said, 'In this world there is nothing but pain.' From that day on, his spirits were very melancholy. He said to me—'Do you suppose I wish for longer life? No, I am heartily sick of it, and shall welcome the hour of my departure. Why should I regret death? Can life afford me any pleasure?—have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? Few men can live faster: I am literally a young old man. Hardly arrived at manhood, I reached the zenith of fame.

* This seems to be the same attack mentioned by Stanhope in his letter to Bentham of February 18, 1824; although Millingen dates it in March. Stanhope says: "On a sudden he complained of a weakness in one of his legs: he rose, but, finding himself unable to walk, called for assistance: he then fell into a violent nervous convulsion, and was placed on my bed. During this period his face was much distorted; in a few minutes he began to recover his senses, his speech returned, and he was soon well, though exhausted with the struggle. During the fit his lordship was as strong as a giant, and after it behaved with his usual firmness." Between February 2d and 15th, when this epileptic fit occurred, there had been an affray in which a Suliote of his corps had killed a German officer, and the trouble arising from this, with other causes of irritation, had much to do with bringing on the attack. Byron's own account of the seizure, in a letter to Murray, is as follows: "On Sunday the 15th, I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack, which left me speechless, though not motionless, for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, cachexy, apoplexy, or what other exy or epsy, the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, etc.—but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday they put leeches to my temples—no difficult matter—but the blood could not be stopped till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety), and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterize the orifice till after a hundred attempts."

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Pleasure I have known under every form it can present to mortals. I have travelled, satisfied my curiosity, lost every illusion: I have drank all the nectar in the cup of life—it is time to throw the dregs away. Two apprehensions now haunt me. I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or ending my days like Swift—a grinning idiot! Would God the day would come when, sword in hand, rushing on the Turks, I shall meet a swift, painless death—the object of my wishes!'

"Thus continually haunted by a dread of epilepsy or palsy—complaints most humiliating to human pride—Byron fell into the lowest state of hypochondriasis, and vented his sorrows in language which, though sometimes sublime, was at others as peevish and capricious as that of an unruly and quarrelsome child. When he returned to himself, he would request us 'not to take the sickly fit for the sound man.' Riding was the only occupation that procured him any relief, and even this was but momentary. On April 9th, prolonging his ride farther than usual, he was caught in a shower, and remained exposed to it for more than an hour. He complained in the evening of shooting pains in his hips and loins; but found himself the next morning sufficiently well to ride out for a short time. On his return, he scolded his groom severely for having placed on his horse the same wet saddle he had used the preceding day. Finlay and I called upon him in the evening. We found him lying on the sofa, complaining of a slight fever, and of pains in the articulations. He was at first more gay than usual; but on a sudden he became pensive. Then he told us the story of the Scotch fortune-teller, which evidently had made a deep impression on his mind. We accused him of superstition, to which he replied:

"'In truth, I find it equally difficult to know what to believe and what not to believe, in this world. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been hitherto to make me live a freethinker. No consideration can now induce me to undertake anything either on a Friday or a Sunday; I am positive it would end unfortunately if I did. Every one of my misfortunes—and God knows I have had my full share—has happened on one of those days. You will ridicule this—and my belief, too, in beings incorporeal. But I could give you the details of my friend Shelley's conversations with his Familiar. Did he not tell me that Familiar told him he should die by drowning? and did I not, a short time after, perform his funeral rites on the sea-beach of Italy?'"

Notwithstanding this depression of spirits following the onset of his fatal disease, and the excessive bleeding to which the misguided practice of the time condemned him, Byron could throw it off on occasion. Colonel Stanhope gives this anecdote.

"After this dreadful paroxysm, when Lord Byron, faint with over-bleeding, was lying on his sick-bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken, the mutinous Suliotes of his battalion, covered with dirt and their splendid attires, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this unexpected act, seemed to recover from his sickness. The more the Suliotes raged the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime."

This corps of Suliotes, organized and maintained by him, was one of Byron's mistakes; but he had been hospitably treated by them and they were the bravest fighters in Greece. Had Marco Bozzaris lived, the purest of the Suliote chieftains (who died shortly before Byron came to Missolonghi), Byron's task would have been easier. Had Byron himself accepted the invitation of Odysseus and gone to Amphissa, away from the malarious climate of Missolonghi, he might have escaped his fever. His plans, as imparted to Parry, were both generous and prudent:

"I will remain in Greece till she is secure against the Turks or has fallen under their power. All my income shall be spent in her service. When she is secure against external enemies I will leave the Greeks to settle their government as they like. But one service more I think I may perform for them: I will have a schooner built for me or will buy a vessel. The Greeks shall invest me with the character of their ambassador, and I will go to the United States and induce their free and enlightened government to set the example of recognizing the federation of Greece as an independent state. That done, England must

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follow the example; then the fate of Greece will be permanently fixed, and she will enter into her rights as a member of the great commonwealth of Christian Europe."

Byron's February illness passed away, and by March 22d he wrote to the agent who had charge of his money matters saying that a loan of $30,000 which he had made to the government of Greece might be repaid or might not, but he should spend that sum and more in their cause, adding, "I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists, first or second." Of his next plan he wrote:

"In a few days Prince Mavrocordato and myself, with a considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona, at the request of Ulysses and the chiefs of eastern Greece, and to take measures, offensive and defensive, for the ensuing campaign. They have written to propose to me to go either to the Morea with Mavrocordato or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter, with General Tondo, and any other I may choose, to form a council. Andreas Tondo is my old friend and acquaintance since we were lads in Greece together." *

While Byron lingered in Cephalonia, Lord Erskine and other members of the Greek committee in London had accepted the offer of Colonel Leicester Stanhope, an army officer, son of the Earl of Harrington, to proceed to Greece, with a leave of absence from the army, and there act as agent of the committee. He left London October 1, 1823, reached Cephalonia November 22d, saw Lord Byron, and was by him given a letter to Mavrocordato, written in rather dubious French, but with Byron's customary vigor of expression. It is dated December 2, 1823, and closes thus: "If Greece wishes for the fate of Wallachia and the Crimea she can have it to-morrow; if for that of Italy, day after to-morrow; but if she would become genuine Greece, forever free and independent, she must decide to-day, or she will never again have the chance." With this and other letters Stanhope crossed to Missolonghi, which he reached December 12th, remained there two months and more, conversing and quarrelling with Byron, who crossed three weeks later; and then, in early March, 1824, resided in Athens for five weeks, where Odysseus Androutsos was military governor. From Athens, March 6th, he wrote a letter to Byron, to which the poet added notes before forwarding it to London. In this he describes an election for city judges, where Odysseus presided, and gives this opinion of that chieftain:

"Odysseus has a very strong mind, a good heart, and is as brave as his sword. He governs with a strong arm, and is the only man in Greece that can preserve order. He is for a strong government, for constitutional rights, and for vigorous efforts against the enemy. He likes good foreigners and courts instruction. He has established two schools here and has allowed me to set the press at work." (Here Byron adds a note to say, "I hope that the press will succeed better in Athens than it has in Missolonghi. The Greek newspaper has done great mischief both in the Morea and in the islands, as I represented both to Prince Mavrocordato and Colonel Stanhope that it would do, in the present circumstances, unless great caution were observed.") "In short, considering his education, his pursuits, and the society by which he has been surrounded, he is a most *extraordinary* man. He solicits your Lordship's and Mavrocordato's presence at a congress in Salona. In the event of the proposed meeting he will bring with him Panouria, the prefects of Thebes, Livadia, and Athens, Captain Trelawny, and myself. I implore your Lordship and the President (Mavrocordato) as you love Greece and her sacred cause, to attend at Salona. Should you be ill or feeble, which God forbid, we solicit Count Gamba's presence."

On the back of this letter Byron wrote, "Prince Mavrocordato and L. B. go to Salona." He wrote to Stanhope on the same day, "Prince M. and myself will go to Salona, and you may be very sure that P. M. will accept any proposition for the advantage of Greece." And on this very day a letter was sent from the army headquarters in London revoking Colonel Stanhope's leave of absence and threatening him with the displeasure of

* That is, in 1809, when Byron, then twenty-one years old, was first at Aigion, on the Corinthian Gulf, where Tondo lived rather a fast life, as mentioned by Finlay in the anecdote cited elsewhere. Shortly after Byron's death Tondo also died.

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George IV. if he delayed his return to London.*

The death of Byron broke the link which united men as different and discordant as Odysseus and Mavrocordato, and frustrated the purpose with which the conference at Amphissa had been called. The bitter antagonism expressed in Trelawny's letter to Mrs. Shelley was fully reciprocated by Mavrocordato, who is charged by Humphreys, and apparently believed by Dr. Howe and Sir Emerson Tennent, to have instigated or connived at the assassination of Odysseus, and the attempted killing of Trelawny in his cave on Parnassus, in 1825. At some time between Byron's death and that of Odysseus (June 16, 1825)—probably in the late summer of 1824, Trelawny wrote to Finlay from Argos :

"I sat up till the lark rose, talking with Odysseus ; no—no Napoli for me to-day. The government have ordered old Colly" (Kolokotrones) "to come here—and our friend Mavro. They are carrying a press of sail for so crank a craft. I am ready to start for Tripolitza to-night, or to-morrow morning, as your Worship—or Majesty I should say—decides ; but you have 'gaged your word, and must go. You must determine on paying Fenton a visit at Parnassus. I promise your curiosity will be gratified in visiting the Spiglia. I send George to Zante to-morrow morn. Do you think I may trust him with the blunt? I will call at your café, after I have dined and dozed. The Lion and Tiger are conferring amicably—as yet, all goes well.

"Yours and Truly,

"TREL.

"Time we have nothing to do with, as to date and day—'tis the year 1824, Argos."

The "Lion and Tiger" here were Odysseus and Kolokotrones : the latter had lately been beaten in one civil war, near Nauplia (Napoli), and was soon to begin another. Finlay did soon after visit the cavern above Velitsa, and for some time kept up an acquaintance both with Trelawny and Odysseus. Millingen, who knew them all, and did not cease to correspond with Finlay after he had entered the service of the Sultan, has left a favorable view of Trelawny on record—though they afterward had a quarrel, which led to much bitterness on both sides. Millingen wrote and published this in 1831 :

"Mr. Trelawny was a very handsome man, possessed of great strength and surprising agility. Nature had given him a highly romantic countenance—his wild, haughty, unquiet, scintillating dark eye denoted his disposition to bold and extraordinary undertaking. In his manners and opinions he seemed to have taken Hope's Anastatius for his model ; and, to judge from his lofty language, he had a mint of phrases as rich as Don Adriano de Armado. The courage which distinguished him in Negropont acquired him the esteem of Odysseus and the Pallikari. He so rapidly and completely moulded himself to their manners as to be generally taken for a Greek. This, with his generosity, gained their affection, and his severity insured their obedience. With such qualities, Trelawny would have risen into notice, had not fortune turned against his friend. Whatever his faults, every European who knew him in Greece cannot but praise the generous qualities of his heart, and acknowledge him to have been a most entertaining companion. Owing, no doubt, to his prolonged stay in Oriental countries, his imagination got the better of his veracity ; yet his narrations were so interesting that, whether true or untrue, one could not but listen to them with as much pleasure as to the wonders of an Arabian tale. He occupies a romantic place in the annals of Greece, through his adventures in the cavern of Odysseus, the black assassination attempted there, and the generous manner in which he spared Whitcomb's life, and set him at liberty."

The story of this attempted murder has been told by Trelawny, and many others ; the annals of the period are full of worse deeds, but these seldom were the work of Englishmen, as in Trelawny's case. Finlay, commenting on the history of the Greek Revolution published in 1828 by his comrade, Dr. Howe, complained of "too much sqeamishness about Turkish cruelty, and too little about Greek ;" adding, in his caustic manner—"The Greeks were and are as cruel as the Turks : the ancient Thebans had a temple to Hercules

*In fact he returned in the same vessel, the Florida, which conveyed the remains of Byron to London, reaching there July 1, 1824.

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Rhinokoloustes (cutter off of noses) because he cut off those of the Orchomonian ambassadors." When Trelawny's men in the cave declared they would roast his assassin before a slow fire, Finlay says: "This was no idle threat, for it had been done on more than one occasion in that sanguinary war." He was nursed during his recovery by his young wife, the half-sister of Odysseus—Tarsitsa Kaménou—of whom too little is known. A random French writer, Eugène de Villeneuve, who published at Brussels in 1827 his *Journal Fait en Grèce pendant les Années* 1824–1826, says therein (July 30, 1825):

"I saw Trelawny at Athens; he was accompanied by his wife, hardly fourteen years old, but lovely as an angel. She bore in her breast a pledge of love which ought to attach Trelawny to her until death, and she spoke English with surprising facility. Trelawny told me the story of Fenton and his wounds; he said he would go to Zante to be healed completely, for they still much annoyed him. Then he would return to the cavern, which he never meant to abandon till he could bring away from it his treasure, his friends, and the rest of his wife's family. It was when Odysseus was proscribed and a fugitive that he married the sister." *

The details of Byron's last illness are painful, since he appears to have been improperly treated by his physician. Bleeding was then in vogue, as we see by Trelawny's letter to Stanhope, and it was urged upon the patient by his Piedmontese physician, Bruno, but Byron refused more than once. In the presence of Dr. Millingen, who tells the story (as also did Fletcher, Byron's valet), Byron angrily asked why they wished to bleed him. "It will do you good," was Millingen's reply; "but since you are so averse to it, let us put it off till to-morrow" (April 16th). This was done, but then, says Fletcher—"As the physicians insisted, I also began to entreat him to give his assent; and on the 16th he was bled both morning and evening." It may have been repeated on the 17th; on the 18th, says Millingen:

"A consultation was proposed, to which my assistant, Dr. Treiber, and Dr. Lucca were invited. Our opinions were divided. Bruno and Lucca proposed having recourse to antispasmodics and other remedies, employed in the last stages of typhus. Treiber and I maintained that such could only hasten the fatal termination. We recommended the application of numerous leeches to the temples, behind the ears, and along the course of the jugular vein, etc. Dr. Bruno, however, being the patient's physician, had the casting vote, and he prepared a strong infusion of valerian with ether. After administration, the convulsive movements and the delirium increased—yet, notwithstanding my earnest representations, a second dose was administered half an hour after: when our patient sunk into a comatose sleep, and died the next day."

The day of his death was Easter Monday, according to the Greek rite; the joy of that season, in which the Greeks take a religious, but noisy satisfaction, was instantly changed into sorrow; the public offices and shops were shut for three days, and on the third, his obsequies were performed at Missolonghi, where his body was embalmed and his heart buried, near the graves of Marco Bozzaris, young Mavromichali, and Count Normann, a Philhellene. His statue now stands among these graves on a marble pillar, with a Greek elegiac inscription, not remarkable for poetic merit, but testifying to the gratitude of free Greece. At Amphissa, where Stanhope and Odysseus were, similar funeral rites were held, and a Greek priest, whose remarks appear, badly translated, in Stanhope's volume, said, nobly:

"Those enlightened foreigners who add to their education the mild sentiments of humanity, not only look with joy on the vast progress of Greece toward emancipation during the present war, but they have actually contributed to our success, each in his own way. Not content with standing afar off and wishing us good fortune, many of them have joined us in the contest, and are here running the perilous, glorious course. Among these, lately appearing, was Lord Byron; whom inexorable death forbade to be spared a partnership in the disasters of these lands, to which formerly he turned his steps in order to proclaim to distant nations their glory and

* This would indicate that the marriage took place in the winter of 1824–25, for Trelawny was wounded June 5, 1825. Of the child or children of this marriage nothing seems to be known; and all trace of Tarsitsa Trelawny is lost in Greece, so far as I could learn.

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their shame. He refused to confine to a single people the benefit of his talents, but condescended to display them wherever mankind summoned him to its aid. This single-hearted devotion to the welfare of the human race had raised him to a glorious rank among those of his nation illustrious for their virtues, of whom Greece hopes to see many more co-operating in her regeneration. Having thus paid our tribute of admiration to the virtues of Byron, let us join in the prayer that his memory may be eternal with us and with the whole world, associated as it must ever be with reminiscences of Greece."

This prayer, made under the olive-trees of Amphissa, in sight of the snowy peaks of Parnassus, has been well answered. Whenever the thought of Byron occurs to the mind, the heart is touched with memories of his love for Greece; wherever the stranger wanders in that romantic land, its scenery recalls the English poet who best described it. Byron's memory makes the wretched morass of Missolonghi a place of pilgrimage; his death there has made it as famous as the remarkable defence of its mud walls, in which an American warrior, Colonel Miller, had a distinguished share, and which Trelawny sorrowfully described after the town was captured, in 1826. Trelawny was in Zante, scarcely recovered from his desperate wounds, and wrote for publication in London this account of the fall of Missolonghi (April 27, 1826):*

"Missolonghi's heroic defence for five years — insulated, unaided, and alone, standing in opposition against a mighty empire, a paltry fishing town, floating on a mud-bank, inhabited by petty traffickers —walled in with mud, defended by a few almost useless cannon—has kept, all these years, a succession of immense armies in check, and stood as an advanced bulwark in the defence of his country. But man is not omnipotent; heroes are not immortal. The garrison had been so reduced by famine as to feed on human flesh for several days; part of them had no stomach for this, and were starving, which state of things led to the resolution to set fire to the town. To this, it seems, they added the terrible alternative of destroying all their women and children, which they effected by collecting them over a mine and exploding it. The garrison then sallied out, sword in hand."

This is not quite exact—Trelawny seldom was—but the truth was even more startling. The sortie of the garrison, April 23, 1826, included 3,000 fighting men, with 1,000 artisans, and 5,000 women and children—the whole population being 9,000. In the sortie 500 fell; 600 starved to death in the retreat, and 1,800 cut their way through the besieging force —among them 200 women. The savage Ibrahim of Egypt boasted of 3,000 heads of the slain, and 3,500 women and children were made slaves. Among the killed was Dr. Meyer, a Swiss scholar, who had edited Colonel Stanhope's Greek newspaper, and who was the special friend of Colonel J. P. Miller, of Vermont—one of the heroes who cut their way out, with Nothi Bozarris and other Suliote fighters. Colonel Miller had fought for the Greeks, as Dr. Howe did, from 1824 onward—neither of them reaching Greece till after Byron's death. Both were enthusiastic admirers of Byron, and each brought back to America a souvenir of the dead poet—Howe his helmet, which now hangs in Mrs. Howe's Boston house, and Miller his cavalry sword, now belonging to Mrs. Keith, the daughter of Colonel Miller, whose home is in Chicago. Her father's yataghan and Byron's sword hang together in her apartment—as our engraving represents them [page 358]. The story of the sword is singular. Byron gave it to one of his Suliote captains, Loukas, who afterward fell in one of the fights in Attica. His family retained the sword and helmet; but, in their poverty, late in the war, offered them for sale. Three men specially desired the sword — George Finlay, Colonel Miller, and Dr. Howe; but it was agreed that the

* Writing to Mrs. Shelley, September 17, 1825, from Cephalonia, Trelawny said: "I have just escaped from Greece and landed here, in the hopes of patching up my broken frame and shattered constitution. Two musket balls, *fired at the distance of two paces, struck me* and passed through my framework, which damned near finished me; but 'tis a long story, and my writing arm is rendered unfit for service, and I am yet unpractised with the left. I shall be confined here some time. I need rest and quiet, for I am shook to the foundation." He crossed over to Zante, and thence, in 1826, wrote to Mrs. Shelley, complaining of poverty—"bountiful will and confined means are a curse." Though only thirty-four (he was the son of Charles Trelawny and Maria Hawkins, and was born in London, November 3, 1792), he began to look forward to age, and wrote, "Old age and poverty is a frightful prospect. Poverty is the vampire which lives on human blood, and haunts its victim to destruction. Hell can fable no torment exceeding it—it is the climax of human ill. You may be certain I could not write thus on what I did not feel."

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defender of Missolonghi had the best claim, and Colonel Miller bought it—Howe contenting himself with the helmet.

Colonel Miller brought the sword home to Montpelier, but afterward lent it to a Greek who went about lecturing (Kastanis by name), and increased the interest of his lecture by showing Byron's weapon. Ungratefully, he carried it away to one of the Greek islands, and Miller never saw it again. But after his death in 1847, his daughter, Mrs. Keith, went to Greece with her husband, and happening to touch at the island, looked up the ungrateful borrower, recovered the sword, and took it to Finlay in Athens. He recognized it, and gave the Keiths a note saying that he knew this to be the sword which Byron wore at Missolonghi. It is said to have been given to Byron's kinsman, Admiral Byron, and bears, besides its gold mountings, the coronet and initial of the Byrons. It was bought by Miller, at Poros, now a Greek naval station, lying in the track of the steamers which ply between Piræus and Nauplia, by way of Ægina and Hydra. It was saved by Mrs. Keith from the great Chicago fire when her other possessions were lost—including a portrait of Colonel Miller, painted by Haydon, in London, in 1840, when he was present with his friends Garrison and Wendell Phillips at the World's Convention of Reformers, in Exeter Hall.

Lord Byron. From a sketch by Count D'Orsay, made in May, 1823.

Portraits of Byron are numerous, but few of them seem to have been good likenesses. One of the latest was drawn by Count D'Orsay at Genoa and declared by him to be an exact likeness, a full-length, which was engraved for the *New Monthly Magazine* not long after Byron's death. Two accounts of his personal appearance and conversation at Genoa, shortly before he sailed for Greece, are curious, and little known. One of these, by an American tourist, a Virginian, in the spring of 1823, is quite exact, except that he understates Byron's height, which was five feet eight inches. Our countryman says. "He is about five feet six inches high; his body is small and his right leg shrunk, and about two inches shorter than the other; his head is beyond description fine. West's likeness is pretty good; but no other head I ever saw of him is in the least like him. His forehead is high, and smaller at the top than below; the likenesses are just the opposite. His hair, which had formerly hung in beautiful brown ringlets, is beginning to turn gray; he being, as he told us, thirty-five years old. His eyes between a light blue and gray, his nose straight, but a little turned up; his head perhaps too large for his body. . . . He flew from one subject to another, and during an hour and a half talked upon at least two hundred subjects—sometimes with great humor, laughing very heartily; at length, looking round, he asked, with a quizzical air, which of us was from 'Old Virginia.'

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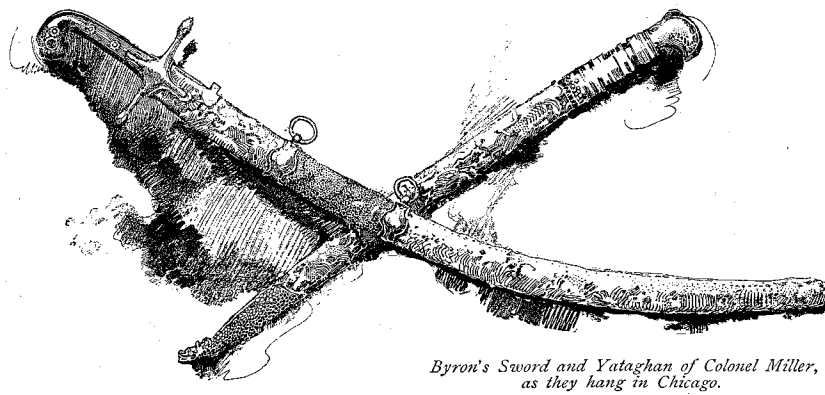
I bowed assent; then followed a catechism, to which I occasionally edged in an answer. 'Have you been in England? Is Jefferson alive? Do you know Washington Irving? He is decidedly the first English prose-writer except Scott. Have you read "Bracebridge Hall?" No. 'Well, if you choose, I'll lend it to you; here it is. Have you any American books to lend me? I am very desirous of reading the "Spy." I intend to visit America as soon as I can arrange my affairs here. Your morals are much purer than those of England; those of the higher classes of England are become very corrupt. . . . There are no old Englishmen—no yeomen. The English have lost everything good in their character.' . . . His manners are most charming and fascinating; and if he is (as they say) a devil, he is certainly a merry one—nothing gloomy. His voice is low, and at first sounds affected."

Dr. Jules Van Millingen at the Age of Sixty. Born 1800, died 1879.

The other account is by an English clergyman, in the autumn of 1822, also at Genoa:

"The first impression made upon me was this—that Byron bore the least possible resemblance to any bust, portrait, or profile that I had ever seen. That of Mr. Murray's, from which most of the prints seem taken, is not one in which the original can be recognized at first sight—perhaps owing to the affected position and studied air when he sat for it. I never saw a countenance more composed and still, or more sweet and prepossessing, than his appeared. His hair was beginning to lose its glossiness, of which, it is said, he was once so proud; and several gray hairs were seen, in spite of his anxiety to remove them. A slight color occasionally crossed his cheeks, and when I related an anecdote of a lady (Caroline Lamb) who said, 'I have often been very foolish, but never wicked'—at hearing this a blush stole over his face, and he said, 'I believe her.' There was nothing eccentric in his manner; nothing beyond the level of ordinary clever men in his remarks or style of conversation."

This observer was a Mr. Johnson, and he was accompanied in his call by Aaron Burr, the American exile, who afterward is reported to have given Byron this valuable certificate, in talking with an English merchant at Gibraltar: "I am no judge of his merits as a poet; but by



Byron's Sword and Yataghan of Colonel Miller, as they hang in Chicago.

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G—d, sir, he is every way a gentleman."

Blaquière visited Byron at Genoa in April, 1823, and also mentions his "few white hairs;" but adds, "His eyes retain all their penetrating brilliancy, and that voice, with which you were so impressed at Venice, has lost nothing of its impressive tone and flexible quality." Such was the memorable Englishman who died for Greece.

AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKIES

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

IT was at Calgary that we suddenly and ungratefully abandoned the Canadian Pacific Railway which had carried us so comfortably twenty-three hundred miles west from Montreal, and allowed the "Nippon" to go on its way to Banff, through the splendid Selkirk range, on to Vancouver without us while we waited for the train that was to take us down into southern Alberta.

The train between Calgary and Macleod "runs" twice a week. I should say that it wanders uncertainly and slowly over the prairie in the direction of Fort Macleod twice a week, leaving Calgary at an absurdly early hour, so as to have sufficient time to make its hundred miles before night should overtake it, and that it stops every now and then for apparently no reason whatever, and lingers at each little station as if it could not bear to leave it, and beside every water-tank as if the boiler would never be filled. In proportion to the amount of steam evolved, that boiler absorbed more water than any other engine-boiler I ever had any experience with. The frequent stoppage was rather trying, because this train had no such useless luxuries about it as Westinghouse air-brakes, and when the engineer would slow up trainmen would appear feverishly at each platform and grapple with the brakes and slue them around just as one sees a conductor on a cable-car do, and there would ensue much jolting and rattling of chains and the prolonged, grinding squeak of rusty iron. But our slow locomotion gave us excellent opportunities of seeing the country, and when the train would stop we would go out on the platform or lean from the windows and look out over the finest grazing-land in the world, lying basking in the brilliant, hot sunshine, and wonder how long it would be before we would move on.

There were places which we passed where there were only a station, a water-tank, an H. B. C. store, and a spick-and-span unmounted policeman standing very stiffly on the platform, and who had, as a rule, a very youthful and martial appearance in his solitary grandeur and who wore his forage-cap just a little farther over his ear than I had ever seen it worn before, and looked wistfully out of his young eyes at the puffing little train that would so soon disappear to the south and leave him to another three days and nights of solitude.

This immaculateness in the uniform of the British soldier, known as the Northwest Mounted Policeman, beyond Regina, always impressive, becomes doubly so in the careless, rough-and-tumble West. One would think that the example set by the Indian and the cow-boy and the rancher, in the way of negligé attire, would be too much to withstand, and that officers would forget caste distinctions and fraternize with the privates out of sheer loneliness and need of human companionship; but the discipline of the English army is maintained in all its integrity at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the "eyes r-right!" and "attention!" are as grim as at Aldershot, and the men as well uniformed and disciplined as though they were under the eye of General Lord Wolseley himself.

When we reached Fort Macleod we

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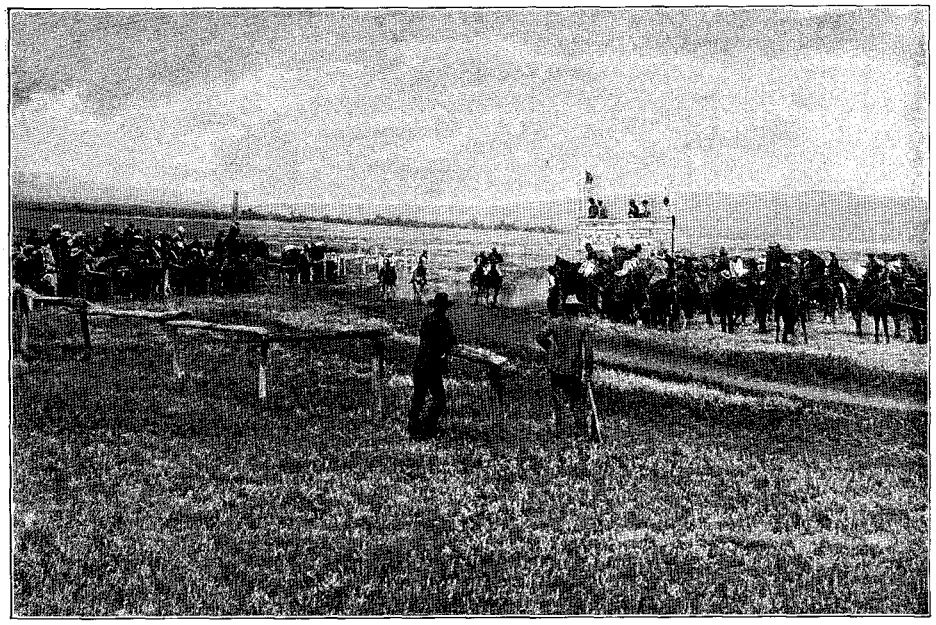

Photo by Steele & Co., Winnipeg.

Summer Race Meeting at Pincher Creek.

were more than ever impressed by this. There were long, neat rows of officers' quarters, and a big guard-room, and the Union Jack floating from the big mast, and privates to be seen in brilliant tunics and "pill-boxes," or sometimes, as a concession to the fierceness of the sun, a sombrero tied on under the short back-hair with a string, just as the Harrow boys wear their sailor-hats. And when we had left Fort Macleod and driven thirty-five miles straight west over the prairie, with the Rockies always ahead of us, radiant in the afternoon sun, and reached the little detachment where we were to spend three months, we found the same thing there—order and discipline, in miniature it is true, but as rigid and as effective as if it had to do with a thousand men instead of six or eight.

A Typical Indian Girl of the Northwest.

Perhaps it is this untiring vigilance and discipline that makes the Northwest Mounted Police such a power in the country over which it is scattered—that is, from Regina to the Rockies, south to the international boundary line, and north to Edmonton and Prince Albert. Or more probably it is because a great many of its one thousand men are gentlemen by birth and education, and who, through some fault of their own, or fate, or circumstances, have lost their birthright and the opportunity of using their education. So they become machines of the Canadian Government, and the Queen, through her Governor-General acting through his Minister of the Interior by way of the Commissioner at Regina, gives him a regimental number and a coat and a Lee-Metford rifle and fifty cents a day to start with, and he studies his Manual

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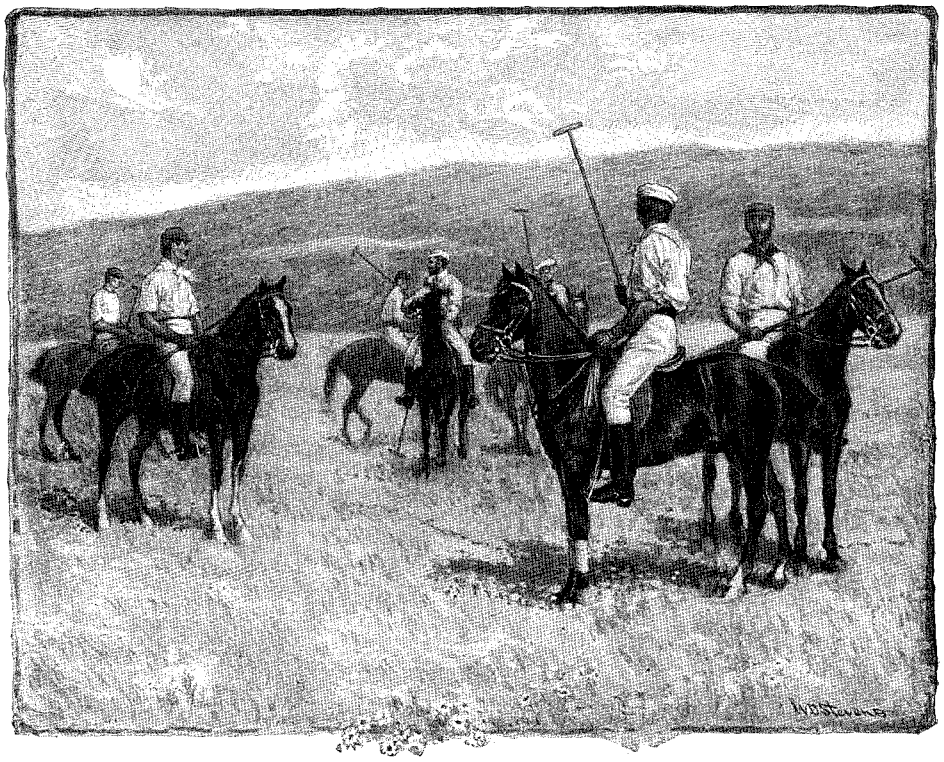
of Arms and invents a new name for himself and tries to forget who he once was. Sometimes he succeeds, and sometimes he does not.

It is always very interesting and often pathetic to hear such stories. Sometimes they sound so improbable that it seems as if they must have come out of novels, and which, if one did not know of the veracity of the person who was telling them, one would be disinclined to believe—stories of privates who are Polish counts, and of whom the officers and other men know nothing except that he is, or was, a gentleman, and who will finally find his sins or misfortunes too hard to bear and who will commit suicide or desert, only to be caught and brought back miserably to a year's imprisonment and dismissal from the force.

Perhaps it is the scarlet coat of the Police orderly and the union-jack floating in the breeze over the barracks that makes everything seem so English ; or perhaps it



The "North Fork" Polo Team.

of English boys who, in addition to being common soldiers, are servants for the officers, and the only clew to whose identity is the arrival once in six months or so of a heavily crested letter—the crest of the family which has borne it for generations, not the kind of crest one can have made at Tiffany's or Dempsey & Carroll's. Or you will hear that the orderly driving the trap is the son of a man who holds a most prominent and responsible position in Upper Canada. And they will tell you of even tragic things—of a private soldier is the political discussions of the Liberals and Conservatives, whose election posters are in the shop-windows, and the bursts of patriotism toward the Queen and the talk of the young ranchers of their clubs in London as if they were only a mile away, and with the voice and accent one last heard there. At any rate, you feel in some mysterious, delightful way that you are in England without having crossed the Atlantic in a pitching crowded boat.

On Dominion Day one is more than ever impressed with the feeling that this is Eng-

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land. In the morning there is polo, and one sees young English fellows in patent-leather boots and baggy khaki riding-trousers, for which they have sent all the way to England, dashing up and down and "running the whole show." The Indians standing around look and feel like aliens, like visiting strangers. The Englishman doesn't insult or bully the Indian. He simply ignores him, and by pursuing a life as nearly as possible like the one he would lead in England, and by appropriating whatever suits his interest or fancy, he makes the Indian understand it is *his* country. He impressed that fact upon him even in his games. In the afternoon are the races, and again, although one might naturally suppose that there at least the Indian would feel his superiority and take advantage of it, it is the young English rancher who is most in evidence and who gets up the "events" and "purses," and who races all his own horses first and regulates everything. Imagine a dusty, uneven track in the middle of the prairie, a large and unique assemblage of men, women, and children in traps and on foot; opposite, on the other side of the track, Indians dressed out in colors so brilliant that they make one blink when the sun strikes them, and shouting their weird "ki-ki" whenever a good piece of riding is done; booths for pink lemonade; a wooden structure for the starter's stand, with a perpendicular ladder fastened against it, up and down which men clamber ceaselessly and with surprising agility; and jockeys innumerable lounging around—little boys and half-breeds and grown men—and cow-boys all shouting and exchanging bridles and bits and horses, and above all the fierce dust and wind. I do not suppose there was much scientific riding done or any record-breaking, but it was sufficiently interesting to watch the performances of the broncho as he went tearing around, his little feet hardly seeming to touch the ground, and more than making up in energy and endurance what he lacked in size. And later, when the gymkhana races began, it was most exciting to watch a young man ride a tandem team, the leader of which insisted on jumping the enclosure or standing up in the air, and who could only be got away at all by repeated efforts; and it was very amusing to see several young Englishmen urging their green ponies around the course in the teeth of a regular gale and endeavoring to keep an umbrella up and a cigarette lighted under such trying circumstances.

The Scout.

The prettiest races were, of course, the Indian races, where ten or twelve excited little Indians—some of them did not look to be more than six or seven years of age—lined up before the starter's stand on the fastest ponies the Indians possessed, and waited in breathless impatience for the pistol to be fired. They, of course, rode without saddles, some without bridles, only halters, and as they lay along the ponies' necks, gripping the flanks hard with their muscular little knees, they were so motionless and secure that they gave the impression of being fastened there by some invisible means. Sometimes one of the ponies would get so excited that keeping to the

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Breaking a Kootenay Camp.

beaten track seemed a tame sort of thing to do, and he would strike out over the prairie, and a derisive shout would go up from the spectators, and after a hard struggle the little Indian would return slowly, much abashed and disappointed over his horse's performance and the loss of the race. He also had the unhappiness of knowing that, by his failure to win, his Indian relatives had probably lost most of their available property, for the Indian is a born gambler and will bet heavily whenever he has the chance.

I had always heard dark and thrilling hints to the effect that in England and eastern Canada the Territories were considered an excellent place to send wild younger sons, spendthrifts and profligate young gentlemen whose families were sick of being beggared and disgraced by them at home, but I had always disappointedly decided that after all it was too interesting to be true and that it was, in all probability, one of those popular fallacies that no one cares to explode. But when I had been told of one incurable young drunkard, who in a fit of rage turned his old father, who had come to see him, and who was a man so well known and prominent that he was in danger of being knighted, out of the house and left him there in the open prairie; and when I heard of another who treated his young wife so cruelly that when she fell ill she persistently refused to see a physician, because, as she explained, she was only too anxious to die, and quickly; and when I knew that there were many young men out there who were regularly and well paid by their people to stay there, I had to reconstruct my point of view and admit that the dark hints were well founded, and the discovery so impressed me that I found myself constantly wondering in the presence of very nice and entirely innocent young Englishmen what awful crime had sent them out to the Northwest Territories.

For, of course, there is the other side of the shield. One is glad to know that there is a large number of young Englishmen who go out there because they think it will be a fresh and remunerative field for them, because they can't find anything to do in England, and, most frequently, because Western ranch life offers peculiar attractions to them. It is so difficult to imagine a young American voluntarily choosing a ranch as a start in life that it is hardly worth while trying to do so. As a rule, he either thinks of the country as the place where market vegetables come from and Thanksgiving turkeys are raised, or else it represents to him a large and expensive establishment at Lakewood or some such place, with a casino and bowling-alley and polo-team attached. And as for the most part

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A Few of the House-party.

the American does not play polo or hunt or shoot or fish with any real, genuine enthusiasm, the latter view he takes is scarcely more alluring than the former. Down deep in his heart he knows that he would much rather be trying to run an electric railway or a bank, or building bridges or losing money in Wall Street, than to be doing any of those things. But the young Englishman is entirely different. He has always known and enjoyed outdoor sports. It is the life he likes best, and he imagines that ranch life is first and foremost a sporting-life. He tells himself that he will have as much of it as he wants and all the freedom that he cannot get in England. He is usually a very big young man and England seems a little small for him; he feels that he has outgrown it as one outgrows a suit of clothes, and he wants to get another and a larger one and of the color and shape that he fancies. He imagines that western Canada will about fit him, and so he tells his people that he has decided to go out to the "Provinces," and they give him a good deal of money and remark, as they comfortably settle themselves back in their English home, what a grand thing it is for a young man to go out into the world, and they are glad he is at last going to do something for himself, and he starts off in joyful anticipation of unlimited polo and shooting and riding and in total ignorance of all things he ought to know about ranching and all the hard work and poor return ahead of him. He does not know what a Canadian winter means, with snow four feet on a level for weeks at a time, and the thermometer dropping to forty and fifty degrees below zero; he cannot realize beforehand what it is to have the cattle perishing by thousands from this cold, nor what they suffer from the heat and drought of the short, hot summer, nor the incessant work and close calculation it takes to make any profits, nor the loneliness of the life before him. Generally he goes out in the spring, when the country is at its best, and he spends several months "looking around" and enjoying the open-handed hospitality that is sure to be extended to him, and then, after much advice has been given him, good and bad, he will buy a ranch that will cost him much more than he expected to give, and he will fit out the "shack" with an astonishing amount of tinned things and pans and dishes and lamps and even "American chairs," all of which cost appallingly out there, and he will hang up photographs of all his people and pictures of places he knows in England, cut out of the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News*, and fasten his old racing-colors and polo-mallets above them, and he will then turn his attention to buying cattle and getting together some good polo-ponies and

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bronchos to fill his corral. After that, if he is really energetic, he will go out on the "round-up" and will get his first taste of severe work. He will probably be very stiff and sore from the long, hard riding and the duty on the "night-shifts," and sick and faint with the heat and dust of the day and the odor of burning flesh and agonized lowings of the cattle under the branding-iron. And when all that is over and there is nothing more exciting or interesting to be done, he begins to absent himself a good deal on visits to the nearest ranches and lets the overseer, whom he has left in charge, entertain the chance visitor at his shack.

It is only fair to say that hospitality in northwest Canada means something different and more than with us in the East. We think we have been very hospitable when we make our friends welcome and give them the best we have and look politely grieved when they have to leave us to go on somewhere else. The young rancher in the West takes you in whether he knows you or not, and if he happens to be away his shack is left open and his overseer will do the honors for him and you will be invited in and asked to help yourself to anything you may fancy, and to eat the nice things he has had the forethought to provide himself with at great expense, and you will be treated generally as though you had been urged to come and your arrival anxiously awaited. This is very pleasant for the stray traveller, and it may be pleasant for the young rancher who enjoys extending his hospitality, but it isn't the way to make money, and he knows it and begins to feel slightly discouraged, and the shack, which had at first seemed to him as fascinating as a new toy, will begin to pall on him, and the photographs and pictures, which he had liked to look at so much, will bring a rush of homesickness to him, and the first heavy snow will make him feel like a prisoner, and the next thing one hears of him is that his address is the Nimrod or Hurlingham Club, and that he will be back in the spring.

Sometimes he comes back, and sometimes he does not.

If he does return and if ranching still proves unprofitable he will probably try a great many things that would astonish his people if they knew of them. There was one young Englishman out there whom I knew of, who had run through a fortune by the time he was twenty, chiefly through his habit of keeping open house and writing his name on checks that his friends drew up for him, and who then tried "to get back" by keeping a livery stable, after which unsuccessful effort he became cook on a large ranch, and when I last heard of him he was on his way to British Columbia to be bartender in a hotel while he speculated in gold-mines at odd times. For, of course, he had the gold fever. Every one had last summer in that part of the world. Breathless and perspiring polo-players would casually ask you, as they shifted the saddles on their ponies and knotted their loosened sashes between quarters, what would be a taking name for a gold-mine they were thinking of buying, with as much unconcern as though they were asking you the time of day or if you would like a glass of water. It gave one a very grand sensation to be on such familiar terms with gold-mines, even if one were doing nothing more than christening them, but I never could quite understand how speculations could be carried on successfully at such vast distances from the gold-fields. And in point of fact I believe they were not all successful by any manner of means.

What seemed to me an even better way of making a fortune quickly than investing in gold-mines, was to lend money. There were men in Alberta who were getting twenty-five per cent. on their money, and others who were borrowing capital in England at three per cent. and lending it at twelve. That struck me as being the grandest industry of the country.

But one can understand that furnishing London and Chicago and New York with beef, or even getting twenty-three per cent. interest on one's money seems a tedious and unprofitable occupation when one might be getting a hundred thousand dollars a month out of a mine. So a great many ranchers abandoned their places and went over into British Columbia. Of course that is not the history of all of them. Some of them stick to it and "rustle" and slave away and perhaps achieve success, but they are very few and success is very dear. At least that is the way it seemed to me, and what I have set down are only the things that struck me personally as being the most obvious and most true about the young

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Englishman in Canada. There is an article which appeared in *The North American Review* for June, 1896, which gives a much more correct and much broader view of his position and the chances for and against his success there than I could pretend to do, and every English youth who contemplates ranching in the Northwest Territories should read it before making up his mind. Curiously enough, the writer of the article has a brother in Alberta who is one of the most successful ranchers I met or heard of. He runs his ranch on a "system" of his own, and it seems to work admirably. I read the article seated in his shack, one of the very prettiest, I am convinced, in the Northwest. There were leopard skins nailed to the doors and bear and coyote rugs thrown over the sofas and chairs, and a swinging-lamp, and pictures of Oxford crews and house-boat parties on the walls, and magazines of quite recent date in magnificent and unwonted profusion, and a dainty tea-service and a wonderful Chinese cook to make the tea. There are "shacks" in the Northwest, at least you are told of them, which have drawing-rooms and long plate-glass mirrors and grand pianos, like the shack in "The Devil's Playground," but I do not think I should like that kind at all. If one is going to have all those things around, one might as well be in London or New York at once and be done with it. It is much more delightful to live in the kind that are made of big, rough beams which are not even plastered over on the inside, but adorned, according to one's taste, with exciting pictures from magazines and plates from fashion-books, and coyote skins and bridles and saddles and quirt, and where one can have a hammock slung across the room, and the horses can look in the door if they want to. And one feels much more comfortable and much safer to sleep with the fresh wind from the prairie sweeping through the open door and window and blowing the curtains about, and a great Dane beside your bed to shake himself and growl whenever a coyote howls too loudly or the ponies tramp too near the shack, than in a house with Yale locks to the doors and patent fastenings on the windows and a private policeman to keep guard besides the one regularly on the beat.

There are a great many shacks like that in the Northwest, and as they belong chiefly to young English ranchers who are most hospitably inclined, and who are always giving house-parties and gymkhana and polo parties, one has a very good chance of seeing them.

I think both the shacks and their owners are at their very best when a house-party is on. The shacks, to begin with, are preternaturally clean, and the young Englishmen most extraordinarily polite and agreeable. They do things on a large scale at these house-parties. When the six or eight Englishmen who constitute a crack polo-team, and who fortunately have neighboring shacks, invite eighty people with their traps and tents and servants, and two other crack polo-teams with thirty or forty polo-ponies besides the horses they ride or drive and the half-breeds who bring the ponies, and the Indians who always turn up, and when one reflects that all these people and horses are to stay for two days and that the shacks are seventy miles from a railroad and thirty-five miles from the nearest town and provisions and a great many necessities, one is divided between admiration for their hospitality and distress at all the trouble one is inevitably giving them. And when, as happened in our case, a regular blizzard came up and all the eighty people and ponies and dogs and traps had to stay over twenty-four hours longer than they had been expected to stay, we wondered that the young Englishmen did not rise in a body and politely invite us to go, anyway. But they did nothing of the kind. Their politeness was more than equal to the test, and so they killed another steer and cheerfully continued to help wash innumerable coffee-cups and plates and glasses and invented amusing games for us. Of course the majority of the eighty people had to camp near the shacks, as it was impossible to house them all, and it was a most delightful and unique sensation to sit back comfortably in your trap, which had been drawn up to the camping-ground, and watch a genial young Englishman take out the horses and send them to the stable, while several other equally agreeable young men ran up your bell-tent and arranged your trunks and put up a stove and hung a mirror to the tent-pole and pitch-forked sweet, fresh hay into a corner for a bed and spread down the buffalo robes and blankets.

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And after it was all finished most satisfactorily you were bundled into a trap which had just come tearing down from the shack, driven recklessly by another agreeable young host, and so borne triumphantly up the two hundred yards between the tenting-ground and the dining-shack, as if the distance were too tremendous to be walked. And when you reached there you were ushered into a big room that was filled with long tables and a great many people who seemed to be having a very good time, and more young Englishmen would come around impressively and ask you how you took your coffee or tea and insist on serving you themselves. Sometimes one of them would tell you confidentially that he hoped you would like such and such a dish, because he had made it himself.

There was indeed something almost pathetic in the way those big young men thought of the comfort of their guests, and stayed up till all hours of the night and turned out at unearthly hours in the morning, and made the shacks pretty with all sorts of decorations and arranged for the pleasure and convenience of the women, even down to sending hot coffee to the tents while they were dressing in the morning. After luncheon, although it was very cold and a strong wind was blowing, we all went out to the polo-grounds and watched one enthusiastic polo-team completely use up another enthusiastic polo-team, and when that had been accomplished satisfactorily we went back to the shack, where dinner was presently served.

That evening there was a dance, and it was as ceremonious and enjoyable a function as if it had taken place in Park Lane. Young men whom you had only seen in "round-up" or polo clothes suddenly appeared in dress-suits and immaculate shirt-fronts, and bore so little resemblance to their former selves that you felt that they ought to be reintroduced. And the young married women and girls bloomed forth in low-necked gowns and satin slippers and had their dance-cards, which were most properly got up, and had the familiar silk cord and pencil attachment, rapidly filled by the metamorphosed young gentlemen; and the band, which consisted of a violinist and a sergeant-banjoist from the nearest police detachment, played very good dance-music indeed, and alternated waltzes and two-steps beautifully. And there was a "sitting-out" room with Chinese lanterns and screens and things, and at twelve o'clock supper was served, and one felt just as one did at home, only with a queer difference. It was all so strange because it was all so familiar, and it would have seemed much more familiar if it had been more strange, which is rather paradoxical, but which everyone will easily understand. When you have thoroughly prepared your mind for very different things from any you have known, by recalling forcibly that there are one hundred thousand square miles of prairie about you and that you are one hundred and seventy miles from the nearest place that can by any stretch of imagination be called a city, and that the Rockies are close upon you to the left, and that this is a young country and a man who has been in it five years is an old settler, one is rather astonished at the well-bred people and at the daily mode of life which one naturally connects with the East and city life, and at the presence of a hundred trifles which one had carefully prepared one's self to do without.

And then at about half-past two, when everyone was properly tired and sleepy, the dance broke up, and the traps, which always seemed in some mysterious way to be standing around ready at any hour of the day or night, drew up to the door, and while the young women were in the dressing-room putting on their wraps, the young Englishmen and Canadians struck up "God Save the Queen," and sang it at the top of their young lungs and more fervently than I ever heard it sung before. It was a very fine sight, I thought—the big-beamed shack, the walls covered with polo and hunting and racing trophies half shining in the faint light from the sputtering candles and lamps burning low in the brackets, and the straight, athletic young figures standing easily about. It seemed to me that the Queen would have been a very proud lady indeed if she could have heard that song and known that she had no more patriotic subjects than those careless, happy young ranchers so many thousands of miles away in that lonely land, who did not forget her even in their pleasures, and she would do well to stop going to Balmoral and Florence and the Isle of Wight and come over to Canada instead

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and hint around until some of those young men invited her to a house-party. I am sure they would treat her nicely and that she would have a most delightful time.

The second and last day was to have been very exciting, with polo in the morning and gymkhana races in the afternoon, but when we woke up we saw what the wind and dark clouds of the day before had meant, for, although it was only September 11th, the ground was thickly powdered with snow, and the flakes were falling with an evident determination to keep it up for some time at least. So we dressed slowly and discontentedly, and the trap which had be sent down from the shack for us drew up with much forced gayety and dash, and we put on mournfully the raccoon-coats that had thoughtfully been sent with the trap and were carried back up to the shacks. There was much anxious consultation over the weather during the morning, and everyone felt greatly relieved when it cleared up in the early afternoon and it was decided to have the second polo match. It was very hard to give up seeing the gymkhana with the postilion and bending and the bucket and ball-races and the half-mile hurdles over four jumps, and all the rest of it, but one was very glad to see the polo match, which proved very "fast" for two quarters at least. It began to snow in the third, and by the fourth the ponies, racing and turning sharply on the wet, slippery grass, could hardly keep on their little feet, and one could with difficulty see the white khaki trousers and sweaters and make out the colored sashes of the riders as they dashed around in the thickly falling snow. The men looking on tramped up and down vigorously, and the women sat up in the traps immovable and very warm in the big raccoon-coats the men insisted on putting on them, except the fingers, which were so cold that it was hard work even to press the button of a kodak.

It was very difficult for the visiting stranger to decide whether the amiable hosts of this house-party were most amiable during the day when they were tearing around on polo-ponies and risking their necks to furnish excitement and pleasure and taxing their ingenuity to make everyone comfortable and happy, or in the evening when we gathered together in the largest room of the shack and they gave us a very creditable music-hall performance. One was at a loss which to admire most, the temerity or the heroic self-sacrifice of these young men as they would arise diffidently in various parts of the room and sing "The Little Tin Gee-Gee" or "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins" or "Tommy Atkins" or "Life in a Half-Breed Shack." Some of them had voices, and some had not, but they all had the best intentions and a set determination to do what they could toward the general entertainment, and they were very much in earnest about it all and succeeded admirably. They gave us dialect songs and banjo solos and sleight-of-hand performances, and they did them all without having to be begged, and with only the modest and single desire to please. One hardly likes to think how their American cousins would have acted under similar circumstances. Most young Americans in such a case, I fancy, would have preferred death by slow torture to taking any share in such proceedings, even if they had been able to do so, which is highly improbable, for American youths, as a rule, do not know Grossmith's or Chevalier's or anybody else's songs, or funny anecdotes or sleight-of-hand tricks. They are much too *blasé* and busy and grown-up for that sort of thing. And after the concert, as it was really the last night of the house-party, although a great number of the guests were compelled to stay over another twenty-four hours, some one got up and made a very complimentary speech on behalf of the eighty guests and thanked the North Fork Polo-team for the delightful time they had given them, and everybody cheered enthusiastically and put on their wraps with great regret.

When we started back a day later, there were six inches of snow on the ground and the cattle were lowing plaintively and "rustling" for grass, and the innumerable trails on the prairie were all obliterated. By the way, people speak carelessly of the "trackless prairie," as if they were telling the truth, whereas the prairies, at least those of northwest Canada, are cut up by so many tracks that one has continually to pick and choose from them.

It was so cold and the snow so deep that we sadly concluded that the summer had

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gone for good and that winter was actually upon us. That was because we did not yet fully appreciate a chinook wind. The chinook wind received its name from the Chinook Indians of the western coast, and it will spring up suddenly during the fall and winter and blow warmly down through the mountain passes and melt the deepest snow that ever was seen in an astonishingly short time. When one hears some of the stories they tell of the chinook—such as that of a certain young man who left Macleod to go thirty-five miles west in an open sleigh with a heavy snow on the ground, and by the time he was half way to his destination the runners were dragging and catching in the dry prairie grass—when one hears such accounts, one is inclined to believe that Baron Munchausen must have been in Alberta when he wrote that story of the horse who was inadvertently tied to a church-steeple owing to the depth of the snow, and that it was a chinook wind that came along during the night and melted it, leaving him suspended in air the next morning. And so in a few days a soft chinook wind sprang up and the prairie turned green again, and one lifted one's eyes, tired of the long level stretches of land, to the Rockies, standing dazzlingly white in the brilliant sunlight, with the fresh drifts of snow upon them, and in the clear air seeming so close that one could easily make out every shadowed hollow and the ridges of snow on the sides, like the marks left on a sandy beach when the tide goes out.

One was very glad to get a good view of the mountains once more. They had been hidden for the greater part of the summer behind the dense clouds of smoke from very bad prairie-fires which we had had, and when these had quit burning the smoke from the worst forest fires that had been known in British Columbia for years came pouring across to us through the Crow's Nest and Kootenay Passes, enveloping the mountains in an impenetrable haze. There were days when the resinous odor of the burning pines, thirty-five miles away, was as distinct as if it had been only one, and the sunlight would filter in a sick, grayish yellow color through the rolling clouds of smoke above our heads. But once in awhile a strong wind would spring up and blow fiercely across the prairie and the veil of smoke would slowly rise, like the drop-curtain of a theatre, and show the Rockies, with gleaming peaks and darkly purple, mysteriously shadowed slopes set like a scene at the Grand Opera for "William Tell." At night we would go up on a slight elevation of ground near our shack and from that vantage-ground could look across the level prairie and see through a field-glass, or even a good opera-glass, the burning mountain pines so far away and the bursts of sparks that would flame upward as some great tree would go crashing down. It made one think of Vesuvius or a gigantic pyrotechnic display all for one's own benefit, and I felt, as I sat up there in the cool darkness and solitude watching it all, just as I imagine King Ludwig felt as he sat alone in his theatre and watched the "Nibelungen Ring," or the "Flying Dutchman," or "Lohengrin." I even had a feeling of superiority over that prodigal king, for my entertainment was infinitely more costly than even his operatic stars and *corps de ballet* and orchestra could have been.

The prairie fires last summer were particularly inconvenient, for they not only obscured the mountains for weeks together, which I took as a personal grievance, but they also chose to burn up Crow's Nest Pass, which had been about decided upon as the camping-place for our two weeks' vacation. So we had to make a second choice, and one day we started off in the trap and on horseback for the Kootenay Pass, forty-five miles away, and I do not think the Crow's Nest Pass was regretted once during our two weeks' camping on the edge of the second Kootenay Lake. I say the second Kootenay Lake, because there is a chain of them forty-five miles long, extending through the mountains into British Columbia, and each one more beautiful than the one before. They lie, deep and clear, shut in by the mountains which rise from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above them on all sides, and which draw together, leaving only a narrow, tossing water-way into the next lake, where they again expand, and so on until one leaves Alberta behind and finds himself over the boundary in British Columbia. But I fancy no one has ever tried to go through on the lakes, for the high mountains on each side make a regular funnel through which the wind sweeps

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so furiously that any craft small enough to get through from one lake to the next would be capsized by it. There were days when even out in the open lake where we camped the waves were so high that we could not venture out in our little canvas canoe, which was brought with the tents and stores and kit-bags and saddles and oats and the hundred other necessaries, and which could be conveniently broken into little bits and stuffed in the canvas covering until it looked like a cricket-bag with the bats in it.

The country around the Kootenay Lakes is a sort of happy lotus land. There was a dreamy heat and quiet about it, a delicious sense of utter solitude, and a glimpse of a happy existence independent of most of the things which one usually thinks of as being essential to happiness, which is good for one to experience. From that place the world and all its pleasures seemed as far off as though one were looking at them through the wrong end of an opera-glass. The feeling began to grow on us at the outset of the long, lazy journey, when we drove straight west over the prairie, with the horses going in their steady, easy trot and the trap swaying gently on the thick prairie-grass and a misty blue and white mountain-peak in the distance to guide our course by. Ranches and all the familiar places we had known melted away behind us, and we wound higher and higher up among the foot-hills, with glimpses downward of softly blended shades of green, or upward to snowy mountains, or ahead the glint of yellowed grass ready to be cut. And when we reached the lake, lying blue and warm and still under the brilliant sun, and breathed in the spicy odor of the pines and realized that this undiscovered country was all ours, we felt very much like pitching our tents there for good. Of course there would have been some difficulty about living there in the winter, but no one troubled about that just then.

I do not think, however, the beauty of the lake appealed to some as much as the magnificent fishing. A salmon-trout fourteen and a half pounds in weight was an object much more worthy of contemplation to some of us than the mountains around. Fortunately the two things could be combined. One could start out in the canoe with the trolling-line, and then if the fish did not bite the trip could be converted into an exploration party. It is very amusing to name horses and gold-mines, but it is even more unique to discover for yourself a mountain 8,000 feet high, or a cascade almost as big as the Falls of Lodore, and reflect that you can christen them. Of course, you cannot be sure that the names you give them will go down to posterity, but there is a great deal of satisfaction in merely having done it, and, of course, you can always magnificently refer to them after the manner you have decided upon.

Sometimes as we rowed from one lake into the next we would come unexpectedly upon sheltered coves where the clear, green water slipped over a sandy bottom as hard and smooth as asphalt, and we would row frantically back to camp for bathing-suits to try it. And sometimes when we "discovered" an ideal beach, we would run our canoe up on it for the mere pleasure of utilizing such an extremely good landing-place, and once we were rewarded by finding the fresh prints of an antelope on the sand and a deserted bear-trap farther up on the shore, in the brush.

There were nights when we would go out in the canoe and float as far into the chain of lakes as we dared, with only the far-off cry of a loon or the soft whirr of a wild duck as it scurried low across the water to break the silence, and the mountains towering high all about us, silver-white in the moonlight, so that they looked like giant icebergs rising from the little sea, and making us feel that we were in some enchanted country. And when the moon sank behind some tall peak and a shadow fell upon the lake and the wind sprang up cold and strong, we would turn the boat around and row back, through the narrow little waterways, out into the big, open lake and make for the white dots on the far shore which we knew were our tents. And then, if it were not too late, we would build a big fire on the shore with great pieces of fallen trees, and the blaze would flare up as we gathered around it and sang "The Maple Leaf" or "The Red River Valley," and "Au Clair de la Lune" and "L'Alouette." Anyone who has not heard Canadians sing these songs, especially "L'Alouette," which requires a strong voice and a great deal of breath and a wonderful memory, has missed a very stirring performance.

It was very hard to break camp, but the last day came, and we retraced our way

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and again watched with breathless anxiety the heavy teams crawl up the steep hills or plunge into the swift little streams and pull themselves up the rocky banks. It was all the harder to go back because there was so little time left at all. The East, which had seemed so remote for three months, suddenly appeared surprisingly near. Breaking camp meant not only going back to the detachment, but the real beginning of the journey eastward. It was all over, and one had only just begun to enjoy hearing the coyotes howl at night and to be able to recognize quickly the different brands on the cattle and to feel a new life and elasticity in the clear, bracing air. There is something in the air which quickens every sense and makes one keen for danger or experience or pleasure — especially pleasure. One lady told me that a year or so ago she had given a "tea" when the thermometer was thirty-four degrees below zero, and that every one of the invited guests came. But if people stopped for slight difficulties, not only all social intercourse but living itself would cease in northwest Canada. At least we felt that way when we accepted an invitation to "afternoon tea" at a ranch fourteen miles away and on the other side of a very much swollen river just then filled with big logs which had been sent down from the mountains and which were spinning along at a most lively rate. Teas in the East are almost without exception considered bores, but in this case it really seemed that life would not be worth living if we did not go. To add to our personal difficulties, the horses usually driven to the trap could not be used, so that an obliging Englishman had to offer to take us. To do so he had to drive seventeen miles from his ranch to reach us, rest his horses, and take luncheon with us before we could start on the real journey. But no one faltered in the stern determination to go. Ten miles drive to the river seemed a small matter, and, as we encountered several of the invited guests on our way, by the time we reached the crossing there was quite a procession, including two traps, a road-cart, light wagon, a young rancher on horseback, a baby, and a collection of dogs. At the critical moment it was discovered that the river was so high that the water would come into every trap except ours, so it was necessary to make several trips with it to bring over all the women and the baby. The rest of the men drove the other traps over, while those who were already safely landed stood on the bank and shouted warnings and encouragement and contradictory advice to those crossing, in a perfectly maddening way. The young rancher, besides driving over his trap, had to bring over his saddle-horse, too. He did this by fastening his broncho to the down-stream side of the span, propping his feet on the dashboard, and then trusting to Providence. If any one really wishes an exciting sensation he should watch a light trap attached to a team of spirited horses, with a young broncho alternately plunging and shying by their side, attempt to cross a deep river at the same time that logs anywhere from ten to fifteen feet long and as big around as one's head are racing down stream to see which can first knock the horses down by neatly hitting them on the forelegs, or splinter the spokes of the wheels or inextricably tangle themselves up under the body of the trap. After having experienced this pleasurable sensation we gravely pursued our way to the ranch of our hostess, talked to a dozen or so people, and ate lettuce-sandwiches and ices and drank chocolate just as we could and probably would have done if we had stayed at home, and bravely went through all our exciting experiences again on our way back. It did not occur to us until some time afterward that we had really gone to a great deal of trouble to get to that afternoon tea.

But all that was over now. There were to be no more house-parties or Indian tea-dances or gymkhanas, or glimpses of the Rockies, snowy and glistening in the clear morning air; no long, soft twilights when the purple air hung over the level land and the white moon swung across the heavens and the Great Bear and the evening star shone nearer and clearer than they ever shone before, and there came from far off the faintly heard gallop of some broncho as his rider urged him across the prairie, and the breath of the chinook as it sprang up and bore abroad the odor of the wolf-willow and wild rose and forget-me-not.

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"THE DURKET SPERRET"

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

Author of "Jerry"

I

"But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace——"

It had been a wild morning up among the Cumberlands. A March morning full of rain, of clouds that veiled the mountains, and of wind that tore the clouds to shreds. But at the turn of the day the wind had fallen. The great masses of trees that purpled the mountain-side from base to apex had ceased their tossing, and stood in dark monotony, save when a gray cliff thrust itself out, or a wild, snow-swollen stream dashed its spray toward the sky as it flung itself down into the valley.

The shadows are gathering early over a little valley known as "Lost Cove." On all sides the mountains rise about it in soft, sweeping curves, until they stand out against the sky a level, unbroken line. There is little of rugged wildness in these old mountains, for no stormy outburst marked their birth. They stand the perfect work of the ages. Their gray old faces looked out across the slow silurian sea, whose wandering waves began the patient work of denudation.

No rugged wildness, but a silent grandeur of repose smoothes every curve of every spur that stretches out across the plain, and a great unspoken dignity lives in the straight sky line that marks the summit.

On three sides the mountains guard Lost Cove, on the fourth the barrier that shuts this basin from the world is lowered. But though lowered, the little stream that through all the years had hollowed out Lost Cove, found here an obstacle that its patient zeal could not remove. It could not rise above it—it could not wear it through, and so it sank, and burrowing deep among the "hidden bases of the hills," found victory and freedom. From out the black-browed cave it flashed again into the glad sunshine, with a mocking laugh for the barring cliffs that rose two hundred feet above it, to face the eastern sun.

Near the upper end of the Cove, which is nearly a mile long, there stands a house built of squared logs, carefully morticed at the corners, and neatly "chinked" with plaster. Seventy years ago it was built by the first Warren, as a defense as well as a shelter. Three rooms, a lobby, a loft, and two piazzas make the extent of it. A room on either side the lobby that connects the front and back piazzas, and from which a rough stairway leads up to the loft. The third room is made by boarding in the end of the back piazza, and through its single window a modern cooking-stove pushes its pipe. The floors look worn with scrubbing, the small, deep-

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set windows shine like eyes, and the great stone chimneys that grace either end of the house, look as if built for eternity. Around the house there is a rough picket-fence; within this enclosure there are some cedar-trees, some common rose-bushes, some chickens and some much-scratched grass. Beyond, and rising and falling with the swells of the mountain, is a rail fence which shuts in from the public road the lot where the hogs, and cows, and horses are kept, and where stand the few out-buildings. From the lower end of this outer lot, the fields stretch down the Cove to where the stream sinks, and a stately beech-grove crowns the rising ground. The public road from the mountains turns at Mr. Warren's gate, and zig-zags along these fields to the beech-wood, then it marches over the divide to the far-off valley.

A young woman leaned over the outer gate. The rain had ceased, and the wind came softly with a touch of spring. It would be clear on the morrow, the girl thought as she looked up from the shadows of the Cove to where the cloud-broken sunlight flashed and faded on the mountain-tops. A clear spring day, and as the warm wind swept by, her fair cheeks flushed with gladness for the coming spring.

The winter had been hard, and for the first time the Warrens had felt themselves poor. This girl's father had been killed a few months before, and she and her grandparents had had to fight through the cold weather alone. And now, as she waited for the cows, the touch of warmth in the wind brought to her mind a new problem—the planting. Some help would have to be hired, and where was the money? They had bacon, and apples, and potatoes that could be sold—if she could take them to the town on top the mountain. The color flamed into her face; she had never "peddled" in her life! Her grandfather was held fast by rheumatism, and her grandmother would far rather starve than go on such an errand.

Presently a cow-bell clanked, and down the mountain-side, in dignified procession, came the rough, long-legged, patient-eyed cows. The girl roused herself with a sigh, and holding the big gate open, remembered one more article that could be sold—butter.

She fetched two wooden piggins, white with scouring, and some fodder, then brought the cows in one at a time to the inner lot. She moved with the deliberation of age, and milked with patient sedateness. This quietness was a class-habit, but increased in this girl's case through her having lived always with old people; and now the heavy responsibilities that crowded upon her seemed to have banished all youthfulness.

The Warrens had always been well-to-do, making at home almost everything they needed. After his sons left him the old man had been quite able to carry on the place, and before his strength failed his eldest son had returned with his motherless baby, Hannah. So there had been little need for money until now, when, her father dead and her grandfather disabled, Hannah needed to hire help. She might have paid in kind, but everybody that she knew made all they needed. The only people she had ever heard of who bought everything and saved nothing, were these new people on the mountain, who were held throughout the country to be strangely "lackin'." Old Mrs. Warren pronounced them "darn fools, a-settin' round with books in their hands."

The milking done, Hannah took the pails into the kitchen. With the same lack of haste she stirred the fire under the kettle, opened the oven to look at the corn-bread, strained the milk, then taking up an axe went into the back-yard. Her face grew graver as she looked at the wood-pile; she would have to go for more to-morrow, and she sighed as she pulled a log into position for cutting.

There was an outlet from all this. She could marry her cousin Si Durket. She would rather cut wood all day! And the axe swung into the air with an ease and swiftness scarcely to be looked for from a woman.

No good would ever come to Si. She rested on the axe as she turned the log with her foot. Peddling would be better than Si; hiring out—starving—*any* thing would be better. Yet, if something were not done very soon, she would have to marry him, or let the old people

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want. Mrs. Wilson, from the far side of the Cove, went up to the mountain to peddle—she could go with her. Mrs. Wilson was a creature much scorned by Mrs. Warren, still she knew the ways at the University, and could direct a beginner. It was worth thinking of. Gathering up the wood, she went into the house to her grandmother's room.

It was low, and the walls, finished up to the rafters with wood, were painted gray, spattered with white. A pine bedstead, with tall posts and piled into a dumpling with feather-beds, filled one corner. In another corner there stood a high chest of drawers, above which hung a spotted looking-glass and some peacock feathers. A spinning-wheel, a small table full of dusty odds and ends, a large rocking-chair covered with a patchwork quilt, and a few splint-bottomed chairs, finished the furnishing of the room. In the rocking-chair, close to the great fireplace, sat an old man, and an old woman stood near a window catching the last light on her work.

She had been a handsome woman once, and, like Hannah, was tall, but here the likeness ended. Mrs. Warren's face was sharp and hard, the girl's face was grave and strong; Mrs. Warren's eyes were keen, while Hannah's eyes were thoughtful, almost sad. Further, Mrs. Warren's temper and tongue were famous, while Hannah seemed still and gentle. Perhaps time was needed to reveal Hannah; perhaps the temper of her grandmother had made her esteem peace as the greatest good. Each son had had to take his wife away, and Hannah's father had only come back after his wife's death, when, seeing that his father needed him, he stayed. A gentle, patient man, he could put up with the temper his mother, whose maiden name had been Durket, was proud to call the "Durket sperret." With regard to his child, he knew that no real harm would come to any creature absolutely dependent on his mother. "Her own" meant a great deal to Mrs. Warren. Her sons' wives she had looked on as aliens. The kitchen stove introduced by one of these unworthies had caused the final breaking up of the family. The young woman had declared the open fireplace to be old-fashioned, and her husband bought the stove. The "Durket sperret" could not stand this, and the young people had to go, but not the stove; Mrs. Warren kept that, and for the future vented much of her superfluous wrath on it.

As Hannah entered, Mrs. Warren turned sharply:

"I wonder you don't git tired a-playin' nigger, Hannah Warren," was her greeting. The girl put down and arranged the wood before she answered:

"Thar is wuss things," then stood looking down into the fire. Straight as a young poplar, with the grace and roundness of perfect strength and youth in every curve, Hannah, in her scant black frock, was dowered with a beauty rare in any class. A grave, clear-cut face, waving brown hair taken straight back and twisted in a knot, a full throat that showed exquisitely white where the little faded shawl fell away from it, and hands that, if hard and brown, were very shapely.

Her grandmother looked at her intently as she stood there, and grumbled a little under her breath.

"Ain't you none better, Gramper?" Hannah asked pityingly of the old man, bent nearly double in his chair.

"I'm some easier," he answered, patiently, "but I'm tore up a-steddyin' 'bout the crap."

"The crap wouldn't count if Hannah had a shavin' o' sense," the old woman struck in sharply.

"Supper's ready, Granny," Hannah said, and left the room.

"You pesters Hannah moren human, Mertildy," the old man suggested, mildly; "an' she a good gal."

"I reckon I knows my own flesh an' blood, John Warren," his wife retorted; "an' but fur you, I'd larn her some sense, or know why. Si Durket's my own brether's son, an' as good as Hannah Warren will ever git. He's got a plenty, an' is free-handed an' hearty, an' he'll do to look at too. He's a Durket through an' through."

"All the same, Mertildy, Hannah don't favor Si."

"Don't favor Si! You makes me weak, John Warren! Do a steer favor a yoke? but thet's all a steer or a yoke is made fur. Gals is the same; an' all yokes is jest alike as fur as I kin see."

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Mr. Warren shook his head "You've missed the furrer, Mertildy," he said; "'tain't the yoke, hit's the tother steer thet's the trouble. The yoke is fur all, one way or anether, an' we gits our necks sorely galded, thet's true; but hit's the tother steer thet mostly gits us, an' Hannah shan't be yoked ginst her will. You worn't, Mertildy."

"I reckon the difference would abeen wore out by now, anyhow," Mrs. Warren answered, ungraciously, "an' I'd abeen jest as well pleased;" and she left the room.

For more than a year Si Durket had been courting his cousin Hannah. Hannah's father and grandfather had supported her in saying no, agreeing that a man who could strike his mother and curse his old father, was not to be desired; but Mrs. Warren championed Si vigorously. That a woman lived who could refuse a Durket, she would not believe. A Durket who would be rich when his father died, for there was much land and only two brothers to divide it; further, a Durket who had been to school. Mrs. Warren had a great contempt for education, nevertheless she urged Si's "larnin" as a point in his favor.

Another potent cause for Mrs. Warren's earnestness was that the wife of Si's brother Dave, a young woman from a town, had openly laughed at Si's choice of Hannah, a country girl who had never been out of Lost Cove a half-dozen times in her life, and who was poor compared with some girls Si might have won.

These considerations did not sway Si, but he was keen enough to repeat this speech to his Aunt Warren, who in her rage declared that Hannah should marry Si, if only "to down thet sassy hussy, Minervy!" And Si, seeing how work and poverty were pressing the girl, felt his hopes rise.

Mr. Warren was troubled for Hannah in the present crisis, still he felt that *any* work was better than marrying a man she despised. Hard work made rest sweet, he thought, as he sat by the fire weary and disabled; made any food seem good, and left a peaceful satisfaction when the day was done, when one could smoke one's pipe and think of the long dark furrows, and the well-stacked wood-pile, and the cattle penned from harm, and think that when the winter came, there would be a plenty and to spare. Aye, work was a good friend. But now his son was gone, and he could do nothing. It was hard on the girl.

"He knocked hisn's mammy—he's hard." The musing ended aloud, and Hannah coming in with his supper, heard him.

"I'll never tuck him," she said, in her soft slow voice, as she put the cup and plate on a chair near the old man. "Si kin cuss, an' Granny kin blate, I'll tuck hit, but I'll never tuck Si." She kneeled on the hearth with her hands fallen together in front of her. "An' 'bout the crap, Gramper, I 'llows I kin git thet Dock Wilson what's come to the Cove to he'p me do the ploughin', an' Granny kin drap, an' I kin kivver."

"Don't say nothin' to Granny 'bout drappin', chile," the old man said, with patient experience in his voice, "hit 'll jest gie her anether handle to grind on."

"Jest so," Hannah responded; "but, Gramper, if Dock's like hisn's stepmammy he'll strike fur high wages."

"Thet's true as true, an' thar ain't no money."

"Thar's things to sell," Hannah suggested; "I could tuck ole Bess, an' pack truck to the 'versity."

"Peddle!" the old man said, in a lowered tone; "a Warren woman peddle?"

"Hit ain't no sin."

"No, but no Warren woman ain't never peddled yit—never yit!"

"You said onest that I could go," the girl persisted; "an' hits peddlin', or hirin' out, or marryin' Si, Gramper."

"That's true, gal; but I hates hit."

"No moren I do, Gramper." Then hearing a chair pushed back in the kitchen, she rose. "I'll hev to git wood to-morrer," she added, "but I'll go on Friday. Don't say nothin' to Granny."

Mr. Warren nodded, and Hannah taking the cup and plate, reached the door just as her grandmother entered.

"The cawfee's 'bout out," she said, "an' the sugar's right low too."

"I knows hit, Granny."

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"An' I can't git on 'thout cawfee an' sugar."

"I knows thet too, Granny," and Hannah closed the door.

"An' whar hit's to come from *I* dunno," Mrs. Warren continued as she filled her pipe.

"I reckon Jack Dunner'll trade her some fur meat," Mr. Warren answered. "Jack knows we's pushed, an' he's mighty 'commydatin'."

"Pushed! Thet *is* true, John Warren, if you did say hit, but if you hed any grit we'd not *be* pushed. You keeps on a-stirrin', an' a-stirrin' 'bout Hannah tell nuther one o' you is stiffern hog slops."

"An' if Hannah *did* tuck Si," Mr. Warren said, patiently, "hit'd leave us 'thout *no* help, Mertildy, fur thet gal is all we hes."

Mrs. Warren laughed. "Thet's easy fixed," she answered; "goin' to Si's is jest a-goin' home, an' you kin bet youuns hide I'd go."

"Then you'd leave me, Mertildy," and the old man straightened himself. "I couldn't rest under no shed but John Warren's, an' I won't, kase thar ain't no shed big enough for two famblies, nummine if thar's only one apiece in them famblies. Moren thet, thar ain't never been a Warren beholden to nobody fur a shelter yit, an' John Warren ain't gwine to start hit. If you goes, Mertildy, you'll leave ole John to his *lone*."

Mrs. Warren smoked furiously, and, "You're sappy yit," was all the answer she vouchsafed.

Pondering his wife's words, the old man began to see the wisdom of Hannah's plan, while Hannah, at her work, was busy devising ways for the carrying out of this same plan. The coffee and sugar made a good excuse for her journey to this new mountain town, that was a market for all the country. She could arrange her load in an outhouse, and leave before the old people were up. When she went for wood she would stop at the Wilsons and find out about the people and prices at Sewanee. She had been there as a sightseer, but *never* to peddle. There were worse things than peddling, however, *and Si Durket was one.*

II

"Ofttimes like children we are led to meet
Our life—or driven like slaves by circumstance.
And suddenly it crowds us down to earth!
And in the thick we have no time to cry,
Only to fight! Then all is still. And through
The deadly calm of peace we moan—'Oh, fool!
Oh, fool! now all thy life is done—is done!'
Yet, still, like children we were led to it;
Or driven like slaves by lashing circumstance,
And knew not of the ambush waiting there."

At the time this story opens, the railway station, known as Sewanee, consisted of a few shops, the post-office, and one or two small houses, built about a barren square. From this a broad road led to the "University," the other end of Sewanee. Up this road the butcher and shoemaker had planted some locust-trees in front of their shops, and beyond them the confectioner had laid a stone pavement for the length of his lot, and planted some maple-trees, that in the autumn burned like flames of fire. Beyond the confectioner's the road was in the woods for a short space, then more houses. About a half-mile from the station this road ended in another road that crossed it at right angles, and up and down this the University town was built.

Between the houses, between the public buildings, wherever any space was left free from carpenters and stonemasons, the forest marched up and claimed its own, while the houses looked as if they had been convinced of their obtrusiveness, and had crept as far back as possible, leaving their fences as protection to the forest, and not as the sign of a clearing.

Very still and bare the little place looked on the gray March morning, when, under Mrs. Wilson's guidance, Hannah made her entrance as a pedler. Down the road beaten hard by the rain, and dotted here and there with clear little pools of water, Hannah led old Bess, bearing the long bags in the ends of which were bestowed the apples and potatoes, the bucket of butter being fastened to the saddle.

They had not stopped at the station, for Mrs. Wilson said the people in the town paid better prices.

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"They don't know no better 'an to tuck frost-bit 'taters," she explained, "an' they'll give most anything fur butter jest now. All the 'versity boys is come back, an' butter's awful sca'ce. To tell the truth," pushing her long bonnet back, "thar ain't much o' *any*-thing to eat right now. What with layin' an' scratchin' through the winter fur a livin', the hens is wore out, an' chickens ain't in yit, an' these 'versity women is jest pestered to git sumpen fur the boys."

Hannah listened in silence. She had her own ideas about trading, and besides had very scant respect for Mrs. Wilson, either mentally or morally. She knew that her things were good, but she was determined to ask only a fair price for them. It was bad to cheat people because they were simple or "in a push." She was in a push herself, and felt sorry for them.

"An' ax a leetle moren you 'llows to git," Mrs. Wilson went on, "kase they'll allers tuck some off. Thar *air* a few that jest pays what you says, or don't tuck none, an' I axes them a fa'r price." They stopped at a gate as she finished, and she directed Hannah to "hitch the nag an' stiffen up."

"I ain't feared," Hannah answered, while she made old Bess fast, "but I ain't usen to peddlin', an' I don't like hit, nuther."

Mrs. Wilson laughed. "Youuns Granny keeps on a-settin' you up till nothin' ain't good enough," she said. "Lots o' folks as good as ary Warren hes been a-peddlin' a many a year."

"Thet don't make hit no better fur me, Lizer Wilson, an' nothin' ain't agoin' to make hit better; any moren a dog ever likes a hog-waller," and she took down the bucket of butter with a swing that brought her face to face with her companion. One glance at Hannah's eyes, that now looked like her grandmother's, and Mrs. Wilson changed the subject.

"Leave the sacks," she said, roughly; "hit'll be time to pack 'em in when they're sold." She led the way in along a gravelled walk, Hannah looking about her curiously, and trying to conquer her rather unreasonable anger against Mrs. Wilson, before she should meet the people about whom she had heard such varying reports.

At the front piazza Hannah paused, and Mrs. Wilson laughed exasperatingly.

"Lor, gal!" she said, "these fine folks don't ax folks like weuns in the front do'; weuns ain't nothin' but 'Covites come to peddle'; come to the kitchen."

That people lived who thought themselves better than the Warrens or Durkets, was a new sensation to Hannah, and she wondered if her grandmother knew it. Her astonishment stilled her wrath until the thought overwhelmed her, that perhaps these people would look on her and Lizer Wilson as the same! She had followed mechanically, and before she reached any conclusion they were at the back door.

A negro woman stood wiping a pan, while a lady holding an open bucket of butter, was talking scoldingly to a woman who, as Hannah saw instantly, looked very different from the lady, and very much like Lizer and herself. There was a moment's silence as the newcomers appeared, then the negress spoke.

"Mornin', Mrs. Wilson," she said, familiarly.

"Mornin', Mary," Mrs. Wilson answered, in an oily tone; then to the lady she said—"Mornin', Mrs. Skinner."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Wilson," the lady answered, while the woman she had been scolding turned, and Hannah recognized a person who lived near the Durkets, and who was looked down on by them just as Lizer Wilson was by the Warrens. They did not greet each other, but Hannah felt the woman's stare of wonder, that "John Warren's gal" should peddle with Lizer Wilson! She seemed to hear the story being told to the Durkets, and repeated to her grandmother by Si. Things seemed misty for a moment, then through the confusion she heard Lizer's voice. "No, I ain't got nothin' left but a few aigs; but this gal has a few things she'd like to git shed of 'fore we starts home."

Hannah listened, wondering and remembering a saying of her grand-

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mother's, that Lizer could "lie the kick outern a mule."

"What has she?" questioned Mrs. Skinner.

"Taters, an' apples, an' butter," Lizer answered; "nothin' much to pack back if the price ain't a comin'."

"What is the price of the butter?"

"Thirty cents; I've done sold mine at thet; the taters is a dollar an' a heff a bushel, an' the apples a dollar.

"I have just paid twenty cents for butter; why are your things so high?" was questioned sharply.

"Ourn is extry good," Lizer answered. The negro woman smiled. Hannah's indignation was gathering, but she did not speak. Mrs. Wilson must know the ways of the place—she would wait.

"I will take the apples," the lady began, compromisingly, "but I will *not* take the butter nor the potatoes. How many apples have you?" to Hannah.

"A bushel," Hannah answered quickly, afraid that Lizer would say a cartload.

Mrs. Skinner looked at her keenly. "I have never seen you before," she said.

"She ain't never peddled befo', an' ain't got no need to come now," Lizer struck in, looking straight at the woman from the other valley. "She jest come along fur comp'ny, an' brung a few things fur balance—she ain't pertickler 'bout sellin'."

The first part of this speech soothed Hannah's feelings somewhat, but the final clause, representing her as coming for the love of Lizer Wilson, was worse than the peddling.

She began to wonder if this woman *could* tell the truth.

"Run git youuns apples, Honey," were the next astonishing words; Lizer calling *her* "Honey!" She felt a sudden hatred for the woman. What had happened to her? was she really no better than Lizer? She drew a bitter sigh. Never mind, she would get a dollar for the apples instead of the "six-bits" she had thought to demand, and shouldering the apples she went back. They were carefully examined by the mistress, and generously measured by the servant.

"Hit's a good bushel," Hannah said, astonished that her bushel should be remeasured.

"Three water-buckets with a rise," the lady put in quietly, and the negress piled each bucket carefully. Mrs. Wilson laughed, then stooped to help her, and Hannah watched them with her share of the "Durket sperret" rising within her. A Warren cheat!

"With all youuns risin', Mary, some's left," and Lizer laughed again. Hannah looked down the cavernous bag, where about a dozen apples were huddled into one corner. The color burned in her face, and with a quick movement she emptied them on the floor.

"They wuz in my bushel," she said, "they misewell go in yourn."

The negress laughed. "I'll teke dese, Miss Josie," she said to the lady.

There were two spots of color on Mrs. Skinner's face as she paid Hannah. "I should like some more apples if you can spare them," she said.

Hannah paused, her anger fading before the hope of more money. If she could bring them the next day? But by Sunday the storm about peddling would reach her from the Durkets, and she had no security that she would be allowed to return. "Hit's a fur way to come an' only a dollar at the end," Lizer struck in, mistaking Hannah's hesitation, and Mrs. Skinner answered, "She can bring me two bushels for two dollars and a quarter."

"I can't bring 'em atter to-morrer," Hannah said, slowly.

"Very well, bring them to-morrow."

When they turned the corner of the house, Mrs. Wilson said:

"Thet wuz a good trade; you'd asold fur nothin'. Miss Harner thar, she hed put her butter at two-bits, an' only got twenty cents. These folks beats a pusson down to nothin'."

"She riz on the apples," Hannah answered, coldly.

"Riz on the apples," Lizer repeated, derisively, while Hannah untied the horse; "she done thet kase you acted so biggitty. My soul! but thet'll tickle Si Durket when Jane Harner tells hit."

"'Pears to me like she done hit kase she lit on a honest pusson," Hannah retorted.

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It was Mrs. Wilson's turn to be angry now, but as the Warrens were her rich neighbors, she only comforted herself with a promise to remember, and walked on without giving a hint as to their destination. At the next house she did not wait while Hannah tied the horse, but walked in rapidly, leaving her to come alone. Hannah was glad, for if there was danger of meeting acquaintances, she preferred not to be seen with Lizer. She walked in quite confidently, but when she reached the back door, Lizer had vanished.

She paused a moment before several closed doors, some belonging to an outhouse, and two to the main house. She knocked at one of the latter. She might be mistaken, but there was no harm in trying. Her knock was answered by a little boy who asked her business, then called to someone within: "It's a woman with butter." There was an indistinguishable answer; then the child led the way to a small room where Hannah saw so much china and glass that she wondered if they kept it for sale. She would have liked a longer look at it, and if she had known more she would have waited here, but the child had gone through another door, and she followed.

Once or twice she had heard descriptions of how the people lived in this town, that to the surrounding country was as yet an enigma. Stories of how they had no object in life but "book larnin'," and were little better than "Naytrals." Once her grandfather had said, "God made all the critters, book-larnin' critters too, an' all hes a right to live." This was the only excuse she had ever heard made for them. But she forgot all she had ever heard when she passed through the second door. It was as strange as a dream. The various kinds of furniture she had never seen before, the covered floors that made no noise, the books, the curtains, the pictures, all were new to her, at least in this reckless profusion.

"Come near the fire," a voice said, and Hannah caught a glimpse of a fire, but it seemed a long way off, and a young man in the middle distance was an almost impassable barrier. She saw no signs of Lizer, but only the young man, and near the fire a young woman who had spoken. She moved forward slowly. The room seemed so full, and she felt herself so unusually large, that she was afraid of knocking things over. A new and disagreeable sensation, at which she could only wonder as she took her seat carefully, doubtful if the chair the young woman had placed for her would hold her.

"How much butter have you?" the young lady asked.

"Six pounds," Hannah answered, then waited to hear again the voice that was so different from any voice she had ever heard; different even from Mrs. Skinner's, that itself had been strange to her.

"And what do you ask for it?" the voice went on.

"Two-bits, an' hit's good."

"That will be one dollar and a half;" then to the child, "call Susan for me."

"I've got some taters," Hannah suggested, hesitatingly, pushing her bonnet back a little; "taters, a bushel, good measure an' sound, fur a dollar."

"I will take them also."

Hannah rose. "If your things are at the front gate, this is your shortest way out," and the young lady opened a door that led into a hall, then opened also what Hannah recognized as the front door, which Lizer had declared was sealed to traders.

"Did you observe how very handsome that girl was?" the young lady asked of her companion when she returned from the hall.

"I did not," he answered, looking contentedly into the face before him.

"Very handsome, and I am sure she will bring the potatoes in here—she seems quite bewildered."

"I thought she seemed quite at home."

"Not at all. Her voice was very soft, too."

"Yes, and her English had about it that sweet simplicity that dispenses with all extra syllables. The way in which she said 'taters' was lovely."

"I am in earnest; her voice is sweet. I have never seen her before, I wonder what Cove she comes from."

"Ask her, and ask her to call again."

"I shall." Here the door opened,

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and, Hannah, with the long bag over her shoulder, entered and stood looking from one to the other. Her bonnet had fallen back, letting the light touch the delicately flushed face, and the dark eyes grown wistful in their uncertainty. She was unquestionably handsome. She put the bag down carefully,

"Did I ax you too much?"

"Oh, no!" the young woman exclaimed. "Here, Susan," to a negress who had entered from the back, "empty these things."

Susan raised the bag with some difficulty. "Dat Wilson woman's in de kitchen, Miss Agnes," she said; "she's got aigs."

"You know I never buy from her," the young lady answered.

Hannah listened, and Susan went away chuckling.

Agnes turned to Hannah. "Sit down and take off your bonnet," she said, herself taking a seat. "What Cove do you come from?"

"Lost Cove."

"Where the stream sinks?"

"Thet's hit; hev you seen hit?"

"No, but I wish very much to see it."

"Hit's a smart piece," Hannah went on, looking into the fire as if making calculations, "but you could go it on a nag."

"Where do you live in Lost Cove?" Agnes went on.

"Hit most all b'longs to Gramper. Mrs. Wilson owns a leetle piece——" then her face burned as she remembered what had just been said about Lizer. Agnes remembered too, and asked,

"Is Mrs. Wilson a friend of yours?"

"She is a neighbor," Hannah said; then after a moment's pause, "she come alonger me this mornin', kase I didn't know the ways ner the folks, but we couldn't 'gree, an' she leff me at youuns gate."

"I am glad of that. If you had come with her I should not have bought your things; she asks two prices."

"She do thet! But she's *mighty* poor."

A smile flitted across the young man's face as the words reached him, and he wondered what Hannah's idea of wealth was! "Quantity," would have been her answer, for to her this was the only difference. In her world the rich demanded no better quality, only a greater quantity, and after a certain stage of plentifulness was reached, life was taken with folded hands.

"You have never been here before?" Agnes asked.

"Not to peddle, I ain't."

"Will you come again soon?" as the servant put the bag and bucket down by Hannah.

"I hes to bring some apples to a woman to-morrer."

"Then you can bring me some—a bushel?"

"I reckon," and Hannah rose, feeling as glad about coming again as about the much coveted money she was putting into the old deer-skin purse; then Agnes shook hands with the girl over whom she had cast a spell.

"So you sold out at Agnes Welling's front do'," Mrs. Wilson said mockingly, when she met Hannah at the gate.

"I did, an' I'll wait fur you at the sto';" then Hannah mounted old Bess and rode away. She did not want to talk to Mrs. Wilson just yet.

"And you did not ask her name?" the young man said when Hannah was gone.

"I forgot it; but was she not handsome? I shall go to Lost Cove this summer."

"We will make up a party," the young man suggested.

"No, I will go alone."

"Honest, at least."

Agnes laughed softly. "Still, I mean what I say, Mr. Cartright."

"It is too far for you to go alone, your brother will not permit it."

"We will see." Then Cartright went away, slamming the gate sharply, while Agnes laughed.

III

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown,
With that wild wheel we go not up or down,
Our hoard is little, but our heart is great."

It had been a successful day, and as Hannah rode through the falling shadows, with Mrs. Wilson mounted behind

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her, her heart felt light. She had the coffee and the sugar, besides two dollars toward the ploughing, and three bushels of apples engaged, making five dollars—to her a fortune. And this success *would* mitigate the displeasure of her grandmother, unless talk from the Durkets reached her; that would stop everything.

But above all, she had looked into a new world, and her life seemed to have changed. All fear of Sewanee was gone. The people up there were strange, that is, different from any people she had known, but she liked them. She was anxious to see that "Miss Agnes" again. She would take more potatoes to-morrow, and some meat; there was no telling how much she might make.

She began to hum a tune as they jogged along; for although Mrs. Wilson's feelings permitted her to ride behind Hannah, they still prevented conversation. It was only at the Warrens's gate that Mrs. Wilson vouchsafed a dignified "Far'well, Hannah Warren," and trudged away across the fields.

Hannah was preoccupied and excited. She had been dead, and now in some strange way vigorous and uncontrollable life had come to her. Her impulse was to defy her grandmother, but habit bade her avoid any meeting until she had found out from her grandfather the state of things.

She hung the bag containing her purchases across the fence, and unsaddled the horse. In the kitchen she went through the evening's routine with forced quietness, and ran upstairs for the fodder with a lightness and haste hitherto unknown, laughing softly as, opening the end window farthest from her grandmother's room, she tossed the binds out. This would let her carry the milk pails out when she went down, and lessen by one journey into the house the danger of meeting Mrs. Warren.

She leaned on the gate as on the afternoon when she decided to peddle; but how different was everything. She felt that she controlled her own fate now, that she could resist her grandmother and defy Si Durket. In short, she was free, and with the rare joy of having realized her bondage and freedom in the same moment. She might have gone on forever in the old dull path, but for the necessity that drove her to peddling. The fruits of the earth and the beasts of the field had become her protectors against Si Durket. She would never tire of work again. A shadow fell on the joy, and she leaned her head on the gate. "Poor Daddy! if he hed downfaced Granny, an' peddled stiddy, an' not jest traded what happed over, Granny couldn't hev jawed him the way she did, kase he'd hev hed as much as the Durkets. Poor Daddy!" And she recalled the silent, sad-eyed man who had thought himself a failure. The tears rose to her eyes, but did not quench the anger that burned in her heart against her grandmother. "An' I'd abeen jest like him but fur peddlin'."

The clank of the cow-bells broke on her musings, and at the sound happiness brimmed up again. "Does you feel well, cows?" she said. "Si Durket kin say farwell now;" and holding open the gate, she patted the animals as they came in. This elation lasted until she had to carry wood into her grandmother's room, then unexpectedly her heart failed her.

"All she kin do is to kill me," she thought, with an incredulous smile, "an' thet's heap bettern marryin' Si."

"Hardy, Gramper!" she said as she opened the door, and there was such a cheery ring to her voice that Mrs. Warren put her great silver-rimmed spectacles in place to look at her. "How'd you git on 'thout me?" she went on, smiling reassuringly into the old man's eyes as she put down the wood.

"Hit's been some lonesome," he answered; "hit's never been afore thet I've set all day an' never hearn a holler, ner a whistle, ner a step 'bout the ole house thet kin member so many a stomp. My Par, an' my brethers, an' my boys, all gone—all gone. But I kin 'member how ever one sot hisn heel to the flo'. I don't see how I'll ever spar' you to go clean away, Hannah."

"You'll never need to see hit," Hannah answered. "Supper's ready, Granny," she went on, and turned to the door.

Mrs. Warren rose slowly. "You gits

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meallyer ever day, John Warren," she said, pushing the odd needle through her knitting.

"Thet's right, Mertildy, a good, ripe apple is allers meally."

"An' gits rotten-meally, mebbe you knows thet."

"An' you speaks thet to me thet hes been youuns man fur moren fifty yeer, Mertildy?"

"Yes, I do say hit 'bout Hannah," she answered. "Did I think I'd live to see a Warren gal a-tradin' taters like any trash? She'll be a-peddlin' next; an' mebbe you'll marry her to Dock Wilson, jest to hev her a-nigh you."

"Hit mout all come true, Mertildy," and the old man's gentle eyes flashed; "fur peddlin' ain't no sin, an' Dock Wilson ain't never knocked a woman yit."

A dull color came into Mrs. Warren's face. "Si were wrong," she admitted; "but thar's one thing a Durket can't stand, an' thet's bein' jawed by a fool, an' Si's Mar were a p'int-blank fool." At the door she met Hannah. It looked almost as if she had been waiting there in spite of the cold wind that was sweeping through the lobby.

And now the happiness that had left her at the wood-pile came back, as kneeling in front of the fire Hannah drew the two silver dollars from her pocket.

"Didn't you git no cawfee an' sugar?" Mr. Warren asked.

"I did thet, an' brung home this fur the ploughin'," and she shook the money triumphantly. Then she told her story, impressing on the old man that she had gone to the shop with money. But she lowered her voice as she told of her meeting Mrs. Harner, and of her engagement for the next day. Mr. Warren, eating slowly, made no comment until she came to the description of her being received in the Wellings's parlor, while a servant emptied her things, and Lizer waited in the kitchen.

"Thet'll tickle Mertildy," he said, with a chuckle; "but if you 'lows to go ag'in to morrer, you must git off 'fore youuns Granny hes time to hender you."

"She can't hold me all day, Gramper, an' she can't tie me."

Mr. Warren regarded his granddaughter curiously. "Granny's ole now, chile," he said, "an' don't you go to makin' her wuss mad 'an is needful. You ain't never seen her rayly mad. I ain't never seen hit but onest, but thet's enough," rubbing one hand slowly round on his bald head. "'Fair-an'-easy' is a good horse, Hannah, but 'Don't keer' is a galding nag. Thar's no use a-flyin' in Granny's face 'thout thar's a needcessity."

Hannah felt her independence slipping away, and she asked, "What hev you told Granny?"

"Thet you hed gone to trade fur cawfee an' sugar, an' I ain't a-goin' to tell her nothin' mo' tell I'm obleeged to. She's been worrited an' onsettled all day, mad 'bout Lizer a-goin'. Lizer ain't to say a clean-tongued woman."

"Mrs. Wilson's feared o' me," Hannah said, contemptuously. Then told again of emptying the apples, and the snubbing she had given Lizer at the gate.

"Thet's what Granny 'll call the 'Durket sperret,'" and the old man smiled as if at the vagaries of a child. "But she sets a heap o' store by you, Hannah."

"She's too hard, Gramper," the girl said, coldly. "She stomps youuns feelin's dead, an' *then* she ain't sati'fy, kase then you've got to feel her way," and the girl's eyes filled with tears. "If I coulder lied or stole, or if I coulder left you an' Daddy, she'd hev druv me to hit long ago. Poor Daddy!" But she dashed the tears away, for without warning Mrs. Warren entered. She looked at them sharply, then seated herself near the fire with her knitting. Hannah did not move; she would do nothing that looked like retreat.

"An' what's you been a-cryin' 'bout, Hannah; is you sick?"

"We's been a-talkin', Mertildy," Mr. Warren answered, "'bout you, and me, an' Joshaway, an' Hannah."

Mrs. Warren was silent, for unknown to anyone, her heart was sore about her son Joshua. Her last words to him haunted her. She had abused him in the presence of his child. When she ceased, he had shouldered his axe and gone into the woods, and in the evening had been brought home dead, his life crushed out by a falling tree. Her grief

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for his death had been unfeigned, and she had spent all she could lay her hands on for his funeral; but she had never said that she was sorry for any of the hard things she had dealt to him throughout his life, and Hannah's young heart had grown hard toward her. But Mrs. Warren remembered, and any mention of his name was a keen pain.

"Youuns daddy were a good son, boy and man," Mr. Warren went on. "He never tole a lie as I kin 'member, an' he never done nothin' he were tole not to do, nur he never hurt nothin' if he knowed hit; an' when youuns Granny were ailin', thar worn't no woman more soffly 'an Joshaway. An' from the time he were born he hed them kind o' askin' eyes like the critters thet can't say what they wants. An' hit allers hurt me, Joshaway's eyes did, an' when he were leetle I were allers a-givin' him ever'thing he looked at; but all the same hisn's eyes kept on askin' an' askin' to the last."

There was a dead silence in the room save for the click of Mrs. Warren's needles, and the whispering of the fire. Presently Mr. Warren spoke again. "I reckon hisn eyes is satisfy now, I reckon so. An' weuns never hed no words, me an' Joshaway; but I've been right short on Pete, an' Dave, an' John; but Joshaway never hurt nobody, an' nobody never hed no 'casion to hurt Joshaway. An' now he's gone afore me. But I reckon hisn eyes is satisfy—I reckon so."

Hannah rose, she could not listen any longer; she would cry out against the hard old woman sitting there with that immovable face. Her taste of freedom that day had unfitted her for the stolid submission of the past. She could not bear it, and she left the room. It scarcely seemed fair that her father should be brought back from his grave to blunt her grandmother's temper. She might be mistaken, and the words have been only loving recollections.

"Ole folks don't hev nothin' to do but 'member things," she whispered, wiping her eyes with the corner of her little shawl, as she stole away to the loft where the apples were stored. She put down the sacks and the measure carefully, and hanging the lantern on a nail in the low rafters, kneeled down cautiously. "An' Daddy would a-been willin' to be spoke 'bout to save me," the whisper went on, as she carefully picked out the apples and laid them in the measure. The fall of one might call her grandmother up to investigate, and prohibit. When the sacks were filled she lowered them from the window with a rope. It took a long time, and she was shivering uncontrollably when she took the lantern from the nail and tripped downstairs.

The meat and the potatoes were easily arranged, for they were in an out-house. In the piazza she piled wood for the morning, and laid the kitchen fire ready for lighting. Her grandmother should have no extra work to complain of.

She took the milk-pails and kettle into her own room, for all must be done before day. And in after-years it seemed to her that her life dated from that cold, dark March morning. She milked, with the lantern casting weird shadows about her, refusing to listen to the strange noises of the wind, and trembled like a thief when she took off her shoes and crept into the kitchen with the milk. She was glad now that the wind was wild and high; she could hear the branch of a tree her father had planted close to the house, scraping against her grandmother's window, and drowning any little noise that she might make.

She drank a bowl of milk, and put a piece of cold corn-bread into her pocket, to serve until she came back, and as the first light broke in the east, and flashed a crimson flame from point to point of the low-flying clouds, Hannah closed the gate softly and rode away.

The shadows were still black in the woods, and the wind that came tearing down the mountain seemed to wrap round her, and to bend the trees down as if to bar her from this journey. Never before had the sunrise affected her as it did now, and realizing dimly a change in herself, she wondered a little, stopping to look down over the wild, mist-draped scene.

"Everthing seems purtier now," she murmured.

A thread of blue smoke rose from among the trees below; she started, gathering up the reins, she knew where that came from.

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"An' now poor Gramper's a-steddyin' what to say?" and she urged old Bess forward as if her grandmother might yet sally forth and stop her.

IV

"But my being is confused with new experience,
And changed to something other than it was."

"WHERE are you off to, Max?" The young man addressed was adjusting a shabby gown with much precision.

"To Miss Welling's," Max answered, as with the same care he put on his square cap.

"If *I* had such a fossil gown," his companion went on from the bed where, though the day was young, he was lounging with a cigarette between his lips, "and such a crummy mortar-board, I'd not put them on with such 'solemnity and jurisdiction'."

"If you could show such a cap and gown, Melville, you'd not be a 'Squab;'" and taking up some books, Max left the room.

It was early, but formal visiting-hours were ignored in the village of Sewanee, and people kept open house, and "dropped in" on each other when they liked. So Max dropped in and found Miss Welling sewing.

"I have brought the book I spoke of," he began, without further greeting. "This poet ought to capture you, to convert you to himself, for he makes one long to live bravely."

"Or die bravely," Agnes suggested.

"To live is harder. Death cannot be dodged, so there is no use in being afraid; but many things in life can be dodged. I often wonder if education makes any difference in the way one meets death. Is it easier for these country people to let life go, than for us?"

"They live like moles," Agnes said, "in comparison we are squirrels; and I think they take a pride in dying. I think the ignorant die calmly because they do not know, and the educated because they do know."

"What?"

"What? why — why, everything; which comprehensive everything is after all very limited. Still, I believe in education. I *know* that educated people are happier and better."

"Whew!" and Max pulled his mustache slowly. "If I were sure of that, I should this day begin a crusade with a 'blue-backed' spelling-book as my banner. And you," leaning forward a little, "your duty is to begin at once to teach. If once we realize what is best to be done for our fellows, we *must* do it."

The door opened and Hannah stood before them with a sack of apples across one shoulder. "Hardy," she said, her face lighting up as she caught sight of Agnes; "har's youuns apples."

"I am glad to see you," and Agnes held out her hand. Max looked from one to the other curiously, then placed a chair near the fire for Hannah. "It is cold," he said. Hannah looked at him a moment, then taking off her long bonnet, sat down on the edge of the chair.

"Yes, and she has come a long way," Agnes answered for her, then turned away to call the servant. Max took up the bag and followed Agnes into the next room, and she going still further, he returned to his place. Hannah watched him until he came back, then looked at the fire, and Max watched her. It was a beautiful face as he saw it now with the firelight on it, and he spoke to her.

"What Cove do you come from?" he asked.

"Lost Cove."

"Then you must be connected with Mr. John Warren, and with his son?"

"He's my Gramper," she answered, in a surprised voice; "and hisn's son, Joshaway?"

"Yes, I met them out hunting last October."

"Joshaway were my Par"—the voice faltered, and the eyes sought the fire. "He were killed in November."

"Yes, I heard that. What is your name?"

"Hannah," watching Agnes as she returned.

"And is your grandfather quite well?" Max went on in a quiet way, that put Hannah at her ease, and surprised Agnes.

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"No, he ain't; he can't stir fur the rheumatiz, an' he ain't done a hand's turn sence hog-killin', jest atter Daddy died, an' I'll hev to hire Dock Wilson to help me plough."

"You plough?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you read?"

"Some; Mammy hed schoolin', an' she larned dad, an' he larned me. But I don't hev no time, what with the cows, an' the hogs, an' the wood, an' the cookin', an' washin'; an' Granny says book-larnin' is foolishness."

"You must have too much to do; though work is a good friend."

"Thet's what Gramper says. He says work b'ars no gredges an' tells no lies; good work stan's up an' says 'good,' an' bad work stan's up an' says 'bad,' an' thar's no heshin' them, an' hit's true;" then rising, she took up the bag the servant had brought, and held out her hand to Agnes.

"Farwell," she said, "weuns'd be rale proud to see you down home."

"Thank you," Agnes said, smiling as Hannah, instead of shaking her hand, turned it over and looked at it curiously. Then she turned to Max. "You must come too, an' what name shell I name to Gramper?"

"Max Dudley," shaking hands in his turn; "we camped together one night. I was lost and came on his camp. I will bring Miss Welling down;" then he opened the door for Hannah.

V

"And answered with such craft as women use,
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance—
That breaks upon them perilously."

Successful as before, Hannah was happy, for besides a little bag of flour, she had more money than she intended to show even to Mr. Warren. If he knew of this surplus he might reveal it in order to save her from hard words; and if Mrs. Warren knew, it would be stored away and she be left as helpless as before. She had made a long *détour* to reach Wilson's and engage Dock to plough, as she had the money to pay him. She would say four dollars, the rest she must save for other purposes.

Once more on the main road, she urged old Bess on. There was much excitement in her position, and she was anxious yet afraid. How would it be possible to see Mr. Warren alone first? She stopped the horse. "If I keeps on bein' afeard o' Granny," she said aloud, "I'll do sumpen rale mean some day." Old Bess was urged on again. "I'll go right in an' face her, crooked chance or straight chance." She dropped the reins on the horse's neck, and took the old deer-skin purse from her pocket. It was quite full with her two days' gains, and she drew a long sigh. She took out all the money save the four dollars intended for Dock's wages, and tying it up in her glove, hid it in her bosom, then put the purse back in her pocket.

"Hit looks right sneakin', but I must save hit 'ginst Si."

Reaching the gate, she unsaddled the horse with unusual celerity, and shouldering the saddle and the little bag of flour, went quickly into the house.

It had been a long and weary day to the old man. Hannah's errand was a bitter pill to Mrs. Warren. She had never done such a thing in her life, nor was it customary with women of her station. In those early days, "the man who would let his women-folks peddle was a poor sort of man." But the concealment of the expedition had wounded Mrs. Warren also.

Often she had complained that she did not understand Hannah, for though she usually held herself very much aloof, Hannah would yet do work and associate with people that shocked Mrs. Warren, and the irritation caused by what she deemed the girl's peculiarities was a very constant thing.

"A goat raised a pup once, Mertildy," her husband had often said to her, "but she never could larn thet pup to butt; an' you'll never larn Hannah youuns ways."

All this ground, and the grievance about Si, had been gone over many times during the day. Mrs. Warren felt herself outwitted, for she was sure the difficulty of the ploughing had been solved. Her sequence had been—no man to plough—no money to pay a man—no crop, then want, or Si Durket.

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"An' why not?" she had asked; "he's well-lookin',—he's well off—he's a *man*. He curses some; he gets drunk some, an' when he's mad, he *is* mad. But all the Durkets hes sperret, an' Si ain't none o' your soft-walkin'—still-tongued folks like the Warrens; an' when he walks, he stomps!"

Mr. Warren had told her of Hannah's first venture, how she had sat in the parlor, leaving Lizer in the kitchen—how she showed the "Durket sperret" about the apples, and how, after her purchases, Hannah had two dollars left.

These things had mollified her, until she remembered that they had been concealed from her: and when Hannah entered she turned her face away.

"Is you done dinner?" Hannah asked, then looked at her grandmother's averted face.

"Yes, Honey," Mr. Warren answered, twitching her dress furtively; "an' was the woman glad to see you?"

"Yes, and I had a rale nice time. Thar wuz a young man to Miss Agnes Wellin's that knowed you an' Daddy. Says he stayed all night to youun's camp. He's *coming to see you*, an' Miss Agnes is a-comin' too."

"That's right," Mr. Warren answered, heartily; "I 'members that feller, he's named Dudley, and he's rale well-spoken."

"That's hit," Hannah assented, "an' I said as you and Granny would be proud to see 'em if they'd come, an they said they'd come sure. An' Miss Agnes said I must come again." Then more slowly—"Them folks at Sewanee is good folks, gramper, an' the lies Mrs. Wilson tells 'em, an' tells 'bout em, is scan'alous! But they knows Lizer."

"And was you all the time a-doin' that?" Mrs. Wilson asked, curtly.

"No, I stopped a piece at Mrs. Skinners and at the sto'. Aigs is awful sca'ce; Mrs. Skinner says she'll gimme twenty cents a dozen."

"Thet's a good price, sure," Mr. Warren said. Did you promise any?"

"You said not to say I'd go again," Hannah answered.

"When you is done rubbin' 'gainst the pot, thar ain't no use a-fearing smut," Mrs. Warren put in, sharply. "Hannah Warren is done knowed fur a pedler alonger Lizer Wilson an' sich, an' she misewell sell the aigs."

"If you sesso, Granny, I'm surely willin'," and Hannah did not give a sign of the surprise she felt. "An' Dock Wilson says he'll come a-Monday, Gramper."

Mrs. Wilson looked up quickly. She saw some of her suspicions being made facts, and realized that Hannah was escaping her. "An' who's to pay?"

"I've got the money," Hannah answered. Then she went her way to the kitchen, where she stood still and drew a long breath of relief.

(To be continued.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE other day I completed my twenty-fifth year of living, and I am still considerably impressed with that fact. It is a very important age, this present one of mine, and I have a right to take it seriously. Is it not epochal? "Do you realize," I might urge "that twenty-five years are a quarter of a whole century? And see! of what consequence centuries have been." Is it not a desirable age? Old men say, "when I was twenty-five" and boys say "when I am twenty-five." A distinguished and significant age? For we are beginning the second of the three laps, and the most telling one of the race; we have left off seeking education, directly, and are hunting for wealth and other things; a great many of us have fallen in love; an alarming number have married; and the rest of us have bought wedding presents. We are quite in the thick of living. We are grown-ups. We are the "Olympians" at last. But this is not what I want to prove here, nor is this the way the thing impresses me.

A Surprise in Life.

You who have passed the age may forget; those very young persons who have not yet reached it cannot understand; but my contemporaries will agree, that we have been the coming generation so long that we do not realize that we have come. We know that we are here, but we do not feel it. We are twenty-five; it can be proved by records; but we cannot convince ourselves that we are as significantly mature as that sounds even to our seniors, to whom it sounds young. We are as far along as they were at this age. Yes, but in our case it seems like a make-believe. We have settled down to the serious pursuits of life, most of us; but are they so serious? We eat farewell bachelor dinners with boyhood friends, but—well, they are getting married *as if* they were grown-ups. The real thing seems still to be in the future. We have not yet caught up with it. We can't believe it. We have taken our places with the Olympians, but—if the children only knew! Now there is more of a reason for all this than the mere mystery of unaccustomedness. That is what I want to speak about.

We have discovered that a great mistake has been made about this age; or else about youth (*extreme* youth, seniors, if you prefer); or perhaps about both. No, rather, *we* have made the mistake, but those who have gone ahead of us are to blame for it. All through our long twenty-five years of life (a quarter of a century!) we found poets and preachers, philosophers and writers of fiction, parents and advisers, all, indeed, who have sought, didactically or æsthetically, to interpret life for us, agreeing to harp upon one strain: Youth:—hope, illusions. Manhood:—struggle, disillusionment. Youth is happy, but, ah, so short. Youth bounds blindly forward; he little knows what is before him. Alas, poor, poor, happy youth! etc., *ad lugubrium*—the result being that we began to think there must be some truth in it. And we used to take ourselves in hand, sometimes, and say: "We are absurdly full of hope and pitifully happy now; but in a few years it will be terrible." We grew to hate the thought of "bounding blindly" on to manhood. We were still somewhat curious about it, I admit, but how could we anticipate anything very desirable when a thousand voices, ancient and modern, were shouting in our ears that we should undoubtedly be miserable later on? How could we persuade ourselves that Success—even though it would be hollow—was waiting for us when we looked up and saw all the classic satirists smiling indulgently at us, and the complacent moderns smiling quite as omnisciently?

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Indeed, we began to feel as if we were drawing near a great abyss, and, no matter how hard we tried to hold on, were soon to be shoved over; and then away we should drop, out of sunshine and light, down to the bottom of reality. For my part, I remember writing a poem in lugubrious blank verse in a college magazine, expressing my sincere senior-year desire to cling to "that strange sweet, dreaming time, called Youth," which was very beautiful and sad. But listen—the surprise of life—somehow we have glided across from dreaming to living, and—here we are! It is not so bad over here after all. It's a pretty good place. In fact, we are rather happy.

To be sure this is a very real world and living is a very real thing. It did not take us long to find that out. And we have to work more than we play now instead of its being the other way, though working is a pretty good game. We are not making so much money as we could spend, and some things have not turned out as we should have liked. But this is only regrettable, not a great sadness. Some of the childish imaginings with which we used to have fun we have lost the trick of building up, and some of our youthful fancies that we used to think would be true joys we know are *ignes fatui;* but what of that? the poetry is still there, and for every imaginary hoped-for happiness given up there is also an imaginary terror of dumb, humorless childhood gone. What we have to be happy over is very real, very knowable and holdable and likable. That is the finest thing about this second lap; we feel so much more sure of the path. We have been through some very distasteful times with ourselves; perhaps we shall meet worse ones, but so far we have nearly always come out fully decided that human nature, with all its foibles, laughable and lovable, is a pretty good thing to have around, and that there is a good God and a plan of salvation to believe in, almost, if not quite, like that of our parents. And that is the attitude we mean to assume now, willing to take our chances of getting a less pleasant surprise in life later on.

And you may smile if you like. We don't mind.

THERE was a story in one of the newspapers not very long ago about a very rich man who addressed a Bible-class of boys on a Saturday evening, and said to them, among other things: "I hope you young men are all careful. I believe it is a religious duty to get all the money you can; get it fairly, religiously, honestly, and give away all you can." The man who spoke had started in life without any money, and as the result of the diligent exercise of unusual business abilities had come to be one of the richest men in the world. He had also given much money away. The precepts that he uttered seemed to be such as he had followed himself. He seemed to have made it his religious duty to get all the money he could. He had been born to business ability, and had developed his talent mightily. He had practised extreme thrift in his youth; he had been quick to see and seize opportunity, sagacious, indomitable. Little by little he and others whom he had associated with himself had built up one of the most marvellous money-making machines ever known, which, crushing out rivalry and competition, presently controlled the production and sale in this country of a commodity of almost universal use. Its management was superlatively able. It made great fortunes for all its artificers and still continues to pay a prodigious annual tribute to its owners.

A Religious Duty.

No one has ever questioned that it is good "business" to make such a machine as this, but there is novelty in the idea which is so readily deduced from the report of the address of its chief promoter, that it is religion also. When we Americans talk about religion we usually mean Christianity, and this thought of a great and ruthless commercial engine riding down all opposition, is curiously in conflict with the notion of Christianity which most of us entertain. Our religious duty involves many things which are of high value in money-making. It involves self-control, temperance, industry, a reasonable thrift, and a reliance for many of our higher gratifications on things that are not material and which are not to be bought. True religion does not blind; it enlightens; it does not impair one's sagacity, but merely sets it to work on a higher plane. A sincerely religious man may become a great money-maker, as, luckily for all communities, often happens; but still it seems a good deal safer to regard his money-making as something concurrent with his religious duty, rather than the realization of it. The motives for money-getting are already so powerful and so obvious that they appear rather to need restraint than encouragement, and it seems

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the office of religion rather to limit their influence than to commend and indorse it. It is an admirable thing, if we have the gift for money-getting, to use our gains generously and wisely for the benefit of our fellows, but we are faulty and greedy creatures at the best, prone to make our consciences and our moral standards submissive to our material interests; prone to take an ell where duty seems to warrant us in taking an inch. If we make it our religious duty to get all the money that we can (honestly of course), that we may have the more to give, shall we not be more than ever in danger of being careless how our money comes, and whose loss is involved in our profit? and of cajoling our consciences by a liberality made possible by enterprises in the development of which piety and human kindness have had no share?

Man's religious duty is to seek righteousness, to be honest, to be merciful, to be just. It is his privilege to gather all the money he can without sacrificing his higher obligations as a creature with a soul, a citizen, and a member of the human brotherhood. Whether he gains more money or less is of minor consequence. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," said the Master, "and all these things shall be added unto you." Money gains appear then as the incident, not the aim; and nothing in modern experience seems to impeach the wisdom of that attitude toward them.

Fiction as a Dolly.

JUST at the moment when the critics are talking about the undue ascendancy of the novel, and the Jubilee essayists are pointing out that it has been a dominant literary form of the Victorian period, Mr. Blackmore, in a published letter, makes the complaint that fiction is undervalued. "Nine people out of ten speak with happy contempt of a novel as a trumpery concoction. . . . For generations yet to come fiction will be looked upon as a dolly for an infant." This is certainly an extraordinary utterance for the author of one of the best novels of his time, and one of the most seriously accepted; and suggests a moment of mere petulance, or that the ten people with whom Mr. Blackmore comes most in contact have been carefully chosen for his discipline.

"A dolly for an infant!" The danger would be that the novel would become a tyrant over strong men if there were not signs that its limitations are coming to be recognized. Genius, as heretofore, can do anything with it, and enrich literature in the process; the man who has a story to tell can do well with it even if not a genius; but it looks as though the condition with which we have been recently threatened, that sociology, pathology, penology, not to speak of psychology and theology, could be only discussed through its medium, would be healthily averted. The successors and imitators of the "Heavenly Twins" had brief and unfruitful lives; the world listened very languidly indeed to the report that Nordau intended a novel; critics have been found already to intimate that Mr. Bellamy's "Equality" is dull. Even "Robert Elsmere" could not communicate its vitality to its successors. Mr. Hardy is said to contemplate abandoning the note of "Tess" and "Jude." It begins to appear that while the public will welcome now and then a novel of *Zeit- und Streitfragen*, it will not permit the turning of the novel into the chief vehicle of discussion. For awhile it seemed otherwise; and the judicious, foreseeing a time when fiction would be something to be "kept up with," grieved accordingly.

The whole tendency of things just now is, not to rate the novel too highly as a form, which would be impossible, but to give to too many really "trumpery concoctions" the benefit of the traditions of good fiction. There is very little discriminating criticism of any sort left even in the old journals by the new journalism; but even with the lack of it it is amazing to see with what seriousness the endless succession of minor novels is handled. No wonder the possessor of a "fad reputation" is bewildered by the rapidity alike of its rise and fall; lucky if he can efface himself with the good-humor of Mr. Beerbohm, "already outmoded," to make room for younger men "with months of activity still before them." It makes one long for Mr. Bludyer; it makes one long for the "happy contempt" of Mr. Blackmore's nine people out of ten. There is good local color in Jones's little book—so good that his friend Brown, who has been asked to write a "biographical essay" on him, says it is sometimes "really Robinsonian" (referring to a third friend's already vanishing fame)—but why talk of it in terms which even Mr. Blackmore would deprecate? This is what does injury to Jones, more than any amount of that lack of hospitality to young talent which is the favor-

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ite accusation against critics who remember that art and English literature are long; and in America at least it is far less often amiable personal log-rolling than a real exaggerated reverence for anything in the form of fiction. We do not talk about verse and essay in quite this disproportionate fashion, it seems to me; but a Novel—of whatever infantile quality—is more likely to be treated as an object of distinguished consideration than as a "dolly."

THE FIELD OF ART

MORE ABOUT TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS OPEN TO AMERICANS.

THE condensed history of the establishment of the American Academy of Rome and of the various travelling scholarships for the painters, in the August issue, may be supplemented by the following notes concerning the sculptors and the architects.

By the will of William H. Rinehart, the sculptor, a fund was established for the encouragement of Art which has increased to $100,000 under the skilful care of the late W. T. Walters of Baltimore and of the Peabody Institute, to which it was entrusted by his son. This now provides for two scholarships for sculptors, the beneficiaries to receive each $1,000 a year for four years, a passage to and from Rome, and a studio and lodging in the Villa dell'Aurora, where they must live and work. "The candidates are selected from among those only who, by a preliminary examination, show themselves to be of marked proficiency. In the final competitive examinations, they are required to submit a bas-relief or a subject in the round, as indicated by the judges, to be executed in twelve weeks from the day on which the work is begun. A preliminary sketch one foot square and made in two days must be presented to the judges, one copy to be retained by the trustees of the fund, the other by the competitor. The composition as shown in the sketch must be adhered to in the final work. Any radical deviation from the composition as indicated in the sketch, any alteration from the dimensions of the large work, or any assistance on the work, will exclude it from the competition." The winners, during their stay in Rome, must execute a bas-relief containing two life-size figures, a life-size figure in the round, and a life-size group of two or more figures. They must also devote a year of their time to travel in France, Italy, and Greece. The young sculptor now in Rome under these terms, is H. A. McNeal; A. Phinister Proctor, in Paris at this writing, was also given the benefits of the endowment. The four artists constituting the Advisory Committee of the Trustees of the Peabody Institute were Messrs. J. Q. A. Ward, Edwin H. Blashfield, Augustus St. Gaudens, and Daniel Chester French.

It is from the spring of 1894 that the American School of Architecture in Rome dates its history. On June 12th of that year, at a meeting held at the Century Club in New York, "it was definitely decided to found an institution which in course of time should equal in endowment and advantages the foreign academies in Rome, although at first somewhat different in its scope. It was also decided to invite the co-operation of certain gentlemen who should constitute a permanent managing committee." This school is founded for the benefit of advanced students only, and "is designed to further the more disciplinary work of other institutions by opening to young

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men, already well trained by them in drawing and design, certain special lines of study, which at present can be pursued only under great disadvantages." The work of the holders of the various travelling scholarships having previously shown "no common purpose and little consistent prosecution along carefully chosen lines," it was hoped by bringing them together under the discipline of the school to direct their foreign travel and study "to more definite and specific courses." This institution, in the absence of a permanent fund, is at present supported by the contributions of a few American architects. It was formally opened under the charge of Mr. Austin W. Lord, a former holder of the Rotch travelling scholarship, on November 1, 1894, in temporary quarters in the Palazzo Torlonia, and the first term of the school lasted about four months. There were present for the whole or part of the time four students, three of whom were holders of travelling scholarships or fellowships. In the following July it removed to its present home in the Villa dell' Aurora; and the beginning of its scholastic year, in the following October, may be considered the formal opening of the new Academy of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Music in Rome.

Of the four architectural travelling scholarships — one more than in England — the longest established was founded by the children of Benjamin S. Rotch, a wealthy merchant of Boston, in 1883. A fund of sufficient magnitude to assure an annual income of $2,000 was placed in the hands of three trustees, who have given the general direction of the affairs of the scholarship to the care of the Boston Society of Architects, under certain conditions. The successful candidate in each yearly examination receives $1,000 annually for two years; all competitors presenting themselves must be under thirty years of age, and have worked during two years under an architect resident in Massachusetts. They are required to pass a preliminary written examination in the history of architecture, construction, theory and practice, an elementary knowledge of the French language, and in free-hand drawing from the cast, and a final examination of a problem of an extended nature in design. The preliminary examinations are held on the first Monday and Tuesday of each year; the designs are judged by a jury of experts, usually not residents of Boston, invited by the committee. The three other travelling scholarships, the Columbia and McKim Fellowships and that of the University of Pennsylvania, being each connected with a school of architecture, omit the preliminary examinations, the two of Columbia College completely —the fellowships being open only to graduates of the Department of Architecture of the College—and that of the Pennsylvania University omits it for students who have completed these courses, in the University of Architecture. The latter competition being open also to candidates under thirty years of age, matriculates of a full college year's standing in an architectural school in Pennsylvania, or draftsmen of at least one year's service (probably soon to be made two) in the office of a resident architect, the preliminary examination is obligatory for these aspirants. This scholarship gives the beneficiary $1,000 for a year's travel and study in Rome under the direction of the School of Architecture of the Institute, and the methods and conditions of the examinations resemble closely those of the Rotch Scholarship, the awards being made by a jury composed of New York and Boston architects. The winner is expected to submit his itinerary of travel and study for the approval of Professor Warren P. Laird; and the arrangements for the general line of action and responsibility of the student while abroad, his rendering of regular or quarterly reports and envois of his work, bear a general resemblance in all these travelling scholarships.

The School of Architecture in the Pennsylvania University was founded in October, 1890, and was the outcome of a movement in the city of Philadelphia among the more conservative members of the profession, which was not very cordially seconded by the followers of the enterprising leader in that remarkable and original architectural development of styles which so excites the surprise of the stranger in that usually placid metropolis. The travelling scholarship was established two years later, and has sent four men abroad, all residents of Philadelphia. Two of these spent ten months each in the American Academy at Rome; the latest takes with him a somewhat original course of study on the social aspects of municipal architecture.

The Schermerhorn Scholarship of Columbia University was founded in 1889 by the trustees of the College, who set apart $13,000 for this purpose in recognition of donations amounting to a similar sum by Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn. This awards $1,300 every second year,

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the winner to spend at least one year in foreign study. On the alternate year, the McKim fellowship is awarded, of two prizes of $1,000 each. This was endowed by Mr. C. F. McKim in 1890. The prizes are open to all graduates of the Department of Architecture, under thirty years of age, each candidate on his return being required to present his written report, and to exhibit at the School of Mines the drawings he has made. When the School of Architecture in Rome was established, a second, a Roman Scholarship, a real *Prix de Rome*, was endowed by Mr. McKim with the sum of $1,500, and the next year, 1896, a similar sum was added. It was then proposed to unite the two McKim fellowships into one, and send the winner to Rome for two years instead of one. Complications naturally arose with the architectural scholarships in other States—one of the first suggestions being that each of them should require attendance at the Roman Academy of the students sent abroad. Several of these, from Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, had gone of their own volition to the Villa dell' Aurora, and, to simplify matters, in the spring of 1896, a joint competition was arranged among the various institutions whose graduates are available for the Roman Scholarship, so that the competitors for the Rotch Travelling Scholarship, the Columbia Fellowship in Architecture, the Travelling Scholarship of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Scholarship in the School of Rome, should be examined on the same programme and conclude at the same date, May 9th. Objections to this plan had been raised in Boston on the ground that the Rotch Scholarship offered two years abroad instead of one, and at the same time is open to anyone who has had merely two years' experience in an office.

Any graduate, under thirty years of age, of Cornell University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Illinois, Syracuse University, Lehigh University, Columbia University, or the University of Pennsylvania, may enter for the Roman Scholarship in Architecture. All American students who have spent three years in the Paris École des Beaux-Arts are also eligible. The holder of the scholarship receives $1,000 a year for three years. As at first arranged, he has to spend eighteen months in foreign travel and study, ten in the American School in Rome, in Italy, Sicily, and Greece, under the direction of the Secretary, and the other eight, as might be agreed upon between himself and the Executive Committee of the School. As already stated, the establishment of the full Academical term of three years has necessitated a modification of these arrangements. This scholarship may be made cumulative with any of the four travelling endowments, so that the winner of both may enjoy double advantages of time and funds. The award of the Roman scholarship is made by a jury appointed by the Executive Committee, which jury does not meet until the other juries have made their awards, these latter not to be made public until the Roman scholarship has been decided upon. Thus in 1896, Mr. John Russell Pope won both the Columbia Travelling Scholarship and the Prize of Rome.

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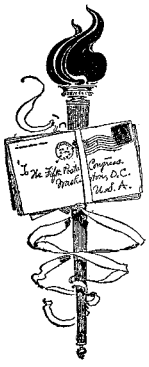
ABOUT THE WORLD

THE multiplicity of "congresses" and "conventions" nowadays has produced a wide-spread feeling of indifference to such gatherings, outside of those who gather. The International Postal Congress, however, possesses a lively interest for every individual, and its session at Washington this year was expected to produce some striking improvements in our foreign postal service. It is a truly wonderful system, and surely not the least of nineteenth century achievements. That anyone in Oshkosh or Kalamazoo can for five cents communicate with friends in Calcutta or Melbourne or Stockholm, and that the missive shall be forwarded to its destination with a regularity well-nigh infallible, are facts which are not only marvels but which must be accounted most potent factors in our social and economic life.



The founder of the international system, Dr. von Stephan, died quite recently at Berlin, yet it is difficult already for those of the later generation to realize the conditions before "Post-Stephan," as he was nicknamed, devised the far-reaching plan now in vogue. Fifty-one countries now belong to the Postal Union, and China, who was represented at the recent congress, has given notice that she will fall into line before long. This will leave no countries of consequence outside except Corea and the Orange Free State, so that Dr. Stephan lived to see a singularly complete development of his great scheme.

The most important project before the Congress this year was the much-discussed proposition for an international stamp. It has long been pointed out as one of the most radical weaknesses of our system that it is now practically impossible to send return postage to a foreign correspondent, and it was hoped that the present Congress might grapple successfully with the problems involved in the issuing of a "universal" stamp. The delegates at the Corcoran Art Gallery, however, decided, after some five or six weeks of discussion, that the question was entirely too large for them to grapple with. The obvious difficulty lies in the diversity of monetary values in the various countries. An English sovereign will purchase only ninety-six tuppence ha'penny stamps, whereas the German equivalent of twenty marks and twenty pfennigs is good for a hundred and one foreign stamps, these costing twenty pfennigs each. The situation here and in France is just as complicated, so it is no wonder the Congress was daunted. It seems almost beyond question that the near future must contain some relief from the exasperations of the present state of affairs, and one need not be a visionary to foresee the time when international currency and postage will seem as much matters of course as are our present postal facilities. Since the next Congress, however, is scheduled to meet at Rome in 1903, it is evident we must worry along as we are for at least another decade. Some slight changes for the better the late meeting did bring about. Foreign postal-cards not prepaid will hereafter be taxed only four cents instead of ten; type-written circulars may be shipped in batches of twenty at printed-matter rates; and, most evident gain of all, foreign letters may weigh three-quarters of an ounce instead of a half, without being subject to double charge.

PERSONAL prejudices go down like ninepins before figures—if the latter are big enough. While no one could fail to sympathize with the motives and aims of the evangelical workers who are respon-

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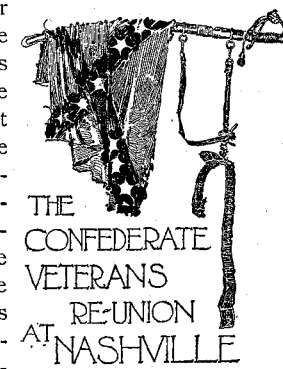
sible for Christian Endeavor meetings, it is undoubtedly true that their methods are not wholly acceptable to some staid individuals who cannot bracket religion and emotion without trepidation. Yet it is doubtful if even the Salvation Army presents such a noteworthy phenomenon as the rise of this society. Some sixteen years ago Dr. Francis E. Clark, the pastor of a church in Williston, Me., took advantage of a fervent "revival" to organize a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which was so successful that an account of it was published a few months later in two of the prominent religious papers. This was in the summer of 1881. There are to-day 50,000 Christian Endeavor societies all over the world with a rapidly growing membership of over three million! Now, one may have serious doubts as to the efficacy of the "comfort bags" supplied by the Floating Society to sailors; one may even be unmoved, in the manner designed, by the detailed parallel drawn by an enthusiast between a Christian Endeavorer and a trolley-car ("The *car* is the Endeavorer. The *wheels* are his ability . . . the *trolley* is prayer. The *fender* is his helping or saving hand"—etc.); but any organization which has in fifteen years enrolled three million individuals in support of a most praiseworthy idea, which has held ten million meetings and distributed five million copies of its constitution in some forty different languages, must claim attention.

The annual convention held by this society is worthy of notice from many aspects. It was held in 1893 at Montreal, with 16,000 delegates present; next year 20,000 members gathered together at Cleveland, and in 1895 no less than 56,000 "Endeavorers" from England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, India, Persia, China, and Japan, as well as from all parts of our own country, congregated at Boston. This year the convention was held at San Francisco, but the distance seemed to have practically no effect upon the enthusiasm of the members. This modern travel spirit is really a very singular development when one comes to think of it. Where else in the world could one find thousands and thousands of people setting out on a journey of quarter the distance round the globe—for it is fully that from New York to the Pacific coast and back—without the least hesitation or concern? It is not only religious fervor that is responsible, for a very respectable proportion of the travellers who crowded the trains of all the trans-continental roads between June 30th and July 5th, were not Endeavorers at all, but merely pleasure-seekers taking advantage of the abnormally low fares. One railroad sent out forty-two heavily loaded special trains in as many hours, and all the others were for days almost given up to this great migration. Nor is this particular gathering by any means an isolated instance. Every year there are numbers of cases where vast bodies of people, in order to be present at the gathering of some association, undertake journeys the thought of which would fill the average foreigner with horror. Certainly a Frenchman or a German would be apt in similar circumstances to put his affairs into shape, make his will, and trust to Providence for a sight of his home in the dim future. Our statisticians have put the matter into a somewhat more tangible form. They calculate that the passenger mileage in the United States during 1896 ran up to nearly thirteen billions; that is to say, there was an average of about two hundred miles of travel for each man, woman, and child in the whole country.

WHEN the projects for both of the great veteran societies—the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans—were first discussed, one of the strongest arguments brought against them was that they would tend to perpetuate bitter memories that were best forgotten. This sounded plausible enough at the time, but the result seems to have been strikingly at variance with such predictions. Both organizations have had the warmest support. The Grand Army in its thirty years of existence has gathered together nearly 350,000 members, and some 40,000 ex-Confederates have allied themselves to the Southern association from its beginning in 1889 to the convention just held at Nashville.



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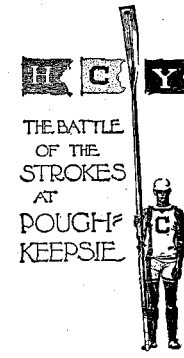
It would appear but natural that issues whose memories can evoke such support should have left much of their sting behind, yet at these reunions each year Union and Confederate soldiers meet not only in amity but in a spirit of especial friendliness. Numbers of instances have been recorded where a speaker addressing an assemblage of veterans has described some dramatic little incident that marked his own experience of a particular battle—an impromptu picket duel, or a friendly swapping of tobacco, or a hand to hand struggle in the thickest of a charge—only to receive unexpected corroboration of his tale from a whilom antagonist who had been the unknown "Yank" or "Johnny Reb." At each great public function of both North and South during the last two decades representatives of the other section have figured conspicuously, and at General Grant's funeral one of the most prominent of the invited guests was a Southern General. But perhaps the most striking case of all occurred some years ago when an educational institution drawing its students from both North and South invited simultaneously to its lecture platform the Union and Confederate leaders of the forces engaged in the terrible fighting at Fort Fisher. These two gentlemen delivered a joint address describing in detail the progress of the assault—"Here, Major —— killed about 200 of my men, so we ordered up the reserves," and so on. Thirty years ago this colossal conflict ended, and it cost both sides over half a million lives and $10,000,000,000, yet the very actors in the struggle, the men who flew at each other's throats like tigers, can already discuss such events with the impartiality of the historian! Such swift and complete healing of grisly wounds speaks well indeed for the healthfulness of our body politic.

THAT contradictory composite, The American Character, has, during many decades, been a peculiarly efficient whetstone for foreign journalistic wits, but the many perspicacious analyses of it, British and Gallic alike, have very generally failed to note one of its most salient features: the love of sport. That this should appertain to us as part of our Anglo-Saxon heritage was to be expected; and if one were called upon to prove the fact, no more telling evidence could be adduced than the public state of mind, as shown by the "public prints," for the weeks immediately preceding last Fourth of July. It might well have been expected that patriotism would have arisen rampant at the approach of its high feast, and monopolized our attention and the front pages of the newspapers. But not Independence memories; not tangled tariffs; not Hawaiian annexation, with its attendant national problems and its reopening of the burning question of territorial aggrandizement; not the political struggle ahead of the inhabitants of Greater New York—none of these topics proved able to hold its own against the eight-oared boat-races at Poughkeepsie and the supremacy of "strokes" believed to be involved therein.



Now such an utter absorption would be remarkable under any circumstances; but when it is considered that the average American never even saw a boat-race, this pastime requiring conditions all too rarely found among us, and that certainly not one man out of a hundred has the slightest personal knowledge of any stroke whatever, the gusto with which detailed comparisons of crews and strokes were devoured becomes a phenomenon of more than usual interest.

We took this particular contest with more than usual seriousness, for, as all will remember, the three competitors represented as many different styles of rowing, each of which was claimed by its supporters to be the only method sanctioned by true science. Curiously enough no one of these styles corresponded exactly either to the "English" or "American" strokes. Practically speaking, these two opposing systems were characterized, the former by a short slide and a long swing back, the latter by a quick, strong thrust with a full slide, utilizing the utmost leg-power. In one the aim was to have the oar under water as much of the time as possible; in the other to apply the utmost propelling power in a short time, the crew being trained to the utmost precision of catch and recovery. Many believed that, with equal crews and conditions, our cousins across the water had decidedly the best of the argument in four-mile races, although the quick, choppy pull, of which Cornell was once the leading exponent, might prove very efficacious over shorter distances where a spurt from start to finish was possible.

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The question as to the merits of these opposing theories has divided not only college against college, but each college at various times against itself. Yale has been perhaps as consistent in policy as any. Under the leadership of the redoubtable Mr. "Bob" Cook, Yale crews were long trained to what has attained fame as the "Cook stroke." This was a development of Mr. Cook's theories, and combined great precision of motion with a long reach, the legs still having the greater share of the work. After last year's Henley races, however, Mr. Cook still further modified his ideas, and this year the Yale crew rowed a stroke closely modelled on that which carried Leander to victory at Henley.

Harvard was under much the same influence. Her trainer, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, one of the best known of English "coaches," had succeeded in arousing the keenest interest and the full support of the various rowing factions, each of which had found support for its own theories in a long list of defeats. Under Mr. Lehmann's instruction the crew was pulling a pure English stroke, closely resembling that of Yale, whom they excelled in smoothness and in recovery, although sharp observers professed to discern greater power in Yale's sweep. Cornell, who had had as usual the benefit of the veteran Courtney's instruction, won handily from both crews, repeating the feat a few days later against Pennsylvania and Columbia. Despite the fact that the personal equation is always a troublesome unknown quantity in comparing athletic systems, it has been widely claimed that these two victories demonstrated the correctness of Mr. Courtney's views. Cornell partisans rail at the assertion that their prophet derived any inspiration from the enemy at Henley. Yet it is the judgment of the best critics that Cornell's victories were due to Mr. Courtney's able selection of the best points from both methods. Adopting the long swing in vogue on the other side, he retained the leg thrust, which is undoubtedly the strongest feature of the American system. At least that is what is claimed for him—in the light of his victory; certainly the theory is sound, and it seems probable we must look for next year's winner, other things being equal, to the crew which most successfully combines the "long pull" and the "strong pull."

Harvard was last, yet the rowing outlook at that university is brighter than for many years. The crew was perhaps the best Harvard has ever turned out, and there are many shrewd boating men who declare that if Mr. Lehmann had not failed to realize the difference between some American and English conditions his men would have carried the day. There is every prospect of a great contest in 1898. Cornell naturally believes more than ever in Courtney's stroke; Yale has lost no jot of faith in "Bob" Cook; and Harvard evidently believes Mr. Lehmann will yet do the trick for her. The latter took several members of the crew with him to Henley just after the Poughkeepsie meet, with the idea of giving them an ocular demonstration of what he has been trying to inculcate. So we shall probably be thrilled again next year with another contest of strokes.

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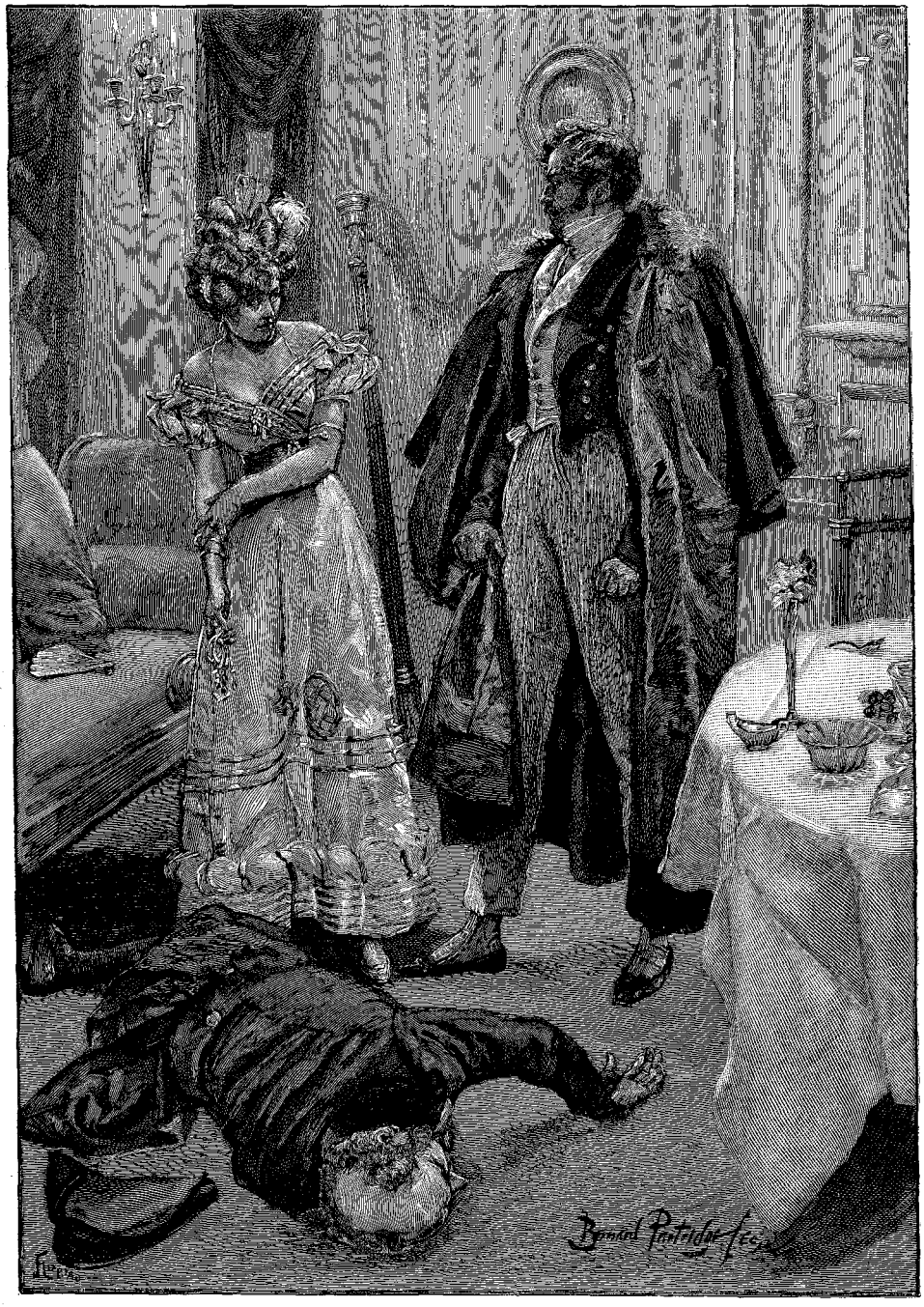

SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—X.

RAWDON CRAWLEY SURPRISES BECKY SHARP AND LORD STEYNE.—*Vanity Fair, Chapter XVIII., Vol. II.*

"She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms."

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